

The RED BOOK Magazine

SPECIAL NOTE: Each issue of The Red Book Magazine is copyrighted. Any republication of the matter appearing in the magazine, either wholly or in part, is not permitted except by special authorization.

VOL. XLVIII, NO. 4

Published monthly. On sale the 12th of each month preceding date of issue.

FEBRUARY, 1927

Special Notice to Writers and Artists:

Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.

Table of Contents

ART SECTION—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

June Marlowe, Janet Gaynor, Rose Host
Sally Nye, Frances Upton, Ella Landre

SERIAL NOVELS OF POWER AND PURPOSE

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| CHILDREN OF DIVORCE—A powerful novel of New York, Paris and an international marriage. (With synopsis). | Owen Johnson 56 |
| Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg | |
| WE LIVE BUT ONCE—The story of a woman who dared to take what she wanted. (With complete résumé). | Rupert Hughes 82 |
| Illustrated by Will Foster | |

SHORT STORIES OF SPARKLE AND THRILL

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| A MAN'S CASTLE—A famous author's searching story of a father and his son. | Jesse Lynch Williams 35 |
| Illustrated by C. D. Williams | |
| THE VILLA AGOSTINO—This time a traveled author takes you into the sub-tropics. | William McFee 46 |
| Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers | |
| DOUBLE HANDCUFFS—The Professional Friend battles a genius in crime. | Leroy Scott 51 |
| Illustrated by Lester Ralph | |
| "I THINK I'LL GET MARRIED"—A small-town Dumb Dora invades Hollywood. | Virginia Dale 67 |
| Illustrated by Edward Ryan | |
| ICEBERGS—The story of a girl's vacation and the drama that it developed. | Mary Clare Davron 70 |
| Illustrated by Arthur William Brown | |
| THE TERROR OF THE ROAD—An episode in the life of a desirable alien. | Ernest Poole 80 |
| Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin | |
| THE HOUSE OF THE BLACK-EYED SUSANS—A drama of South Sea life. | Beatrice Grimshaw 88 |
| Illustrated by Charles Sarka | |
| COMMUNISTIC FRANKFURTERS—A deep-sea sailor tells a quaint tale. | Arthur Mason 92 |
| Illustrated by Rea Irvin | |
| THE LIFER—Another very short story with a barb to it. | Ben Hecht 95 |
| Illustrated by David Hendrickson | |

THE REAL SPIRIT OF OUR DAY

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| BEGGARS DO RIDE—A good idea with which to start the New Year. | Angelo Patri 29 |
| Decoration by Franklin Booth | |
| AS GOOD AS NEW—A gay poem anent the strange renovations one sees so often. | Berton Braley 30 |
| Decoration by John Held, Jr. | |
| THOUGHTS—A common-sense editorial by a famous writer. | Bruce Barton 33 |
| THE MORAL REVOLT—Another installment in an epoch-making series. | Judge Ben B. Lindsey 40 |
| Illustrated by Photographs | |
| PARIS AND THE AMERICAN WOMAN—What the French city does to her if she doesn't watch out. | Mrs. Philip Lydig 74 |
| With Illustrations | |
| COVER DESIGN—Painted from life. | Edna Crompton |



© Beehrsch

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

In the next issue, among the numerous complete stories to be published, is one that has been selected to start off the fictional banquet, so to speak. It is by one of the most successful and distinguished writing men in America today, for that is what Ben Ames Williams has become since the publication of "Black Pawl" in this magazine eight years ago. His new story is a tale of marriage and of an understanding finally arrived at by the twain involved, and bears the odd title:

"TUP"

Subscription price: \$2.50 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage \$1.00 per year.

Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittance must be made by Draft, Post Office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check, because of exchange charges.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Notification regarding change of subscriber's address must reach us four weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

ADVERTISING FORMS close on the 3rd of the second preceding month (April forms close February 3rd). Advertising rates on application.

THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION, Publisher, The Red Book Magazine, 36 So. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES M. RICHTER
Vice-President

LOUIS ECKSTEIN
President

RALPH K. STRASSMAN
Vice-President

R. M. PURVES, New England Representative, 80 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. LONDON OFFICES, 4 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.
Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879
Copyright, 1927, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION (The Red Book Magazine)

Copyright, 1927, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Dominions. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England



CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



Upsetting All Ideas of Motor Car Beauty

The real reason for the remarkable interest aroused by the new, finer Chrysler "70" is the quick recognition that here is a car whose newer smartness and beauty establish a vogue in motoring design even more emphatic than that of the first Chrysler.

Three years ago that first Chrysler initiated in its price class such outstanding improvements as 7-bearing crankshaft, oil-filter, air-cleaner, thermostatic heat control, tubular front axle for hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, new type of spring mounting, indirectly-lighted instrument board, new grace and lowness of design, and an entirely new idea of color harmonies.

Today,—the new, finer Chrysler "70" compels a complete revolution in all previous ideas of appearance that is bound to be reflected in tomorrow's motor cars.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color harmonies far in advance of current blendings.

And combined with this new standard of appearance is the same performance whose sheer speed and power, flexibility, economy, dependability and long life have been a never-ending marvel and delight to the hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners.

Phaeton \$1395; Sport Phaeton \$1495; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) \$1495; Brougham \$1525; Two-passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) \$1545; Royal Sedan \$1595; Cabriolet \$1745; Crown Sedan \$1795. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

"Each for All—"

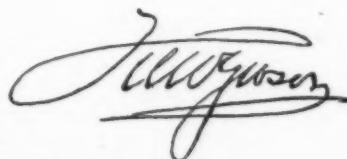
By H. W. GIBSON, M. H.

National President of the Camp Directors' Association.

"MY boy is a poor mixer," said a worried mother. "He doesn't seem to get along well with other boys. What shall I do?" The chances are that the boy is all right but mother, in her desire to have him brought up properly, has denied him the contacts which are necessary to his social adjustment. Life is a game of give and take, and nowhere is this game so perfectly played as in a sanely directed summer camp. In fact, camp is the most perfect form of community life in existence. "Each for all and all for each" is the summum bonum of its existence. The socially-maladjusted boys or girls become citizens of this new summer co-operative society and within twenty-four hours they go through a series of experiences in adjustment that are thrilling; and unforgettable. By the end of the season of eight or nine weeks, a transformation has taken place. They return home with a feeling of confidence in themselves.

By contact with tent-mates; by participation in group games; by serving at meal times or in numerous other ways; by regularity of living in matters of eating and sleeping; by complying with wholesome and sanitary rules in personal hygiene; by engaging in hand-craft and wood-craft; and by living with sympathetic counsellors, they have been introduced into a new high-way of living. Thoughtfulness and consideration for others has replaced selfishness; friendliness has eliminated shyness and avoidance of others; spiritual values have superseded material values. The "poor mixer" has been changed into a contributive and co-operative member of society.

"Sounds Utopian!" says a doubting mother. Not at all. This re-creating and transforming of character and social adjustment is taking place every summer in thousands of well conducted camps for boys and girls. Personality, rather than equipment, determines the value of a camp. Hundreds of devoted men and women of culture and education are investing their lives and resources in directing these wonderful outdoor schools in social adjustment. They believe that the making of a life is even more important than the making of a living, and to that purpose they have consecrated themselves.





SUMMER CAMPS AND SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

CAMP KINEO
Harrison, Maine
25th Year
Record of no accidents or severe illness. Enrollment limited to 85. For booklet address:
GEORGE YAPLE, Director, Harrison, Me. or Detroit, Mich.

CAMP WINNECOOK For Boys
LAKE WINNECOOK, UNITY, MAINE. 25th Season. Our campers become expert swimmers, riders and marksmen. The kind of a summer a boy most enjoys. Illustrated booklet. **Herbert L. Rand, 4 Hemenway Road, Salem, Mass.**

CAMP WAGANAKI for Boys In Lake Region of Maine
This camp has a distinctive group spirit which has developed thru years of strong leadership and an unusual number of boys who return year after year. 49 boys.
Mr. & Mrs. Carl O. Warren, 1142 Thornton Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

CAMP IDLEWILD FOR BOYS
Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Water sports and mountain trips. Seniors, woodsmen, anglers in separate camps. Individual attention a feature. No extras. Booklet.
42 Bowdoin St. Cambridge, Mass.

CAMP WINAUKEE For Boys
On Lake Winnepesaukee, White Mountains, N. H. Perfect sand beach; fine equipment. Selected boys, predominantly Jewish; ages 7 to 18. Many with us since 1920. Fee \$150. **Secretary, 609 W. 114th St., Apt. 62, New York, N. Y.**

CAMP PINNACLE
Boys' Camp of Quality. 11th Season. Manual Training. Nature Study. Scout Craft. **Loch Lyme Camps for Adults. Booklets. Mr. and Mrs. Alvin D. Thayer, Box 1, Lyme, N. H.**

OWL HEAD CAMP
ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, QUEBEC
For boys 9 to 18 years.
A Camp that is Different. Rate \$250. No extras. Specializes in Horsemanship.
Write to Col. F. B. Edwards, Northfield, Vt.

Camp Moy-mo-da-yo For Girls
Pequaket Lake. P. O., Cornish, Maine
Attractive equipment, different from that of any other eastern camp. Affiliated with Am. Red Cross Life Saving Service. Study leaders. Riding, laundry—all extras—covered by tuition fee. **F. Helen Mayo, Owner and Director, 15 Wren St., Boston, Mass.**

Sumapee Tutoring Camp
Amy H. MacMaster, A. M.
142 West 11th St. New York, N. Y.

CAMP WIHAKOWI
Girls' camp in the Green Mountains. All usual camp activities including horsemanship. Illustrated catalogue. **Prof. and Mrs. Arthur E. Winslow, Box 85, Northfield, Vt.**

WYNONA CAMP Fairlee-on-Lake-Morey, Vermont.
For Girls. A camp de luxe—and of refinement. Inspiring environments. 18 hole golf course. 30 Kentucky saddle horses. Screened sleeping bungalows. Electric lights and running water in each. \$350. Booklet.
Wynona Camp, 265-F Summer St., Fitchburg, Mass.

LUTHER GULICK
Camps for Girls, In Maine
Summer address, SOUTH CASCO, MAINE
Winter address
124 HIGH ST., PORTLAND, MAINE

THE CORNUCOPIA HOME CAMP FOR GIRLS
(AGES 6 to 15)
Thirty-one miles from New York City. Daily salt-water sports, also land sports, croquet riding, and crafts, nature interests, dancing, etc. Tutoring if desired. Frequent picnics, excursions, and overnight trips. **Room weeks—12 from June 1 to August 25. EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Director, Arcadia, Sound Beach, Conn.**

Camp Cowasset
North Falmouth, Mass. On Buzzards Bay. The Seashore Camp for Girls. Free horseback riding with trained instructor. Illustrated booklet. **Miss Beatrice A. Hunt, 22 Plymouth Street, Holbrook, Massachusetts.**

CAMP KNOLLMEER Fairhaven Cape Cod, Mass.
Salt water camp for girls 6-18. Ocean trips, horseback riding, water sports, tennis and crafts taught by experienced counsellors. Rate \$200. Vacation Club older girls. **Director: Mrs. Albert Soper, Fairhaven, Mass.**

CAMP WAMPANOGAG Cape Cod, Buzzards Bay
A salt water camp for boys from 8 to 16. Instruction in sailing a specialty. Land and water sports. Target practice. Athletics under experienced college men. Instruction in life saving. Military drill. Camp mother. Booklet.
Mrs. Bertrand E. Taylor, Director; Assistant Director and Counsellors college men. 242 Grant Ave., Newton Centre, Mass.

CAMP TWA-NE-KO-TAH FOR GIRLS
On Beautiful Lake Chautauque, N.Y. Cultural and Character training Camp. Ideal location, 1500 ft. elevation. All land and water sports. Golf, riding, fishing, boating, canoeing, dramatics, dancing, handicraft. Ages 8 to 20. Three Department Booklets.
REV. & MRS. R. CARL STOLL, 25 College Hill Snyder, N. Y.

WINNIDAY The Camp of Happy Days for Children
Located at Southampton, Long Island. On a fresh-water lake near the sea. Fresh and salt water bathing. Canoeing. Riding. Athletics. Handicraft. Montessori School for the Young. Tutoring. Nutrition Expert, Resident Nurse.
An ideal summer home for children. Resident and day members. Send for booklet.
Miss Adeline M. Tiple, Southampton, Long Island N. Y. C. Telephone Dry Dock 0125

2 hours from N.Y. WYOMISSING 3 from Phila.
"The Camp for Regular Boys"
An eighty-thousand-dollar investment provides a matchless location with everything best for boys. Large string of camp-owned horses, kennel of fine dogs. Loft of Hacking Honors. Best of athletic fields and equipment. Canoes, camping outfit, camp's own truck gardens (no canned food used), trained working force. Counselors mature men, permanent buildings and correct sanitation. Inspection invited. All-inclusive Fee. Catalogue.
W. R. TRANSUE, North Water Gap, Pa. East Harward, Maine EGGMOGGIN CAMP for Girls
13th season. On salt water. Horseback riding free. All sports. Experienced supervisors. Resident nurse. Junior and Senior Camps. Ages 8 to 20. Limited enrollment. Booklet on request.
Tuition \$300. Laundry only extra. Principal and Mrs. E. L. Montgomery
Fairmont School 2107 S St., Washington, D. C.

POKOMOKE
A Camp for Boys on Sebago Lake, Maine. Ninth Season. A Superior camp for the Superior boy.
For Booklet, address
H. B. Handy, A.M. (Harvard), R. F. D. No. 2, Westhampton, Richmond, Va.

ST. ANN'S CAMP FOR BOYS
On beautiful Lake Champlain. 100 acres, 15 miles from Catholic Summer School. Land and water sports. Marist Brothers. Send for catalogue. Brother Principal, St. Ann's Academy, 153 East 76th Street, New York City.

LITTLE BEAR CAMP In the Mts. of Orange Co., N. Y.
For boys 6 to 14 years, 70 miles from New York City. Land and water sports, hikes, woodcraft, beautiful location. Limited enrollment. Individual care and attention. Camp mother, catalogue, James E. Morrow, 13 Miller Ave., Caldwell, N. J.

ANTHONY WAYNE WELCOME LAKE Pike County, Pa.
A Christian Camp for boys 7 to 16. Everything to delight the heart of the real boy—and his parents. Aquatic and athletic sports, horseback riding and woodcraft. Member Camp Directors' Association.
Erving M. Fish, Box 71, Haworth, N. J.

Camp Terra Alta TERRA ALTA W. Va.
Directed by Commandant, Staunton Military Academy. Excellent patronage. Splendid equipment. Aquatic and athletic sports. Nine hole "goofy" golf course. Horseback riding. Tutoring. Bowling and Billiards. Catalog. Lt. Col. T. G. Russell, Box 451-E, Staunton, Va. After June 9, Terra Alta, W. Va.

CAMP SHA-WA-NO-GI For Boys Near HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA
9th Season. Cabins. Limited enrollment. Optional academic department accredited by all Virginia colleges. Golf, saddle horses. All land and water sports. Resident Physician.
"Send Him Back To Virginia This Summer"
Edward K. Smith, Adjunct University School, Richmond, Va.

Camp Highland Lake Boys 9 to 18
One of America's Most Splendidly Equipped Camps
Crest of Blue Ridge in the Sapphire Country of Western North Carolina, near Hendersonville.
For Catalog, Address **Georgia Military Academy, College Park, Ga.**

CAMP THERPE Pelican Lake, Wis.
For Boys—6-18 years
Swimming, Riding, Organized Athletics, Excellent Equipment, Unusual care and supervision. Reasonable rate. For information address Box R.
THORPE ACADEMY Lake Forest, Illinois

Los Alamos Ranch
High in the cool Rockies—No Mosquitoes—11th Season.
Can you imagine riding your cow pony over the Ranger's trails in the deep mountain Forest with the pack mules which carry everything needed for your Camp for weeks? Your headquarters a famous big Ranch! Learning to ride and pack and make camp as only the West knows how? Write for booklet now! I take only 24 boys. List closes early. **A. J. Connel, Director, Los Alamos Ranch, Box R, Otowi, New Mexico.**

CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS
Reservations can be made now for boys, especially by parents going abroad. Woodcraft Camp for younger boys 10-14; Naval and Cavalry Schools for boys 14-20. Trained staff and unsurpassed equipment. For catalog address The Inquiry Dept.
Los Alamos Ranch, Box R, Otowi, New Mexico.

KEE-MO SAH-BEE Mullet Lake Michigan
A pioneer summer camp for boys from eight to fifteen years of age with an up-to-date equipment. Unlimited features for boys of this age. Address
Lieutenant Charles William Yeager, 2624 Hurbit Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Camp Knirphree, for Girls
Sixth Season. Northwestern Michigan by Lake Huron. Canoeing, Swimming, Tennis, Horseback Riding, Crafts, Nature Study, etc. Limited to Fifty. Close personal contact between every girl and the Director. Fees Moderate. Booklet on request.
Mrs. George B. Stein, 713 East University Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan

CRANE'S POINT CAMP
For Girls 5-20. Fenton, Mich.
Beautiful old estate on point where three waters meet. Golf, horseback riding, swimming, aqua planning, all water sports. Dramatics, craft work. Illustrated catalogue. **Miss Edith L. Crane, Fenton, Mich.**

Camp Idyle Wyld Three Lakes, Wisconsin
A few more vacancies for those able to register early.
Apply to **Mrs. L. A. Bishop, Director THREE LAKES, WISCONSIN.**

CAMP THERPE Pelican Lake, Wis.
For Boys—6-18 years
Swimming, Riding, Organized Athletics, Excellent Equipment, Unusual care and supervision. Reasonable rate. For information address Box R.
THORPE ACADEMY Lake Forest, Illinois

CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS
Reservations can be made now for boys, especially by parents going abroad. Woodcraft Camp for younger boys 10-14; Naval and Cavalry Schools for boys 14-20. Trained staff and unsurpassed equipment. For catalog address The Inquiry Dept.
Los Alamos Ranch, Box R, Otowi, New Mexico.

KEE-MO SAH-BEE Mullet Lake Michigan
A pioneer summer camp for boys from eight to fifteen years of age with an up-to-date equipment. Unlimited features for boys of this age. Address
Lieutenant Charles William Yeager, 2624 Hurbit Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Camp Knirphree, for Girls
Sixth Season. Northwestern Michigan by Lake Huron. Canoeing, Swimming, Tennis, Horseback Riding, Crafts, Nature Study, etc. Limited to Fifty. Close personal contact between every girl and the Director. Fees Moderate. Booklet on request.
Mrs. George B. Stein, 713 East University Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan

CRANE'S POINT CAMP
For Girls 5-20. Fenton, Mich.
Beautiful old estate on point where three waters meet. Golf, horseback riding, swimming, aqua planning, all water sports. Dramatics, craft work. Illustrated catalogue. **Miss Edith L. Crane, Fenton, Mich.**

Camp Idyle Wyld Three Lakes, Wisconsin
A few more vacancies for those able to register early.
Apply to **Mrs. L. A. Bishop, Director THREE LAKES, WISCONSIN.**

CAMP INTERLOCHEN For Girls
Senior, Middle, Junior divisions. 300 acres. Virgin pine, between two beautiful lakes, excellent equipment. All land and water sports. Affiliated with Paton Hall, the Pennington School for Girls. For information and illustrated booklet address
Mrs. P. O. Pennington, 160 Tuxedo Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

CAMP PENN LOCH
of the Pennington Camps, Interlochen, Mich. For Boys, 6-18 years. Between two beautiful lakes, adjoining 300 acres of virgin pine. Trips, fishing, riding. Nature study, all land and water sports. 8 weeks—\$250. For information and catalogue address
Mr. Willie Pennington, Manager, 160 Tuxedo Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CAMP AL-GON-QUIAN
For the Real American Boy. On Burt Lake, Northern Michigan. Ages 8-18. Christian Leadership. Limited to 100 boys. For literature address
HERBERT H. TWINING, Ann Arbor, Michigan

CAMP JUNALUSKA LAKE JUNALUSKA N. C.
One of the finest "All Around" camps for girls in the South. In the Land of the Sky, near Asheville. All land and water sports. Complete equipment and full program of camp activities. Resident physicians. European Travel Camp for older girls. Catalogue. **Miss Ethel J. McCay, Virginia Intermont College, Asheville, Va.**

Camp Virginia Season 1927
"In the Heart of the Alleghenies"
For boys—7 to 17 years.
Catalog upon request.
Address: **682 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.**

CAMP TAKEDA For Girls 12 to 20
In foothills of Blue Ridge Mountains. Experienced Directors—Limited Enrollment. Land and Water sports. Excellent saddle horses. Screened sleeping porches. Bathing and eight weeks.
Pauline Trimble, Director, Box 24, Gatlinburg, Ga.



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

St. Mary's Hall

On the Delaware at Burlington, New Jersey
College preparatory and general
courses with lower school
for younger girls.

A school that aims to develop happy wholesome
girlhood and to provide a thorough preparation
for life. Catalogue.

BEAVER COLLEGE

Jenkintown, Pa.
Continuing the work of Beechwood. General and
Junior College Courses for young women, with Degree
and Diplomas. Teaching Certificates. Athletics.
Write for catalogue.

BEECHWOOD HILL SCHOOL

Sub-freshman Grade. Affiliated with Beaver College.
New modern building completely appointed. College
preparatory. Swimming pool, gymnasium. Address
Beechwood Hill School, Jenkintown, Pa.

The Birmingham School for Girls

Birmingham, Pa. Thorough college preparation and courses
for girls not going to college. Gymnasium, swimming pool.
Catalogue. Address Secretary, Box 155, Birmingham, Pa.

DARLINGTON

College Preparatory and College Graduate Courses.
60 acre estate 19 miles from Philadelphia. Catalogue on
Request. John H. Bell, Headmaster.
L. G. Schaefer, Registrar. Box 8 West Chester, Pa.

CEDAR CREST A college with modern dormi-
tories and equipment, attractive
suburban site, congenial campus life. Degree and certificate
courses. Liberal Arts, A. B.; Secretarial Science, B.S.S.; House-
hold Arts, B.S.; Music and Expression, A.B. New Department in
Religious Education and Social Service. Box 8, Allentown, Pa.
Wm. F. Curtis, Litt. D., Pres.

Penn Hall For girls. Academic
and college preparatory.
Junior Conservatory.
Month of May at Ocean City, 25 acre campus. All
modern buildings. Moderate rates. For catalogue address
Frank S. Magill, A. M., Headmaster, Box 8, Chambersburg, Pa.

THE MARY LYON SCHOOL

College preparatory and general courses. Wildelf, the
graduate school. Seven Gables, for girls 6-12. All in-
door and outdoor activities. Specify catalogue desired.
MR. and MRS. H. M. CRIST, Principals
Box 1832 Swarthmore, Pa.

Bishopthorpe Manor

Home Economics, Costume Design, Secretarial, Expression,
Art, Music, College Preparatory.
Pool. Horseback Riding. Social School Life. Catalogue.
Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Wyant, Principals, Box 247, Bethlehem, Pa.

LINDEN HALL 120 GIRLS

Large Campus. 4 Bldgs. New Gym and Pool. Endowment permits
1750 Tuition. Beautiful Location. Courses: Academic, Preparatory,
Secretarial, Cultural, Music, Post Graduate. Separate Junior School.
Attractive Home Life. All Sports. Catalogue.
F. W. Stengel, D. D., Box 137, Littleton, Pa. (1 1/4 hrs. from Phila.)

Chey Chase School

For Girls. Last years of high school, two-year
advanced course. Emphasis on music, art, drama.
Twelve-acre campus. FREDERICK ERNEST FARRINGTON,
Ph.D., Box 8, Chey Chase School, Washington, D. C.

National Park Seminary

For girls. Suburbs of Washington, D. C. 3-year Junior college
courses. Music, Art, Home Economics, Expression, Secretarial.
College Preparatory. 50 acres. All sports. Riding. Catalogue.
J. E. Ament, Ph. D., L.L.D., Pres., Box 198, Forest Glen, Md.

KENILWORTH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

A Resident and Day School for Girls, from five to sixteen years of
age. A thorough school with delightful home life, at the Nation's
Capital. Kindergarten, primary and intermediate courses. Educa-
tional advantages of Nation's Capital fully used. Sports and recrea-
tion. Moderate cost. For catalogue address
Kenilworth School for Girls, 1962 Wyoming Ave., Washington, D. C.

THE MARJORIE WEBSTER SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Two-year Normal Course, accredited. Prepares for Physical
Directors. Dormitories. Spring Term, Feb. 1st. Catalogue.
1409-R Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

St. Margaret's for GIRLS

A Home School at the Nation's Capital under the
Personal Supervision of the Principal. Junior College,
General and Secretarial Courses. Moderate Cost. Address
Mrs. Frank A. Selig, Prin., 218-B Columbia St., Washington, D. C.

For school and camp information address the

Ursuline Academy

Aims: To provide for its pupils such
mother-care, guidance and protection
as they would receive in the fondest
and best regulated home.

Courses: Elementary, college prepa-
ratory. Music, Secretarial, Horseback,
Swimming, Athletics. Provides Special
Vacation Schedule.

Address: URSULINE SISTERS, Box 8, MIDDLETON, N. Y.

Highland Manor

Non-sectarian Country Boarding School. All Grades,
Junior College, Special Courses, Music, Travel Abroad.
Eugene H. Lehman, Director, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y., Box 183

The Castle

Miss Mason's School
for Girls
Box 900 Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

SCUDDER SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Day and Boarding. New York advantages.
POSTGRADUATE COURSES: Secretarial and Execu-
tive Training. Domestic Science; Social Welfare
and Community Service. HIGH SCHOOL.
Miss R. B. Scudder, 68 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Ossining School for Girls

Junior College Department, Upper and Lower Schools. CLARA
C. FULLER, Principal, Box 2-K, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.

MARYMOUNT

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Courses: Four years College, Two Years Finishing, Academic, Sec-
retarial, Domestic Science, etc. Branches: Fifth Ave. N. Y. City,
and Paris. Write for catalogue to The Reverend Mother.
Tarrytown-on-Hudson New York

OAK KNOLL SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD

A school for girls conducted by the Sisters of the
Holy Child Jesus. Elementary and college preparatory
courses. Resident and day pupils. Colleges and fin-
ishing schools at Rosemont, Pa., Oxford, Rome, Paris,
Pibourg. Catalogue on request. Summit, New Jersey.

DREW - The Carmel School for Girls

On Beautiful Lake Geneva. 40 miles from New
York. 600 ft. elevation. College Preparatory and
General Courses. Small classes. Moderate rates. 61st year.
Junior School. Herbert E. Wright, D. D., President, Box 614, Carmel, N. Y.

MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL

A COUNTRY SCHOOL NEAR NEW YORK
College Preparation. General Courses. Outdoor Sports.
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

DWIGHT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College Preparation. Special Finishing Courses
Athletics, Gymnasium, Tennis, Riding. Catalogue on Request.
MISS E. S. CREIGHTON, Principal. Englewood, New Jersey

RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE

Founded by Mrs. Russell Sage. Liberal Arts, Secretarial
Work, Household Economics and Nursing. B. A. and
B. S. degrees. Address
Secretary, Russell Sage College, Troy, N. Y.

ARDEN College Preparatory and General Courses

Lower School
Outdoor Sports the year round
For catalogue address
Anne Evelyn Boardman, Principal, Lakeview, N. J.

HOOD COLLEGE For Young Women

Standard courses: A.B., B.S. in Home Economics, and
B.M. in Music. Practical courses in Education, English
Speech, and Art. Ten new buildings. 125 acres. Our
own farm and dairy. Catalogue and Book of Views.
JOSEPH H. APPLE, LL.D., Box 8, Frederick, Md.

ROBERTS BEACH SCHOOL For Girls.

A country school in lovely Baltimore suburb. Offering
finest care and influences. Individual attention to each
girl's needs. College preparatory. General course; art,
music. Supervised athletics. Eurythmics. Catalogue. Ad-
dress: Miss Roberts or Miss Beach, Box 350, Catonsville, Md.

Mount Ida School

Year Book on
Request

For GIRLS

6 miles from
Boston
All studies except English
elective

Preparatory finishing
school. The second
semester begins Feb-
ruary 8. New stu-
dents may be ad-
mitted at that time.
Apply now.

Phone Newton North 0525
1670 Summit Street
NEWTON, Mass.

LASELL SEMINARY

A school that develops well-trained, healthful and re-
sourceful womanhood. Home Economics, Music, Art,
College Preparatory and Secretarial Courses.
GUY M. WINSLOW, PRINCIPAL
140 Woodland Road Auburndale, Mass.

HOWARD SEMINARY

Where New England Traditions Count in the Girl's Educa-
tion. Outdoor Sports and Recreation. College Prepa-
ratory, General, and other Courses. Accredited. Address
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Emerson
30 Howard Street, West Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

TENACRE

A Country School for Girls 10 to 14. Preparatory to
Dana Hall. 14 miles from Boston. All sports and
athletics supervised and adapted to the age of the
pupil. Finest instruction, care and influence.
Miss Helen Temple Cooke, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

BRADFORD ACADEMY

Bradford, Mass.
Junior College. Three years' College Prepara-
tory and Special Courses. 124th year.

ROGERS HALL An Endowed School for Girls

College Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two year Graduate
Course. Gymnasium. Swimming-pool. Outdoor Sports. Faces
Rogers Fort Hill Park. Twenty-six miles from Boston.
Miss Olive Sewall Parsons, Principal, Lowell, Mass.

A College for Women in Boston

Secretarial Science and Teacher-training programs
based upon foundation of general academic studies.
2 years. Certificate. 4 years. Degree. Dormitories.
Dr. T. Lawrence Davis, Dean, 27 Garrison St., Boston
College of Practical Arts and Letters, Boston University.

THE LOVELAND SCHOOL

31st year. (Formerly the Bronson School.) A girls'
school where the work is arranged to meet needs of the
individual as she grows and develops. Nursery age
through high school. Able Loveland Tuiter, Ph. D.,
Director, 315 Hope Street, Providence, R. I.

The Gateway A School for Girls

Offering a one-year tutoring course as well as regular
college preparatory work. General and special courses.
Miss Alice E. Reynolds, Principal, 31 Roman Terrace,
New Haven, Conn.

GRAY COURT on Second School for Girls

ACCREDITED. Suburban to N. Y. C. All usual
studies. Also: Secretarial, Arts and Crafts,
Horseback riding, Beach. All athletics. Catalogue.
JESSIE CALLAM GRAY, Box 12, Stamford-on-Seard, Conn.

HOWE-MAROT

A Country Boarding School for Girls.
College Preparation. Varied Outdoor Life.
Mary L. Marot, Head Mistress Thompson, Conn.

HILLSIDE

6 miles from New York. Preparation for
college entrance examinations. General
courses. Organized athletics.
MARGARET R. GRENDELINER, A. B. (Woods) Prin.
VIA HUNT FRANCIS, A. B. (Smith)

SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS

NOBLE SCHOOL

Boarding School For Girls 6 to 14
For information write Kathleen Noble Jerome
White Plains, N. Y.

For school and camp information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 39 West 42nd St., New York City.

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

WARD-BELMONT

For Girls and Young Women

An accredited Junior College and High School. Reservations should be made as soon as possible to insure entrance. Thorough academic courses, conservatory advantages in Music, Expression, Art, Physical Training, Home Economics and Secretarial. Complete, modern equipment. New gymnasium, swimming pool. Outdoor sports, including Riding. References required. Write for booklets. Address

WARD-BELMONT
Belmont Heights Box 4, Nashville, Tenn.

COLUMBIA INSTITUTE

For girls. Episcopal. Four years' High School, two years' College work. Special courses. High standards. Cultural, healthful. Horseback riding, golf, swimming. Rates \$600. Catalog. Address Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, President, Box M, Columbia, Tenn.

GARRISON FOREST SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Modern, well equipped. In the beautiful Green Spring Valley near Baltimore. Intermediate, College Preparatory courses, including Music and Art. Horseback riding and sports. Catalog. Miss Mary E. Lippert, Director, Box 100, Garrison, Md.

MARYLAND COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

60 minutes from Washington. Literary, Dom. Sci., Secretarial, Kindergarten, Physical Education. Music courses; all leading to DEGREES. Graduates in demand. Private baths. Athletics. Catalog of Box R, LUTHERVILLE, MD.

MISS MILLER'S SCHOOL

A select school limited to fifty girls. Specializing in Music, Art, Literature, History, Languages. Also College preparation. Situated in the fine residential section of Baltimore. Outdoor sports. Catalog. Elizabeth M. Miller, 838 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Manch College

of Music—and Fine Arts. For girls and young women exclusively. In Shenandoah Valley amidst mountains of Virginia. English, Foreign Languages, Commercial Art, Interior Decorating, Costume Designing. Swimming pool. Gymnasium. Riding and Golf. New buildings and dormitories. All elective courses. Athletics under supervision. Catalog. Address Manch College of Music, College Park, Box R, Staunton, Va.

Southern Seminary

A School of Character. For girls. Blue Ridge Mts. of Va. Preparatory, Seminary, Collegiate. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Ed., Commercial, Sports, 59th year. Robert Lee Durham, Pres., Box 981, Buena Vista, Va.

Virginia College

For young women. A leading school of the South. Valley of Virginia. Elective, Preparatory, College courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Library Methods, Secretarial, Journalism. Catalog. Box F, Roanoke, Va.

Stuart Hall, Staunton, Virginia

Episcopal school for girls—Eighty-fourth Session. Rich in traditions of the past; alive to the needs of the present. Thorough college preparation. Outdoor sports. Address Mrs. H.N. Hills, A.B. Box R.

Fairfax Hall

For girls. In the Blue Ridge Mountains. College Preparatory, one year graduate work, special courses. Saddle horses, golf, gymnasium. Open-air and indoor pools. Catalog. Box H, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.

SOUTHERN COLLEGE

For girls. "In the Heart of Virginia." Junior College, Finishing, or High School Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Dom. Sci., Secretarial, Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Gymnasium. Dramatics, 64th year. Country Club Privileges. Historic Tours. Riding Lessons. Fixed Rate.

Arthur Kyle Davis, 240 College Place, Petersburg, Va.

Virginia Interterm College

For young women. 43rd year. 30 states. High School and Junior College, both accredited by Southern Association. Music, Home Economics, Secretarial Courses, Expression, Art, Outdoor sports. Gym. Pool. Private Baths. H. G. Noffsinger, Pres., Box 143, Bristol, Virginia

SULLINS COLLEGE Bristol, Virginia

For Girls. High School and Junior College Courses. Music, Expression, Domestic Science, etc. New buildings; every room connecting bath. Swimming Pool, Horseback riding. Mountain climate. 100-acre campus with beautiful lake. W. E. Martin, Ph.D., President, Box E.

Martha Washington College for Young Women

Delightful climate. 3200 feet elevation. 13rd Year. Fully accredited Junior College. Strong departments in Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Physical Education, Secretarial Science. New swimming pool. All sports. Terms 1937. C. D. Curtis, President, Box R, Abingdon, Va.

ASHLEY HALL

A girl's school offering a broad variety of courses, including college preparation, and normal courses in Kindergarten-Primary Training. Modern equipment. Swimming Pool. Mild climate. Address Mary V. McBe, M.A., Principal, Box R, Charleston, S. C.

ANDERSON COLLEGE for Women

Situated in the old South. Outdoor sports all the year. 54-acre campus. Standard college curriculum leading to degree. Junior College Courses. Rate \$400. For catalog address the Registrar, Box C, Anderson, South Carolina

GULF PARK

By-the-sea. For Girls. 4 years high school. 2 years college. Music, Art, Home Economics. Outdoor sports all year. Riding. Catalog. Box W, Gulfport, Miss.

BRENAU COLLEGE CONSERVATORY

Noted for: select patronage 30 states; pleasant social life; location foot hills Blue Ridge Mts. North of Atlanta, Ga.; 11 courses; special advantages in music, oratory, art, domestic science, physical culture, 13 buildings, outdoor sports; swimming, boating, horseback riding, etc. Catalog and illustrated book. Address BRENAU, Box F, Gainesville, Ga.

EL PASO SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College preparatory and general academic courses. Accredited by standard colleges. Fine music advantages. Mild, dry climate with daily sunshine. Outdoor classes and exercises nearly all year. Moderate rate. Catalog. Miss Olga E. Tate, Prin., Box R, El Paso, Tex.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S COLLEGE

A standard college. A.B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Professional training in Music, Art, Public Speaking, Domestic Science, Secretarial and Physical Education. For catalog address Illinois Woman's College, Box D, Jacksonville, Ill.

FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL

For Girls and Young Women. 2 years College, 4 years Academy. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics. 74th year. Campus 25 acres. Outdoor sports. 10 buildings. New \$40,000 library. Second semester opens January 25, 1937. Catalog. Wm. P. McKee, A. M., B. D., President, Box 653, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Starrett School for Girls, Chicago

43rd year. New Term starts Feb. 1st. Academic, College-Preparatory and Advanced Courses for High School Graduates. Fully accredited. Prepares for all colleges and universities. Write for catalog and book of views—Address Box 24, 4315 Drexel Blvd., Chicago.

NATIONAL Kindergarten and Elementary

Preparing women to become Elementary and Kindergarten teachers. Cultural courses. 3 and 3 year diplomas. 4-year degree courses. New college and dormitory buildings. 40th year. Midyear term opens February 1, 1937. Box 92, Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.

GRAFTON HALL A Recognized Academy and Junior College

for GIRLS Music, Art, Secretarial Courses, Dramatic Art, Home Economics, Modern buildings. Beautiful grounds. Limited registration. Catalogue and views free upon request. Address Registrar, Box R. B., Grafton Hall, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Lindenwood College

Standard college for young women. Two and four year courses. Accredited. Conservatory advantages. 30 minutes from St. Louis. 100th anniversary year. Every modern facility. Catalog. J. L. Roemer, Pres., Box 1027, St. Charles, Mo.

HARDIN COLLEGE A Junior College for Young Women

Affiliated with Chicago University, and fully accredited by University of Mo. and N. Central Ass'n of Colleges. Fine home atmosphere, buildings, campus, supervised athletics. Catalogue. Address Samuel J. Vaughn, Pres., Box 124, Mexico, Mo.

WESTLAKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Junior College and Accredited College Preparation. Courses in Art, Music, Expression, Home Economics. Catalog of Junior Coll. or Coll. Prep. Courses on request. 333 So. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles, California

The KATHARINE BRANSON SCHOOL for GIRLS

A day and resident school in a charming California country setting, an hour from San Francisco. Grammar and High School classes with special emphasis on college preparation. Faculty graduates of foremost colleges. Outdoor sports throughout the year. Limited enrollment. For illustrated catalogue write to Miss Katharine Branson, Headmistress (A. B. Bryn Mawr College). Address Box 308, MOSS, CALIFORNIA

THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL

Upon the Scripps Foundation. Box 18, La Jolla, Calif. Boarding and day school for girls. Forty minutes from San Diego. Intermediate School. Preparation for Eastern Colleges. Caroline Seely Cummins, Headmistress. The Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, President, Board of Trustees.

Marlborough School for Girls

Estab. 1890. Boarding and Day School. Accredited. College Preparation. Special advantages in Music, French, Art, Home Economics, etc. Outdoor life. Riding. Ada S. Blake, A.B. Principal, 5029-R West Third St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Cummock School FOR GIRLS

Academy—Junior and Senior High School. Accredited for college entrance. School of Expression—preparing for professional career. Music. Opened Sept. 22. Catalog. Helen A. Brooks, A.M., Director, 5339 W. Third St., Los Angeles, Calif.

School Information

The Red Book Magazine is always glad to help its readers in the selection of the school suited to individual needs. We furnish first hand information collected by personal visits to the schools. In writing please give full details as to age, previous education, the kind of school you wish, approximate location and what you plan to pay per year. Enclose stamped return envelope and address The Director, Department of Education THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE 33 West 42nd Street, New York City

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

THE WOODS' SCHOOL

For Exceptional Children. Three Separate Schools. BOYS. LITTLE FOLKS. Camp with tutoring, June 15 to Sept. 15. Box 144, Langhorne, Pa. Mrs. Mollie Woods Hara, Principal

PERKINS SCHOOL OF ADJUSTMENT

For children requiring special training and education. Unsurpassed equipment on sixty-acre estate. Intimate home life. Experienced Staff. Medical direction. Franklin H. Perkins, M.D., Box 52, Lancaster, Mass.

Nervous, backward and mental defectives

An ideal home school for children of all ages. Separate homes for boys and girls. Individual attention in studies, physical culture and manual training. \$75 a month and up.

THE BINGHAMTON TRAINING SCHOOL

Mr. & Mrs. A.A. Boldt, 116 Fairview Ave., Binghamton, N.Y.

DEVEREUX SCHOOLS

For Children whose Progress has been Retarded. Separate Schools for Boys, Girls and Young Children. Academic and vocational courses. Special instruction. Helena T. Devereux, Director, Box R, Berwyn, Pa.

OUND VIEW SCHOOL

On the Old Simpson Estate, Scarsdale, N. Y. For backward children, 6 to 15, who require individual care and training. Delightful home atmosphere. Summer School in Maine. Mrs. Anna F. Barsall, Director. Address R. F. D. 1, White Plains, N. Y. Tel. Scarsdale 983.

STANDISH MANOR SCHOOL

A special school for backward girls. Individual instruction. Experienced teachers. Happy home life. Healthful location. Out-door and water sports. 30-acre estate. Alice M. Myers, Principal, Hazel G. Cullinsford, Asst. Principal, Halifax, Mass.

THE BANCROFT SCHOOL RETARDED CHILDREN

Unusually complete equipment. Large staff. Resident Physician and nurse. Winter session at Haddonfield, N.J. Summer camp at Owl's Head, Me. Est. 1880. Catalog. E. A. Farrington, M. D. and Jessie Coulton Cooley, Directors. Box 125, Haddonfield, New Jersey

Schermerhorn School

A Home and Training School for Exceptional Children who need Special Care and Training. Country Location makes possible moderate rate. Mrs. I. Schermerhorn, Box-57 West End Station, Richmond, Va.

The Stewart Home Training School

A Private Home and School for Nervous and Backward Children. On a beautiful country estate in the famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. Seven Buildings. Cottage Plan. For illustrated catalog address Dr. John P. Stewart, Box P, Frankfort, Ky.

THE MARY E. POGUE SCHOOL and NURSERY

Wheaton, Ill. The Mary E. Pogue School and Nursery for children and young people who need individual instruction and medical supervision. Our aim is to prepare for lives of usefulness children who need special training. Established 1890; 28 acres of grounds; one hour from Chicago. Trained teachers and trained nurses.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

TUTORING

A Successful College Preparatory School

Intensive individual method. NO CLASSES. Its students enter the leading colleges of the East with high standing.

38 East 58th St. Write for booklet. Tel. Regent 4093

CAZENOVIA SEMINARY

Coeducational. Established 1824. College Preparatory and Finishing. Strong secretarial course. Endowed Junior students taken. Adirondack elevation. Winter sports. For catalog address Charles E. Hamilton, A.M., D.D., Box R, Cazenovia, N. Y.

HEDLEY SCHOOL

THE "INDIVIDUAL" SCHOOL. Academic, Individual, Cultural. Mrs. R. B. Hedley, J. R. Hedley, M.D., Principal. Glendale, Pa. (12 Miles from Philadelphia)

BURR AND BURTON

A GREEN MOUNTAIN SCHOOL. For Boys and Girls. 40-acre campus—wholesome traditions—College preparatory, industrial and business courses—Moderate income rate. Madison C. Bates, A.M., Principal, Manchester, Vermont (6 hours from New York on direct line).

URBANA UNIVERSITY

(Chartered 1850) In Central Ohio—4 railroads. Full Junior College courses in Arts and Science. Also 2 years' College Preparation. Under church influence but not denominational. Co-educational. All athletics. Catalogue. The President, Urbana, Ohio

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE

96th year. An endowed co-educational, preparatory school. Supervised athletics for boys and girls. Music and Expression Departments especially strong. Rate \$500.00. Earl W. Hamblin, Principal, Box B-3, Austintown, Ohio, near Ashtabula.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

43RD YEAR

PURPOSE: The individual development of a boy's character and scholarship for the work of the world in college, scientific school, business or national service. Thorough preparation for college.

INSTRUCTION: Small classes, individual attention. Each boy is taught how to study.

SCHOOL LIFE: High standard of social and moral student life. Supervised athletics, wholesome food, carefully regulated daily program of work and recreation and drill produce sound bodies, capable minds and cheerful dispositions. Enroll Now. For catalogue, address

Col. T. D. LANDON,
Drawer C-28, Bordentown, N. J.

The young boys' school—7 to 15. Modified military training and discipline, just enough to inculcate habits of obedience, orderliness, cleanliness and self-reliance. The school with the personal touch. 12 miles from New York, 66 miles from Philadelphia. For catalogue, address

Rev. Chas. M. Duncan, Box 218, Freehold, N.J.

PEDDIE Emphasis on preparation for College Entrance Board Examinations. Boys from 39 states. Graduates in 20 colleges. 15 modern buildings. 60 acres. Athletics for every boy. Six forms including two grammar grades. 62nd year. Catalog, Box 2-F, Hightstown, N. J.

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

On Chartered Foundation since 1760. Prepares boys to succeed in any college. Close association of boys and teachers in pleasant dormitory life. All athletics. Catalog, William P. Kelly, Headmaster, New Brunswick, N. J.

BLAIR A College Preparatory School for Boys
Founded 1848. Improving buildings, fully equipped. Thorough instruction. Lower school for younger boys. Endowed. Write for catalog. John C. Sharpe, LL.D., Headmaster, Box 8, Blairtown, N. J.

Lance School A limited school with unusual opportunities. Boys 6-14 live in headmaster's family and are led, directed and inspired in work and play. Serious-minded, purposeful teaching. Manual training. Fine equipment. Address Lance School, Summit, N. J.

PENNINGTON Develops your boy into the man you'd like him to be. Exceptional record in college and life. Instructor for every 10 boys. All athletics. 8 miles from Princeton. Moderate rates—no extras. Catalog, Francis Harvey Green, A. M., Litt. D., Headmaster, Box 20, Pennington, N. J.

HUN School of PRINCETON SENIOR SCHOOL: Thorough and successful preparation for College Examinations.

NEW JUNIOR SCHOOL for boys 10 to 16 years old. JOHN G. HUN, Ph.D., 101 Stockton St., Princeton, N. J.

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY 12 miles from Philadelphia. College entrance, business and special courses. Special school for Juniors. Home-manship under instruction of Equestrian. For catalog and View Book, write to the Registrar, Junior Dept. MAJOR C. M. LORENCE, Supt., Box 404, Wenonah, N. J.

SCHOOLS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

Chevy Chase Country School Children 4 to 14. Experienced, sympathetic care in the home of the directors. Ideal health conditions. Small classes. High academic standards. Summer camp in Maine. Address Mr. and Mrs. Stanwood Cobb, Chevy Chase, Md.

DEVITTE SCHOOL

\$50 per month covers every expense
All-year boarding school and Summer Camp for boys and girls 6 to 12. 60 acres, 32 miles from N.Y. City. Booklet, L. De Vitte, Principal, Box 45-H, Morassville, N. J.

MONTESSORI CHILDREN'S VILLAGE

Cottage plan. Co-educational. Three to twelve years. Exceptional clientele.
Mrs. Anna Paist Ryan Wycombe, Pa.

BURT'S SCHOOL FOR TINY TOTS 1-12

A Home-School for Children for 12 Years
6120 Constant Ave. Peekskill, N. Y.
Phone: Peekskill 1139

RENZELVER SCHOOL

RHINEBECK-ON-HUDSON
An established school. Individual training. Featuring a beautiful home with love and tender care. Careful moral and physical supervision. Girls to 18 yrs. and little boys.
Hazel M. Schryver, Principal.

For school and camp information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 33 West 42nd St., New York City.

WORCESTER

THOROUGH COLLEGE PREPARATION FOR BOYS 93RD YEAR
For Catalog Address, Worcester Academy, Worcester, Massachusetts

DeWitt Hebbard School for Boys

A College Preparatory Country Boarding School.
For 25 Boys. Individual and expert tutoring methods.
John B. Hebbard, A. M., Head Master, Newton, Mass.

MOSES BROWN SCHOOL

A century-old school of distinctive character. Strictly college preparatory. Separate upper and lower schools. Complete equipment. Gymnasium with swimming pool. Catalog, LESTER RALSTON THOMAS, Principal, Providence, R. I.

NEW HAMPTON

A New Hampshire School for Boys. Six Modern Buildings. Thorough College Preparation. Intensive Course in Business. Junior School. Athletics for Every Boy. \$600 Tuition. Frederick Smith, A. M., Box 196, New Hampton, N. H.

De Motte School

A preparatory school for boys (9 to 19) who need thorough fundamental instruction, sound training and wholesome surroundings. Summer and Winter sports. Summer School. Lawrence Washburn De Motte, New Canaan, Conn.

THE MANLIUS SCHOOL

"Saint John's"
Military. College preparatory. Thoroughly equipped. Business course. Well-ordered athletics. Catalog, Gen. Wm. Vorbeck, Pres., Box 52, Manlius, N. Y.

COOK ACADEMY

A boys' school in the beautiful Finger Lake Region. Under Christian influence. Boys successful in 20 colleges. All athletics. 63rd year. For catalog address
PRINCIPAL, Box R, Montour Falls, New York.

Stony Brook Christian Preparatory School for Boys

Small classes, college trained faculty. Prepares for leading colleges. Character building. Unusually fine equipment in grounds and buildings. All sports. Catalog. Address the Principal, Box R, Stony Brook, N. Y.

PEEKSKILL MILITARY

Graduates admitted to colleges without examinations. Modern, 4 modern buildings, New Gymnasium and Pool. Senior Upper-House. Separate school for younger boys. For catalog address:
The Principals, Box R, Peekskill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

REPTON SCHOOL

Meets the requirements of the young boy
For boys 6 to 14. English University Masters. Prepares for best college preparatory schools.
W. Willsoughby Barrett, Headmaster, Box R, Yarrington, N. Y.

The STORM KING School

Formerly THE STONE SCHOOL Established 1863
A Progressive College Preparatory School
Attractive Outdoor Life. 60 miles from New York.
Catalog and Book of Views on Request.
Alvan E. Querr, Headmaster, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

When You Are In New York

Let us welcome you to our School Department office in the Aeolian Building, right opposite the Public Library. A College Graduate is in charge who will gladly give you information on any school or type of school in the United States. This service is free for all who are interested in schools for themselves or their children. Our offices have long been the meeting place for parents, boys and girls and school heads and we mention it now because we have found that some of our readers and school friends do not know of this service.

If you are not contemplating a visit to New York and have some educational problem to solve, we shall be glad to help you by letter. Write us full details as to age, type of school, location and amount of tuition so that our recommendation may be fully helpful. Enclose stamped return envelope and address:—

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

1833 SUFFIELD 1927

An endowed school preparing boys for College, Scientific School, or business, with athletic program for all, under expert direction. Separate Junior School. Her. Brownell Gage, Ph.D., Headmaster, 13 High St., Suffield, Conn.

ROXBURY

A Special Type of Boarding School. Sound instruction by the Tutorial Method. All field, cross-country and track sports.
A. R. SHERIFF, Headmaster CHESHIRE, CONN.

Westminster

Prepares Boys for College
Upper and Lower School. Summer and Winter Sessions
RAYMOND RICHARDS MCCORMACK, A. B. (Yale) Head Master
Simsbury, Connecticut

St. John's School

OSKISING-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
Prepares Boys for College and Business. Small classes. Military training. Athletics. Separate school for boys under 12.
For Catalog address: William Hanney, A. M., Prin.

The MOHONK SCHOOL

A boarding school for boys from 10 years to College age. College Preparatory, Technical and Business Courses. Health and Outdoor life stressed. For catalog, address
Jerome F. Kidder, Box R, Mohonk Lake, New York

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

P. O. Box 11
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y. Brig.-Gen. Milton F. Davis,
Supt. College preparatory and junior college. High school standards, normal military training. Commercial courses, sports.

MOHEGAN LAKE SCHOOL

Military. Prepares for College, Technical Schools or Business. Classes average 8 pupils. Physical training and athletics with expert supervision. Beautiful lake location. Address A. E. Linder, A. M., Principal, Box 62, Mohegan Lake, Westchester Co., New York.

IRVING SCHOOL for Boys

Yarrington-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Rev. J. M. Furman, L. H. D., Headmaster, Box 932

KYLE SCHOOL

For 50 boys 6 to 16. Beautiful location, 23 miles from New York. 38th year. "Your school looks so homelike"—visitors' expression. Summer camp in the Catskills.
DR. PAUL KYLE,
Box 23, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

MAPLEWOOD near Philadelphia

65th Year
An all year home school and camp for boys from 6 to 15 years. Moderate rates. Individual, thorough training. Good table. All sports, manual training, radio, etc. For booklet address J. C. Shortlidge, A. B., Harvard, Prin., Box 37, Chester Heights, Del. Co., Pa.

TOME

On Susquehanna River, between Baltimore and Philadelphia. 120 acres. College Preparatory Courses; also a General Course which may include commercial work of an advanced nature. Separate department for younger boys. Supervised athletics. Tome Summer Camp for Smaller Boys. Catalog, Murray Peabody Brush, Ph. D. Port Deposit, Md.

THE DONALDSON SCHOOL

Episcopal. Twenty-first year. Ideally located in Patuxent Hills, near Baltimore. 180 acres, 11 buildings, swimming pool, athletics. Graduates enter leading colleges on certificate. Boys 12 to 18. T. N. Denslow, B. A., Headmaster, Heister, Maryland.

SWARTHMORE for your Boy

Prepares for all colleges. Fine academic and athletic spirit. Strong faculty. Small classes. All athletics. Track and swimming pool. Also Junior School for boys 10 to 13. Catalog, Edward H. Robbins, Head Master, Box R, Swarthmore, Pa.

The SWAVELY School for Boys

One hour from Washington. An enthusiastic preparatory school which boys love and parents approve. Sound scholarship. Character building. Strong on athletics. Splendid gymnasium. Catalog, Box 57-K, MANASSAS, VA.

Electricity

Condensed Course in Electrical Engineering. Complete in one year. Theory and practical applications. Construction, installation, testing. Est. 1893. Catalog, Bliss Electrical School, 522 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN

CARSON LONG
MAKER OF MEN

How to learn, how to labor, how to live.

A Military School, 5th Grade to College. In the mountains midway between New York and Philadelphia. Inspiring surroundings. Majors now its greatest years. Box 10, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Rate \$425. 90th year

Harrisburg Academy

143rd Year

Prepares for college or business. The latent possibilities of each boy revealed and developed by thoroughly experienced teachers. Beautiful mountain and river environment; modern buildings; playing grounds. Unexcelled separate Junior Department under sympathetic supervision. Moderate rates due to endowment. Write Arthur E. Brown, Headmaster, Box R, Harrisburg, Pa.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL ACADEMY

A Widely Recognized, Moderately Priced, Preparatory School. Wholesome School Life and Sports. Unusual Equipment and Location. 1200 Boys Prepared for College in the last 10 years. E. M. Hartman, Pd. D., Principal, Box R, Lancaster, Penna.

CHESTNUT HILL

A College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. In the open hill country. Separate Junior and Senior Departments. Complete equipment. Senior and Junior Schools. I. R. Hyde, M.A. (Yale), Headmaster, Box R, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

NAZARETH MILITARY ACADEMY

For the Boy—First: Health and Character! College Preparatory Course. Gym and Pool. For Catalog Address the Headmaster, Box A. D. Thaler, D. D., Box 90, Nazareth, Pa.

KISKIMINETAS School for Boys

Prepares for college or technical school. Expert faculty. Preceptorial system teaches boy how to study, to recognize his own abilities. All outdoor sports. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. A good place for your boy. Address Dr. A. W. Wilson, Jr., President, Box 843, Saultsburg, Pa.

PERKIOMEN A SCHOOL OF OPPORTUNITY

For the Boy who wants to Make Good. Excellent Record in College and Business. All Athletics. 30 acre Campus. Moderate Rates. Separate Junior School with Home Care. Address Oscar S. Kriebel, D. D. Principal Box 129, Pottsville, Pa.

JUNIOR Military Academy

Boys 5-14. Kindergarten through 8th grade. Modified military system. Open 12 mos. in year. 1200 ft. alt. 35 miles east Nashville. Moderate rates. Catalog. Headmaster, Box R, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

SEWANEE MILITARY ACADEMY

Prepares for college, small classes. Opportunity for individual development. Aim—an active mind, sound body, clean morals. 10,000-acre mountain domain. All athletics. Catalog. Box R, Sewanee, Tenn.

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Courses prepare for any college. Best plant in South. All athletics, golf and swimming pool. R. O. T. C. Write for catalog. Box 504, Columbia, Tenn.

Tennessee Military Institute

In the Highlands of East Tennessee. One of America's best schools. Fifty-second year. Satisfied patrons in more than forty states. Thorough work. Permanent faculty of experienced teachers. For catalog address Colonel C. E. Endley, Superintendent, Box 182, Sweetwater, Tenn.

BINGHAM MILITARY SCHOOL

ASHEVILLE, N. C. 28 years of successful training. Brick buildings, cottage plan. Experienced teachers. Small classes. Limited to 130. Boys from 24 states. Address Box R.

Gulf Coast Military Academy

Skilled instructors; personal supervision; wholesome atmosphere. Graduates accredited at Eastern colleges. Special Junior Dept. and campus for boys 7-14. Located on beach. Open-air sleeping quarters. Non-sectarian. Open year-round. Write for catalog. R. G. Gaultport, Miss.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

Prepares for college and business life. Limited to 300 boys. Athletics for all. Field work. Gymnasium. Swimming. New \$400,000 buildings. Catalog. Address Col. H. B. Moore, Principal, Box 21, Lewisburg, West Virginia

Why the Military School for Your Boy?

Because you want him to be really prepared for college or business—a clear-thinking, prompt-acting man. Military training makes him strong, erect, orderly and self-reliant.

The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States.

STAUNTON**Military Academy**

Boys 12 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business. 1,000 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air. Separate building and special teachers for younger boys. Military training develops obedience, health and manly carriage. Gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. Daily drill. Personal individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy sixty-six years old. Complete plant, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Illustrated catalog. Address Col. Thos. H. Russell, U.S. Pres., Box R, Staunton, Va.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY

Front Royal, Virginia. A branch of the Randolph-Macon System. Over \$200,000 equipment. Prepares for College or Scientific Schools. Military Training. Fine new gymnasium, swimming pool. \$500. 35th year. Outdoor athletics. Address Chas. L. Meiton, A.M., Principal, Box 425, Front Royal, Va.

BLACKSTONE MILITARY ACADEMY

In the Healthful Piedmont Region of Virginia. College Preparatory Business Administrative Courses. Best Home Influence. Modern Fireproof Equipment. All sports. For Catalog address COL. E. S. LIGON, PRESIDENT, Box H, Blackstone, Va.

FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL

Prepares for college and business life. Located in Blue Ridge Mountains, famous for health and beauty. Military training inculcates orderliness, promptitude, self-reliance. Instructor for R.O.T.C. Box R, Waynesboro, Virginia.

STUYVESANT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

College Preparation. Small Classes. Athletics. Fox Hunting. Week-end Camp. Write for Illustrated Catalog. Edwin B. King, Headmaster, Warrenton, Va.

RIVERSIDE

One of the nation's distinguished military schools. Country location; mountains, lake; largest gym in South. Coolest motor car and golf course. Address Col. Sandy Beaver, Box R, Gainesville, Georgia.

Clean Mind HOWE In a Sound Body

Highest standards of scholarship and character with wholesome outdoor recreation. Military. Rev. C. H. Young, S. T. D., Director. For catalog address The Business Office, Howe, Indiana.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Founded 1844. Trains for leadership by a comprehensive system of athletics, military and general activities that reach every boy. An Honor System that builds character. High School and Junior College. For catalog address 734 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

Missouri Military Academy

Develops red-blooded American manhood, through carefully co-ordinated military and academic training. Equipment and faculty exceptional. For catalog address Col. E. Y. Burton, Pres., Box 124, Mexico, Missouri

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

Lexington, Mo., 43 miles from Kansas City. Oldest Military School west of Mississippi River. High school. Junior College. Catalog. Col. S. Sellers, Box R, Lexington, Mo.

ILLINOIS MILITARY SCHOOL

College preparatory with military training for discipline. Small classes, individual attention. Five weeks' trip to Europe. Special courses for young boys. Athletics. Rate \$600. Catalog. Box 13, Alton, Ill.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Alton, Ill. Boys taught "how to study." Graduates enter college without examination. Also business courses. Athletics. Character Training. 10 buildings. For CATALOG, address—President.

St. John's Military Academy

The American Rugby. Eminent fitted for training American boys. Thorough scholastic and military instruction. Situated on high ground in Waukegan, Ill. Summer Session. Summer Tutoring School. Catalog. Box 10-B, Delafield, Wisconsin.

MIAMI Military Institute

Germantown Ohio. In the Miami River valley, 14 miles from Dayton. A school of high standards. College preparatory, Military training for many purposes. For Catalog, address: Baseball diamonds. Catalog. Col. Orson Graft Brown, Pres., Box 263

OHIO Military Institute

93rd year. High beautiful location. Lower school for younger boys. Athletics. Address A. M. Henshaw, Supt., Box 27, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LAKE FOREST

NON-MILITARY. Strictly College Preparatory Academy for Boys. On Lake—hour north of Chicago. All Athletics. Endowed. Catalog of J. W. Richards, Box 156, Lake Forest, Ill.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

College Preparatory. Separate grade school. Experienced man teacher for every ten cadets. Supervised athletics for each boy. 30 acres in country surroundings. Summer Camp. 53rd year. Catalog. Col. H. D. Abells, Supt., Box 1827, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.

ONARGA Military School

ACCREDITED. Trains for character. 4 modernly equipped buildings. 85 miles south of Chicago. Endowed—hence moderate expense. Catalog—COL. J. R. BITTINGER, Supt., Dept. R., ONARGA, ILL.

DAKOTAH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A home school in the country for boys under 15. Individual care and instruction by college-trained teachers. 100 miles N. W. from Chicago. Rates \$600 to \$650. For catalogue address H. K. Baltzer, Box 116, Dakota, Illinois

NORTHWESTERN Military and Naval Academy

70 mi. from Chicago. An endowed College Preparatory School and Junior College. Its distinctive advantages and methods interest discriminating parents. Col. H. P. Davidson, Pres., Lake Geneva, Wis.

TODD For Young Boys

79th Year. Located in hill country of Illinois. One hour from Chicago. Ideal home and school life. Ask about Camp Towhee. Address Noble Hill, Principal, Woodstock, Illinois

Shattuck School

College preparatory. Military training. All athletics—9 coaches. 16 buildings. 240 acres. Business Course. 69th year. Summer School. Catalog. Address C. W. Newhall, Headmaster, Box B, Faribault, Minn.

PILLSBURY ACADEMY FOR BOYS

50th year. 17 acres. 7 buildings. Maximum college preparation. Military and manual training. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. Exceptional advantages in vocal and instrumental music. Rate \$700. Catalog. Miss B. Price, Ph.D., Principal, Box 397-C, Owatonna, Minn.

New Mexico Military Institute

A state-owned cavalry school of exceptional academic standards. High School and Junior College. Splendid equipment. R. O. T. C. Dry, bracing climate, 3700 ft. altitude. Every boy rides. Moderate rates. Col. D. C. Pearson, Supt., Box S, Roswell, N. M.

The VALLEY RANCH SCHOOL

via Cody. Thorough Eastern Preparatory School training combined with supervised Western Ranch outdoor life. Christian. Limited. Catalog. Address: Valley Ranch. Eastern Office. 70 East 45th St., New York.

CALIFORNIA Preparatory School for boys

Non-military. Prepares for Universities. East and West. Accredited. Junior School, grades five to eight. All athletics. Christian influences. Small classes. Mr. C. M. Wood, Supt., R. O. Box R, Pasadena, Cal.

PAGE MILITARY ACADEMY

A big school for little boys. Sound training in the essential branches. Military training adapted to young boys needs. Sympathetic understanding and encouragement. Catalog 1211 Cochran Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

URBAN MILITARY ACADEMY

The great outdoor school at foot of Hollywood Mountains. Primary thru College Preparation. Corrective Physical Education. Small classes. Million Dollar plant. Swimming Pool, Cavalry. 23rd year opened Sept. 15th. Write Registrar, 637 North Wilcox, Los Angeles, Cal.

PALO ALTO Military Academy

For junior boys. Primary and Grammar grades. Home-like atmosphere. Boys treated as men in the making. Swimming and other sports. Bicycle club. Open 12 months in year. Summer Camp.

Col. R. F. Kelly, Supt. Box 306-R, Palo Alto, Cal.

WEST COAST MILITARY ACADEMY

For Junior boys. Primary and Grammar Grades. Refined home-like atmosphere with careful supervision. All outdoor sports. Riding, swimming, and a large gymnasium. Major Douglas Francis, Supt., Box 531 R, Palo Alto, Calif.

THE Red Book Magazine's Department of Education will help you solve the problem of finding a suitable school. Write stating age, previous education, religious affiliation, location of school desired, estimate of expense you care to incur. Address the director personally and enclose a stamped return envelope.

The Director, Department of Education THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE 33 West 42nd Street, New York City

MUSIC, ART, ORATORY, DRAMATIC ARTS AND DANCING

NED WAYBURN
—who developed English Law, Marjory Miller, and many other famous stars and complete courses in—
EVERY Type of Dancing
for Stage and Social Affairs
Ballet—Musical Comedy—Tap and Step
(Clogging) Acrobatic—Exhibition Ballroom.
Private Lessons or Classes for Adults or Children.
Beginners, Advanced Pupils and Professionals.
Write for illustrated booklet Y or call at
NED WAYBURN
Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.
1541 Broadway (Entr. on 60th St.) Studio Y,
At Columbus Circle, New York. Open all year 'round
9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Except Sundays.

CHALIF RUSSIAN NORMAL SCHOOL OF DANCING
LOUIS H. CHALIF, Principal.
Fall and Winter Courses. Catalog on request.
163-165 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton School
Of The Theatre And Dance
125-130 E. 58th St., New York
Plaza 4524
Building specially designed and
equipped for teaching all branches
of theatrical art. Provision made for
pupils trained and talented pupils.
Enrollments required now for Spring
Term, Feb. 10. Classes day and
evening.
**AMERICA'S MOST MODERN
THEATRICAL SCHOOL**

INTERIOR-DECORATION
Four Months' Practical Training Course.
Also Complete Professional and Design
Courses. Day and Evening Sessions
start October and February. Send for
Catalog 57. Also Home Study Course starts
at once. Send for booklet D-2.

The N. Y. School of Interior Decoration
441 Madison Avenue • New York City

Study Interior Decorating
—or our other Art Courses
Qualifies you to earn \$300 to \$500 a
month. Choose: Illustration, Fashions,
Interior Decorating, Cartooning, Paint-
ing, Advertising Art. Under noted Ar-
tists. Supervised Student Residence.
Proper Cultural Environment. Summer Euro-
pean Tour. Positions for Graduates. Direct
Correspondence. **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF
ART, (Catalog R) 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago.**

N. Y. School of Fine & Applied Art
FRANK ALVAN PARSONS and 60 Specialists
Acknowledged leading school of Architecture, Decoration,
Costume, Stage and Design. Fashion, etc.
SUMMER CIRCULARS NOW—
Address, Sec. 2230 Broadway, New York

COMMERCIAL ART
Inter. Decor., Costume and Mill. Design. Intensive
prof. courses. Practicing specialists teachers. Grad-
uates assisted to positions. Catalog Dormitories.
LIVINGSTON, 44th Year
1837 Rhode Island Ave., West, Washington, D. C.

GRAND CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART
Courses in Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Illustration, Ad-
vertising Illustration and Costume Design under the instruction
of successful modern artists.
Catalogue on Request.
7012 Grand Central Terminal, New York City

Costume Design
millinery, fashion illustration, moving
picture and stage design; direction
Enil Alvin Hartman, 4 E. 3rd St., N.Y.C.
FASHION ACADEMY

DESIGNING and MILLINERY
Dressmaking and Pattern Cutting taught. Individual instruction
in Trade Methods for Wholesale and Retail. Also for Personal
Use. Day and Evening Classes. Call or write for particulars.
MCDOWELL, DRESSMAKING & MILLINERY SCHOOL
Est. 1876 71 West 49th St., New York No Branches.

The Maryland Institute
1825-1927 Baltimore, Md.
Courses in Fine Arts, Teacher Training, Occupational
Therapy, Advertising and Costume Design, Interior De-
coration, Mechanical Drawing, etc. Catalog on request.

Detroit's Commercial Art School
Day and evening classes the year round.
Individual instruction in all branches.
Dept. 419 2539 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART
Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wis.
Courses in Painting and Sculpture, Commercial Art, Teacher Train-
ing, Interior, Costume, and Industrial Design. New term begins
February 1. For illustrated catalog address
Charlotte R. Partridge, Director
Dept. R. M. 435 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis.

For school and camp information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 33 West 42nd St., New York City.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent
For 42 Years America's Leading Institution
for Dramatic Art and Expression
Acting Teaching Directing
Develops Poise and Personality
for use in any vocation in life
Mid-winter Enrollments up to Feb. 14
Spring Class Forms April 1
Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Free Catalog describing all Courses from
Room 177 "B" **CARNEGIE HALL, New York**

Williams School of Expression and Dramatic Art Teachers' Lecture,
Dramatic and Personal
Culture courses. Advanced courses in English.
Graduates eligible to teach in N. Y. State Public
Schools. Degrees. Gymnasium, Theatre, Dormitories.
Chautauque and Lyceum Courses under direction
of Edward Amherst Olt. 1, 2, 3 and 4 year courses.
Next entering term will be June 6th. Catalog.
115 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Aviarte School of Theatre
DRAMA, OPERA, MUSIC, STAGE DANCING
Singing, Fine Arts and Photography. Developing
personality and poise essential for any voca-
tion in life. Aviarte Art Theatre and Student
Stock Co. afford appearances, while learning.
Fugate-Laurette Taylor, Mary Pickford, Edna
Parker, Annette Kellerman, J. Arnold Daly,
Fred and Adele Astaire, Dolci Sisters, Evelyn
Law, Mary Nash, Nora Bayes, Taylor Holmes,
Lily Brunsdale, Vivian M. Astor, Gloria Gouda,
Hilshon, and others. 30 West 40th St., N. Y.,
ask for catalog 2.

THE FEAGIN SCHOOL of Dramatic Art
ACTING—DIRECTING—TEACHING—PUBLIC
SPEAKING Develops Personality through training
in Expression, Voice, 2 action, Physical Training,
French Fencing, etc. Catalogue, 112-114 Carnegie Hall, New York Circle 1766

ITHACA CONSERVATORY of MUSIC
Special advantages for those who look forward to concert
or educational work. All branches of music taught. De-
grees. Dormitories. Two, three and four year courses.
Spring term begins January 27th. Send for catalogue.
15 Dewitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

The National School of ELOCUTION and ORATORY
The oldest chartered School of Expression in America.
Degrees granted. Public Speaking, Physical Training,
English, Dramatic Art, Professional and Finishing
Course. Dormitories. For Catalogue, address S. S. SHENKMAN,
Pitt., Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. 4010-12 Chestnut Street.

New England Conservatory of Music
THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Send for Descriptive Booklet
HUNTINGTON AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

Maine to California
The Department of Education of
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
for a number of years has devoted
the time of its college trained staff
to visiting and reporting upon Pri-
vate Residential Schools throughout
the country from Maine to Califor-
nia, from the Great Lakes to the
Gulf. We have data on good schools
of every type for every type of pupil.
We are glad to assist our readers,
without charge, in the selection of a
school. If you do not find one which
seems to meet your needs among
the many investigated schools listed
in these pages, write us giving age,
previous education, and religious af-
filiation of the boy or girl, type of
school, location and tuition rate de-
sired. Enclose a stamped return en-
velope and write today to
Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

SCHOOL of the THEATRE
Threshold Players
DIRECTORS
CLARE TREE MAJOR FRANK CHAVEN
WALTER HAMPTON ELAIN FERGUSON
GEORGE ARLISS ERNEST TRUNK
Students play five times weekly for six
months before graduation—Professional
Directors Only—Scenic Design—Production—
Dancing—Fencing—Pantomime—Voice Devel-
opment—Shakespearean Reading—Playwrit-
ing, etc. Day and Evening Classes.
Spring term opens March 28th.
CLARE TREE MAJOR
Princess Theatre, 104-R West 39th Street
New York City

THE ELITCH GARDENS SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE
Melville Burke, Director
Faculty of professionals. A prac-
tical, intensive training for the
stage. School operated in direct
connection with the celebrated
ELITCH GARDENS STOCK COMPANY
Session of ten weeks opens June
6th, 1927. Applications for entry
now being received. Detailed in-
formation and catalogue sent on
request.
Elitch Gardens Denver, Colo.

Special Summer Courses
Consisting of two weeks course of Public
School Music (Orchestration); four weeks
Public School Music Methods; six weeks
Piano Normal Methods.
Dormitories for women.
All Departments open year round. Write for
Summer or general catalogue.
Address **JOHN L. GRUBER, Manager**
220 West Broadway Louisville, Ky.
Louisville Conservatory of Music

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
41st year. All branches of Music; Dramatic Art.
Dormitory accommodations. For free catalogue,
Address John J. Hattstaedt, Pres., 534 Kimball Hall,
Chicago, Ill.
"Chicago's foremost School of Music and Dramatic Art."

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Inc.
EST. 1867
Noted Faculty in all branches. Dormitories.
Bertha Baer, Director. For catalogue
R. T. Howard, Registrar, Cincinnati, Ohio.

COSMOPOLITAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC and DRAMATIC ART. Eminent faculty of 69 artists. De-
partments—Piano, Violin, Viola, Cello, Musical
Theory, Composition, Violoncello, Orchestral Instruments, Public
School Music, Dramatic Art, etc. Diplomas, Degrees and Teachers'
certificates. Many free advantages. Dormitory. Scholarships. Edwin
L. Stephen, Mgr., Dept. R.B., 16th St. Kimball Hall Bldg., Chicago

BUSH CONSERVATORY—CHICAGO
AN INSTITUTION OF NATIONAL PROMINENCE
teaching MUSIC, Dramatic Art, Expression, Opera, Languages,
Dancing. 135 instructors. Special comply for teachers and so-
lists, leading to FREE MASTER SCHOOL. We own our dormi-
tories. Enroll NOW
R. S. Schwenker, 839 North Dearborn Street, Chicago

Detroit Conservatory of Music
53rd year. Students may enter at any time. Depts.—Piano,
Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Public School Music and
Drawing. Diplomas and Degrees conferred. Finest Conserva-
tory in the West. Dormitory accommodations. For cata-
logue address Dept. 9, 5035 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION and NORMAL SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Established 1890
Train for positions as teachers of public speaking and dramatic art,
play producers, physical directors, playground supervisors and
dancing teachers. Mid-year classes. For catalogue
120 East Pearson Street, Chicago, Ill.

INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
Frank Damrosch, Director. Endowed. All branches of
music. Conducted only for students of real musical
ability and serious purpose. Catalog on request. Dept.
K, 139 Claremont Ave., Cor. 122nd St., New York

The COMMERCIAL ART SCHOOL
Dept. R-C 116 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

THE CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL of Physical Education FOR WOMEN ACCREDITED

Announces Midyear Classes for February
Plan Now To Enter With No Loss of Time
One-year Playground Course, Certificate. Prepares High School Graduates for positions in Playgrounds, etc.
Two-year Normal Course, Diploma.
Three-year Normal Course, B.P.E. Degree. Prepares High School Graduates to teach Physical Education.
Special Announcement—One-year Graduate Course in Physio-Therapy. For Nurses, Physical Directors, College Normal School Graduates.
Beautiful Campus, fine Dormitories.
SEND NOW for descriptive booklets and catalog Box 28 3626 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION ACCREDITED CO-EDUCATIONAL
4 yr. B. P. E. Degree courses. High School graduates admitted. Special students accepted. Free placement bureau. Dormitory. 2nd semester starts Feb. 1. Chicago, Illinois—1019 Diversy Parkway, Dept. R. B.

POSSE-NISSEN SCHOOL of Physical Education for women. 37th year. 3 year regular course. One year special in medical gymnastics and Swedish massage. Playground work. Intensive summer courses and camp. Dormitories. Apply to Secretary, 779 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The Sargent School for Physical Education
Founded 1881 by Dr. D. A. Sargent
Booklet on request.

L. W. SARGENT, Director, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Kindergarten & Primary TRAINING. Also for "HOME-MAKING NEEDS." Accredited. Only college with downtown Student Residence. Demand for graduates. Enter now. Catalog: CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE, 795 Rush St., Chicago

NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL
Preparation for woman's noblest profession in one of the country's greatest hospitals. Close affiliation with Long Island College Hospital amplifies our exceptional equipment and instruction, insuring broadest possible experience. 30 months' course. Maintenance and liberal allowance while learning. Vacations. One year high school required. Ages 18-35. For booklet address Miss Mildred Constantine, Director of Nurses, 210th St. & Jerome Ave., N. Y.
MONTEFIORE HOSPITAL

The Staten Island Hospital, New York
Offers a complete course in nursing in medicine, surgery, maternity, and children's diseases. Attractive nurses' home; nine hours per day; compensation from start. Address Superintendent, Staten Island Hospital, New York, N. Y.

STUDY NURSING
Join February Class. Accredited school. Liberal allowance. One year of High School required.
CHRIST HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Evanston Hospital School of Nursing
Affiliated with Northwestern University. Three year course leading to diploma. Five year course leading to diploma and B. S. degree. Entrance requirement, four years High School. Near Lake Michigan, just outside Chicago. Apply Dept. H, 2650 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES (Accredited)
Lake View Hospital offers a three year course in general nursing to high school graduates over 19. Free maintenance and monthly allowance. Nurses' home owned and operated by hospital. Located on beautiful North Side. For information write Superintendent of Nurses, Dept. R. B., 4420 Clarendon Avenue, Chicago

Henrotin Hospital Young women interested in the nursing profession. The Chicago Polytechnic Training School for nurses of the Henrotin Hospital offers a 3 year course. Graduates eligible for State Registration in U. S. Comfortable home with board, laundry provided. Free tuition, maintenance, monthly allowance. Write for Bulletin to SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES, Dept. R. B., 2449 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

Washington Boulevard Hospital
Take a course in our accredited School of Nursing. Three years study, eight hour duty, delightful living quarters. Requirements, High School Diploma or equivalent. Free tuition, maintenance, monthly allowance. Write for Bulletin to SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES, Dept. R. B., 2449 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF MICHIGAN - Detroit
An accredited School of Nursing, offers to high school graduates a three year course. New hospital and attractive residence with single rooms. Maintenance, text books, and small allowance given. Admissions provided.
Margaret A. Rogers, Principal, 5224 St. Antoine St., Detroit, Michigan

For school and camp information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 33 West 42nd St., New York City.

SCHOOLS OF COMMERCE

The Bentley School

An exceptional school for men who wish to qualify as specialists in accounting and finance. The shortest cut to an executive position is through the accounting department. This school has a reputation for turning out an exceptional product.

TO BE BENTLEY-TRAINED
CARRIES PRESTIGE IN BUSINESS
Men only admitted. High school training or equivalent required. Placement Bureau maintained. No correspondence courses. Excellent dormitory accommodations.
Catalogue sent on request.

THE BENTLEY SCHOOL
of ACCOUNTING and FINANCE
The largest school of its kind in the world.
821 Boylston St., Dept. C, Boston, Mass.
Harry C. Bentley, C.P.A., President

PEIRCE SCHOOL



of Business Administration

College-grade Courses, giving an efficient preparation for business responsibilities—Business Administration, Accounting and C. P. A. Preparation, Executive and Stenographic - Secretary, Bookkeeping and day students. Proper cultural environment. Write for Student Year Book.
Five St. West of Broad, Phila., Pa.

RIDER College

DEGREE OF B. C. S. & B. A. IN 2 YEARS
Equal credit hours to 4 yr. course. Also short or diploma courses. Managerial, C. P. A. or Secretarial. Classes now opening for January term. Positions for graduates. For catalog write Dr. Rider College, Trenton, N. J.

Business Administration--

Accounting - Secretarial - Two-Year Courses, College Grade, for young men and women of executive caliber. Also Shorter Business Courses. Graduates in demand. Send for Special Catalog to L. L. Lindabury, V. Pres. Burdett College, BOSTON Founded 1879

GREGG School

Prepares young men and women for Stenographic, Secretarial, and Accounting positions. 28 years undisturbed leadership. Every graduate equipped. Write for Free Book of Facts. Address Principal, Gregg School, Dept. R. B., 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

SPECIAL SECRETARIAL COURSES PREPARE FOR THE POSITIONS
BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
100,000 Graduates
71 Years Old
Start in cosmopolitan Chicago. A job for every Graduate.
Bryant & Stratton Business College, Box R, 105 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

UNIVERSITY VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY
54th year. Spring term starts March 23. Arts and Sciences, Teachers College, Law, Commerce, Music, Pre-medical, University High School. For Bulletin address Registrar, Dept. D, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Ind.

BRYANT-STRATTON COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

College Degrees in Two Years (State Authorized)
Accounting, C.P.A., Finance, Marketing, Secretarial, Teacher Training.
45th Year. Co-educational.
Moderate tuition. High moral tone. Supervised boarding houses. \$5.00 annual. New five-story building.
Over 1000 positions annually.
Send for booklet "A College Degree in Business."
BRYANT-STRATTON College of Business Administration Box R, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS



WE specialize in SECRETARIAL TRAINING. Many other courses. Washington, your Capital, offers you unequalled advantages. No more expensive than any large city. Steward School founded 1913. Thousands of successful students. Write for free catalog. Enter any time.
Steward School, F St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

BALLARD SCHOOL Register Now For SECRETARIAL COURSE Established 54 years
610 Lex. Ave. at 53rd St. N.Y.C., Central Branch T.W.C.A.

OLD COLONY SCHOOL

Secretarial and Business Training for Young Women
One-year course. Resident and day students. Principals, Florence H. LaMoreaux, A.B., Mrs. Margaret V. Fowler. 318-317 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

KATHARINE GIBBS SCHOOL SECRETARIAL & EXECUTIVE

Boston Training for Educated Women New York Providence

BROWN SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

Prepares for Private Secretarial and Business Management positions. PLACES GRADUATES.
JOHN J. BROWN, LL. B., Director, 25 W. 45th St., New York

United States Secretarial School

327 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Secretarial & Business Training. Ask for Catalog R. Irving Edgar Chase, Director Vanderbilt 2474

Selecting the School

The training, association and environment experienced during school years lay the foundations for success or failure in future life. The selection of the school best suited to develop each individual therefore should be a matter of thought and thorough investigation. This is especially true of boarding schools which prepare for college and for life, but it also holds good for schools of professional and special training.

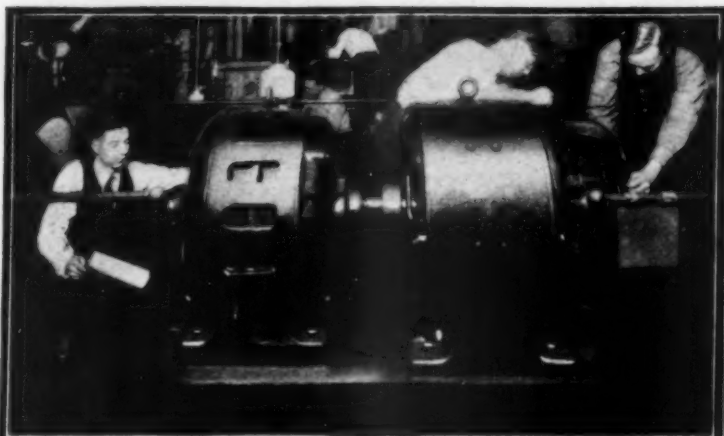
The Red Book Magazine's Department of School Information has helped many hundreds of parents select the school for their boys and girls, also many young people who have appealed to us to find a school where they can procure just the right training for a chosen occupation. The same service is at your disposal.

We will gladly help you make a selection, if you do not find a school in these pages which seems to meet your needs. Our information is based on information obtained through personal visits to representative schools in all parts of the country. In order to be fully helpful we need data on the following: type of school you wish—college preparatory or general academic (in the case of a boy military or non-military), finishing, post-graduate, business, technical, secretarial, art, music, dramatic, dancing, etc., location in which you wish school; approximate amount you plan to pay per year for board and tuition in the case of a boarding school, tuition only for schools of special training; exact age of prospective pupil, religion, and previous education in detail. Enclose a stamped return envelope and address:—

The Director, Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

33 West 42nd Street, New York City



A Glimpse Into the Coyne Electrical School

Those who see the great roaring shops of Coyne for the first time are amazed. Here are students from every State in the Union working on the greatest outlay of electrical apparatus ever assembled in any school... costing hundreds of thousands of dollars... real dynamos, huge motors, actual skeleton houses, complete power plants, transmitting stations, switchboards of all kinds... everything from doorbells to farm power systems. Here, with

this full-size machinery in full operation every day, Coyne students get years of experience in a few months. Here with two instructors to every 25 men, Coyne students learn by actually doing. Here—and nowhere else in the world—can you get such training!

The photograph above is one of 150 views in our catalog, a copy of which will be mailed free upon request. See coupon below.

LEARN ELECTRICITY Without Books or Lessons IN 12 WEEKS

By Actual Work—in the Great Shops of Coyne

SOME kinds of jobs ought to be labeled with a big sign that says "Man-killer." They are either so heavy, dirty and hard that they sap a man's strength and keep him dog-tired all the time—or else they are so disagreeable, uninteresting and poorly paid that they kill his ambition in almost no time. And AMBITION is the most valuable thing a man can have!

Fascinating Work— Real Pay!

That's why so many men are turning to ELECTRICITY, which offers unlimited rewards and opportunities—with ordinary salaries of \$50—\$75—\$100—and \$150 a week! Right now big electrical jobs are actually going begging! Electrical experts with 12 weeks of training are in demand—and the need is growing every day! The situation is one that spells O-P-P-O-R-T-U-N-I-T-Y in letters a foot high for the man who is wide-awake enough to see it!

Learn Quickly

Let me make you a master electrician—the Coyne way. I've done it for thousands of others—farmers, laborers, factory men, and hundreds who haven't had more than 8th grade education! I can do it for you—and start you off on the road to independence and big earnings in just 90 days!

No Books or Dry Lessons

The secret of Coyne-training is that it is ALL PRACTICAL work. No books—no dry lessons—no useless theory. In the great shops of COYNE you learn the "ins and outs" of Electricity by actual work on real electrical equipment—the finest outlay in the country! And best of all—experts work right with you every step of the way, showing you all the electrical secrets that are essential to your success!

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

H. C. LEWIS, Pres., Dept. 27-80 1300-10 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

No Education or Experience Needed

With a personal, practical method like this, is it any wonder I say I can make any man into a master electrician in 12 happy weeks? You don't need a bit of previous experience or advanced education. Many of our most successful graduates are fellows who never went to high school and hated "book-learning." The Coyne method is different!

FREE If You Act Now

Make up your mind today to get into one of these real-pay electrical jobs. If you act now—I'll pay your railroad fare to Chicago and give you 2 special courses free! RADIO and AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICITY! And besides that, I'll help you to a part-time job while learning! FREE employment service for life after graduation, too. We place dozens of men in wonderful jobs every week!

Send for FREE Book

Just give me a chance to tell you about the unlimited opportunity that awaits you. Let me send you this big book free, containing over 150 photographs and listing and telling you how you can qualify for the kind of jobs that pay \$75-\$200 a week. If you really want more money and a wonderful future, send for this book now! No obligation. Simply mail the coupon.

Mail This
**FREE
BOOK
Coupon
To-day**

\$100 a Week Jobs

are common in electricity. Our free employment bureau puts you in touch with openings to choose from. The following are only a few of the kind of positions you fit yourself for in the Great Shops of Coyne:

Farm Lighting Experts	\$40 to \$100 a Week
Armature Expert	\$50 to \$100 a Week
Power House Operator	\$50 to \$75 a Week
Auto Electrician	\$60 to \$100 a Week
Inventor, Unlimited Income	
Maintenance Engineer	\$50 to \$100 a Week
Service Station Owner	\$200 a Week
Radio Expert	\$75 to \$150 a Week
Contractor	\$2,500 to \$15,000 a Year

FREE R. R. Fare When You Enroll

Right now I will allow your Railroad Fare from any point in the U. S. to Chicago—the world's Greatest Electrical center. Send coupon for details.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

H. C. Lewis, Pres., Dept. 27-80
1300-10 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

I want the facts, so without obligation, send me your free illustrated catalog and details of your R. R. fare.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS



MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

The Field of Opportunity

Profitable Professional Trade consisting of making gold and vulcanite plates, crowns, stationary and removable bridge work, inlays, etc. for dentists. Great demand now and always will be for this is a sure necessity.

There are rich rewards to those who select Mechanical Dentistry as a vocation. Those engaged in it earn up to \$125 a week. Steady work, no dull seasons. Still greater earnings should you desire to start a business of your own.

UNRIVALED TRAINING

Rodeo training is recognized by Dentists everywhere as the best. Established 34 years. Complete day course in 12 weeks. Evening courses also. Easy payments. Earn while you learn if necessary—we have plenty of whole or part time jobs on file to help you pay expenses. Free R.R. Fare to our nearest school.

Send AT ONCE for Bulletin & giving all details and interesting information

BODEE DENTAL INSTITUTE

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA BUFFALO BROOKLYN
1755 Broadway 1206 N. Broad St. 501 Washington St. 85 Court St.

23rd Year

CHICAGO TECHNICAL COLLEGE

LEARN DRAFTING IN 4 MONTHS

Trained Draftsmen earn \$80 to \$100 a week. 4 months' interesting study at Chicago Tech. lets you to earn big money in drafting's fertile field. Common schooling all you need. Expert instructors. Opportunities for self-supportable studying. Free Employment Service. Day or Evening Classes. Athletics. Enter any time. Also intensive courses in Engineering, Electricity and how to qualify for a high-pay drafting job in 4 months.
Dept. 39
119 East 26th St. Chicago Technical College
Chicago

You can't come to Chicago, study at home. Write for Free Trial Lesson in Drafting.

Step into a Big-Pay HOTEL JOB!

Earn \$2500 To \$10,000 A Year in America's 4th Largest Industry. Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, are calling for trained men and women. Let us show you how you can qualify—past experience unnecessary. We put you in touch with positions. Big pay, fascinating work, quick advancement. Write for "Free Book" "Your Big Opportunity." LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Hall AC-108 Washington, D. C.



Making crowns, bridges, plates, etc., for dentists. You can learn

MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

In a few months by our practical personal training. NO BOOKS OR CLASSES. Start your own dental laboratory or secure big pay employment. \$4,000 DENTISTS REQUIRE MORE MCCARRIE TRAINED MEN to do their laboratory work. Uncorrupted field. Schools in Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago.

Free Railroad Fare

to nearest school. We help you secure spare time job while learning. Day or night school. Free Book on Mechanical Dentistry.

Send for copy to MCCARRIE SCHOOLS of Mechanical Dentistry 1338 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 65 Chicago, Ill.



Chicago TECH College

Engineering Architecture Electricity Drafting

DAY and EVENING CLASSES. Earn While Learning. 2-yr. diploma; 3-yr. B. S. degree; and short courses. 2nd year. Write for copy of our 72 page "Blue Book," mailed free. Dept. B-70
119 East 26th St. Chicago Technical College
Chicago

Become a PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Earn up to \$250 a week. We qualify you quickly for unpaid positions or for a business of your own. Motion Picture, Commercial, Portraiture, News Photography, Motion Picture or Professional View CAMERA FREE. Illustrated Booklet explains today's great opportunities in this fascinating profession. Send for it NOW.
NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 33 12 West 33rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

LEARN PHOTOGRAPHY!

Earn \$200 to \$500 monthly. Or start your own business. Photography and Photo-Engraving taught by largest college of its kind in world. Established 1893. Big demand for graduates. Write for free book Illinois College of Photography, Box 627 Effingham, Ill.

Learn Watchwork, Jewelrywork and Engraving. A fine trade commanding a good salary, and your services are always in demand. Address HOROLOGICAL, Dept. 12, Bradley Institute, PEORIA, ILL., for our latest catalog.



Right Now!

We are in need of a high type of young women to be trained for positions as Supervisors of Beauty Shops, Demonstrators, Instructors and Representatives. Privilege of travelling in U. S. A. and Canada. Write for Catalog R.

Madame Hudsons School of Beauty Culture
Toronto, Canada
12 Queen St., E.
Auburn, New York
102 Genesee St.

Electrical Jobs Pay Well

Master Electricity in the shortest possible time in the shops of the NEW YORK ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, originators of the famous "Learn by Doing" methods. Our expert instructors teach you all phases of this great industry by actual practice. No preparation needed. Start any day. Send for FREE 32 page Catalog.

THE NEW YORK ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

37 West 17 St. Estab. 1902 New York

Tri State College of Engineering

Makes you a civil, mechanical, electrical or chemical engineer in 90 weeks. No entrance examinations. High school diploma not required. Compact courses of essentials only. Expenses low. Degrees granted on completion of course. For catalog address, Box R-26, Angola, Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS

EDUCATE YOUR CHILD in your own home by famous Calvert School methods

and give him a better education in this way than he can get at most day schools. Write President Calvert School, 131 West 40th St. Baltimore, Md.



"STAMMERING"

Its Cause and Cure

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 256 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 30 years. BENJAMIN N. ROGUE, 10711 Bogue Building, 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.



For High School Credits

The Balfour Johnstone School

Room 190-32 W. Randolph St.

Send for Circular. CHICAGO, ILL.

Free Information on SCHOOLS and COLLEGES

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU
Dept. A. 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois

For school and camp information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 33 West 42nd St., New York City.

LEARN MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

In 3 months and qualify to earn \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year. FREE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE enables you to earn while learning this new money making profession. Age no barrier and no previous training required. You learn by doing actual work in rubber and gold. Easy payments. Individual instruction. Day or night sessions. Write NOW for free catalog R and SPECIAL FREE TOOL OFFER. Free R. R. Fare.
NEW YORK SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY, 147 W. 33rd St., NEW YORK

TELEGRAPHY

More and Wireles and RAILWAY ACCOUNTING taught thoroughly. Big salaries; great opportunities. Oldest, largest school. Endorsed by Telegraph, Railway, Radio, and Government officials. Expenses low—opportunities to earn large portion. Catalog free. GOSSETT'S INSTITUTE
Loom Street, Valparaiso, Ind.

Just the Right School

—be it a college preparatory school, a school for a young child or a backward one, a school which gives courses especially designed for high school graduates or those not going to college, a school which particularly emphasizes health and body building, a college or a school of special training.

Among the representative schools whose announcements appear in these pages there is sure to be one to meet your needs.

If necessary our school department will help you without cost or obligation on your part. We have traveled widely to collect first hand information on the academic and home life of schools in every part of the country.

Give full details as to type of school desired, location preferred, approximate amount you plan to spend, the age, previous education and religious affiliation of prospective pupil. Enclose a stamped return envelope and address:—

The Director, Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

33 West 42nd Street, New York City

WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM -

By Judge
Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself'. Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 550,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are — poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality — Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 1682 19 West 44th St., New York City
Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 1682, 19 West 44th St., New York

Please send me without obligation your free 64-page booklet, "Scientific Mind Training."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

A Risk Women Have Learned Never Again to Take

This new way ends the uncertainty of old-time hygienic methods



Eight in ten better class women have adopted this NEW way which provides security that is absolute and banishes forever the problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

DUE to modern scientific advancements, women's oldest hygienic problem remains a problem no longer. The hazardous and uncertain "sanitary pad" of yesterday has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute.

Thus social exactments no longer come ever as ill-timed. Filmy frocks and gowns are worn without a second's thought or fear. The woman of today meets every day unhandicapped.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company,
180 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVE STORIES

FICTION

LITTLE BLUE BOOKS—Pocket Size—
Containing 15,000 Words Each—Your
Choice at 5c per Book: A Great Bargain



Order A Supply of Entertaining Reading Now—Here You May Choose From The Best
At The Amazingly Low Price of 5c Per Volume

THE LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

This selection of the world's fiction is from the famous pocket series of Little Blue Books—averaging 15,000 words each, substantially bound in stiff paper covers, printed in easily readable type. Over 100,000,000 copies have been sold in the past six years. The series represents the very best reading matter available.

ADVENTURE STORIES—

- 23 Great Stories of the Sea
- 516 A Book of Real Adventures
- 944 Masterpieces of Adventure
- 945 Fascinating Oriental Tales
- 946 Thrilling Tales of Desert Places
- 1124 On the Bum: Sketches of Tramp Life
- 363 Mingles: The Girl in the Night. Harle
- 152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London
- 223 Wife of a King. Jack London
- 288 Tales of the Far North. London
- 1022 Heroic Tale of the North. London
- 1025 Tales of the White Silence. London
- 482 Five Weeks in a Lost Balloon. Verne
- 485 Thrilling Voyage to the Moon. Verne
- 483 The Privateersman. Capt. Marryat
- 559 Robinson Crusoe. Defoe
- 161 The Puzzling Country of the Blind. H. G. Wells

GHOST STORIES—

- 1075 Tales of Ghosts and Ghosts. Bierce
- 1080 Tales of Haunted Houses. Bierce
- 41 A Christmas Carol. Dickens
- 145 Great Ghost Stories
- 108 Fall of the House of Usher. Poe
- 345 Clarion: A Supernatural Passion. Gautier
- 377 Night in the Luxembourg. Gourmont
- 739 Tales of Terror and Wonder
- 577 The False Lover's Lifted Veil. Eliot
- 40 Haunted House and the Brain. Bulwer-Lytton
- 107 Dream-Woman, and Yellow Tiger. Collins
- 215 Miraculous Revenge. G. B. Shaw
- 969 Tales Strange and Supernatural. Machen
- 970 Out of the Earth, and Other Strange Tales. Machen

HORROR STORIES—

- 1054 Occurrences at Owl Creek Bridge. Bierce
- 1055 Horseman in the Sky, and Others. Bierce
- 12 Tales of Mystery and Horror. Poe
- 940 Tales Grotesque and Weird. Poe
- 941 Tales Psychological and Grotesque. Poe
- 38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson
- 46 Salome: A Love Murder. Wilde
- 85 Attack on the Mill. Zola
- 938 French Tales of Passion and Cruelty
- 100 The Red Laugh of War. Andreiev
- 95 Confessions of an Opium-Eater
- 27 Last Prison Days of a Condemned Man. Huo
- 925 Empire of the Ants, and Others. H. G. Wells
- 105 Seven That Were Hanged. Andreiev
- 386 Creatures That Once Were Men. Gorki

MYSTERY STORIES—

- 943 Masterpieces of Mystery
- 1154 Tales of Hypnotism and Revenge. H. G. Wells
- 34 Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask
- 926 Obliterated Man, and Other Thrilling Stories. H. G. Wells
- 927 Stolen Baedins, and Other Enthralling Stories. H. G. Wells
- 311 Thief's Lodging for the Night. Stevenson
- 319 Story of Infamous Intrigue. Dumas

CRIME AND DETECTIVE—

- 162 Murders in the Rue Morgue. Poe
- 290 The Gold Bug. E. A. Poe
- 96 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas
- 140 Historic Crimes and Criminals
- 819 A Book of Strange Murders
- 942 Two Great Detective Stories
- 102 Sherlock Holmes Detective Tales
- 1026 Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories
- 1027 Sherlock Holmes Mystery Stories
- 1028 Sherlock Holmes Crime Stories
- 1029 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
- 286 Further Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
- 1191 Sherlock Holmes Problem Stories

GREAT LOVE STORIES—

- 659 Lost Phoebe. Theodore Dreiser
- 805 Main Street Tales. Sherwood Anderson
- 806 Little Lord Fauntleroy. Anderson
- 745 Monte: Matador and Lover. Harris
- 746 Harris
- 1038 T. B. Fannie Hurst
- 1039 Ice Water. Pl—l' Fan-
- 173 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
- 540 Passion Stories of Many
- 541 Brightly Colored Tales of the Love Hungry
- 21 Carmen: Sprightly Lover. Merimee
- 196 The Marquis: Secret Passion
- 953 Gourdon's Four Days of Love. Zola
- 239 Quist for a Blonde Mistress. Gautier
- 29 Dreams (Stories of Passion and Love). Machen
- 285 An Unconventional Amour. Moore
- 909 Amorous Tales of the Monks
- 733 Realistic Brazilian Love Stories
- 803 Unusual Costa Rican Love
- 24 The Kiss, and Other Human
- 948 Famous Russian Love Stories
- 230 Twenty-Six Men and a Girl. Gorki
- 385 Cheekash: Love-Hunger.
- 947 Queen of Spades: A Heart Tale. Pushkin
- 951 An Amateur Peasant Girl. Pushkin

RUDYARD KIPLING'S POPULAR STORIES—

- 121 Man Who Would Be King
- 331 Finest Story in the World
- 332 Man Who Was and Other Stories
- 535 Mulvaney Stories of British Army Life
- 336 Mark of the Beast, and Other Stories
- 357 City of Dreadful Night, and Other Stories
- 912 God from the Machine, and Other Stories of British Tommies
- 913 Black Jack, and Other Stories of British India
- 914 On the City Wall, and Other Military Stories
- 1017 Without Benefit of Clergy

HALDEMAN'S HUMAN STORIES OF MEN AND WOMEN—

- 15 Abigail's Mass, and An Accused Man
- 143 Time of the Terror, and Other Stirring Stories
- 218 Christ in Flanders, and Other Stories

- 344 Sensual Don Juan, and A Passion in the Desert
- 1042 The Crime at the Red Inn
- 1043 A Study of Woman
- 1044 Another Study of Woman
- 1045 Story of a Mad Sweetheart
- 1046 A Coquette vs. a Wife
- 1047 The Mysterious Exiles
- 1067 Splendors and Miseries of a Courtesan

DE MAUPASSANT'S GREAT STORIES OF LOVE AND PASSION—

- 6 Love, and Other Human Stories
- 109 Tallow Ball: A French Prostitute's Sacrifice
- 292 Mile. Filu, and Other Stories
- 386 The Piece of String, and Other Stories of Real People
- 387 The Necklace, and Other Famous Stories
- 915 Mad. The Artist's Wife, and Other Stories
- 916 Night in Whitechapel, and Other Stories
- 917 Room No. 11, and Other Stories
- 918 Man with the Blue Eyes, and Other Realistic Stories
- 919 The Clown, and Other Stories of Last's Prisoners
- 920 A Queer Night in Paris, and Other Stories
- 921 Mine. Zeller's Establishment, and Other Stories
- 922 A Wife's Confession, and Other Stories

HUMOROUS STORIES—

- 305 Artemus Ward: His Laughing Book
- 308 Comic Journey to California
- 309 Artemus Ward's Amusing Travels
- 1048 Best Fun from Dickens' Stories
- 971 Book of Humorous Anecdotes
- 959 Masterpieces of American Humor
- 960 Masterpieces of American Wit
- 1033 Masterpieces of Russian Humor
- 1034 Masterpieces of Spanish Humor
- 1035 Masterpieces of Italian Humor
- 1036 Masterpieces of German Humor
- 1115 Book of Ridiculous Stories. Leacock
- 1116 Book of Funny Dramatic. Leacock
- 1117 Human Animal and Its Follies
- 1119 Fables in Fiction. Leacock
- 1081 Fantastic Debunking Stories. Bierce
- 1086 My Favorite Murder, and Other Amusing Stories. Bierce
- 231 Eight Humorous Sketches. Mark Twain
- 291 The Jumping Frog. Mark Twain
- 665 Humorous Fables. Mark Twain
- 950 An Idle Excursion (with many laughs). Mark Twain
- 931 Stolen White Elephant, and Other Amusing pieces.
- 932 Comedy of a Curious Experience. Mark Twain
- 64 Importance of Being Earnest. Wilde
- 90 The Mikado. W. S. Gilbert

FAIRY TALES—

- 44 Aesop's Fables
- 156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
- 158 Alice in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll
- 153 Amazing Lies of Baron Munchausen
- 297 Irish Fairy Tales
- 398 More Irish Fairy Tales
- 399 Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor (Arabian Nights)
- 400 All Baba, Aladdin (Arabian Nights)
- 407 Legends of Greek and Roman Heroes
- 638 Merry Tales of Robin Hood and His Men
- 561 African Jungle Tales
- 897 Strange African Negro Tales

- 830 Bluebeard, Cinderella and Other Tales
- 1040 Book of Bedtime Stories
- 280 Happy Prince, and Other Tales. Wilde

FAMOUS SHORT STORIES—

- 182 Daisy Miller and Her Adventures. James
- 277 Man Without a Country. Hale
- 57 Hip Van Winkle, and Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Irving
- 1037 Get Ready the Wreaths. Fannie Hurst
- 1063 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
- 1065 Dying Like a Gentleman, A Stubborn Woman, and Other Stories. E. W. Howe
- 149 Strength of the Strong. London
- 640 He Renounced the Faith (Anastase). London
- 583-584-585-586-587-588 The Jungle (Complete Novel of the Chicago Stockyards, in 6 vols.) Upton Sinclair
- 844 Voyage to Lilliput (Gulliver's Travels). Swift
- 630 Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan
- 233 Three Strangers. Thomas Hardy
- 307 A Tillylous Scandal. James Harris
- 279 Will o' the Mill, and Markheim. Stevenson
- 1048 Gargantua: Mighty Monster. Babelais

- 1133 Love Tales of Margaret, Queen of Navarre
- 1153 Haunted Mind, and Other Strange Tales. Hawthorne
- 1152 Seven Vagabonds, and Other Queer Tales. Hawthorne

- 1151 Mysterious and Fateful Stories. Hawthorne
- 389 My Fellow Traveler in this Strange World. Gorki
- 390 Death of Ivan Ilyich: Realistic Masterpiece. Tolstoy
- 949 The Cloak. Nikolay Gogol
- 613 Travels of Marco Polo

STRANGE AND CURIOUS TALES—

- 334 Caught, and Other Stories
- 696 Tales of Chicago Streets. Hecht
- 699 Broken Neck, and Other Tales of Chicago. Hecht
- 923 Magic Glasses, and Other Stories. Harris
- 924 Miracle of the Stigmata, and Other Stories. Harris
- 968 Upturned Pace, and Other Stories. Crane
- 967 Face of Youth, and Other Stories.
- 930 Tales of Imaginative Science. Poe
- 590-591-592 The Millennium (Complete Novel in 3 vols.). Upton Sinclair
- 37 Queer Dream of John Ball. Morris
- 252 Strange Tales of the 13th Century. Morris
- 570 Legend of St. Julian the Hospitalier. Flaubert
- 617 Hamlet: Great Man of Carthage. Flaubert
- 954 A Bath, and Other Stories. Zola
- 952 Souvenirs: Memories of a Varied Life. Zola
- 420 Colorful Short Stories of Spanish Life
- 535 The Happy Hypocrite's Love-Life. Beerbohm
- 1010 Bluebeard and His Eight Unhappy Wives. Clement Wood

REALISTIC STORIES—

- 454 Unworthy Coopers; Com-
Gosse du Jours
- 634-635 A Captain of Industry (3 vols.). Upton Sinclair
- 391 A Dog of Flanders. Ouida
- 392 The Nunery Store. Ouida
- 314 Short Stories of French Life. Daudet
- 198 Majesty of Justice. Anatole France
- 219 Human Tragedy. Anatole France
- 228 Wisdom of the Ages, and Other Stories. France
- 489 Realistic Yiddish Short Stories
- 45 True Stories of Russian Life. Tolstoy

ITALIAN FICTION—

- 955 Italian Tales of Mad Heroism and Unconventional Romances
- 956 Italian Tales of Love and Revenge
- 957 Italian Tales of Realism and Passion
- 958 Love Tales of Italian Life
- 58 Tales from the Decameron. Boccaccio
- 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
- 672 Illicit Love, and Other Tales. Boccaccio
- 674 The Falcon, and Other Famous Tales. Boccaccio

STORIES IN VERSE—

- 222 The Vampire, and Other Poems. Kipling
- 783 Mandalay, and Other Poems. Kipling
- 785 Vision of a D.D., and Other Poems. Kipling
- 22 The Raven, and Other Poems. Poe
- 173 Vision of Sir Launfal. Lowell
- 740 Thanatopsis, and Other Poems. Bryant
- 849 Hunting of the Snark (Nonsense Verse), and Other Poems. Holmes
- 1025 Casey at the Bat, and Other Favorites
- 989 Hunting of the Snark (Nonsense Verse). Carroll
- 256 Venus and Adonis (Love Poem). Shakespeare
- 2 Ballad of Reading Jail. Oscar Wilde
- 787 Harlot's House, and Other Poems. Wilde
- 1023 Book of Popular Recitations
- 1015 Comic Dialect Poems
- 1016 Book of Nonsense Poems
- 961 Humorous Verse
- 962 Book of Comic Poems
- 296 Lyric Love, Robert Browning
- 1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
- 644-645 Saga of the Old: Spanish Adventure (2 vols.). Macaulay
- 281 Lays of Ancient Rome
- 282 The Ancient Mariner. Coleridge
- 283 Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow
- 70 Enoch Arden. Alfred Tennyson
- 799 The Deserted Village. Goldsmith
- 297 Ballads and Story-Poems. Southey
- 306 A Shropshire Lad. Housman
- 284 Popular Poems of Robert Burns
- 616 Lady of the Lake. Walter Scott
- 785 Story-Ballads of Walter Scott
- 677 Weird Poems and Prose of William Blake

ORDER BY NUMBER

Order at least 20 books (minimum order \$1). Select the books you want, order by number (if you want Carmen, put down "21"), and remit at the rate of 5c per book. Add 10 percent of the amount of your order, to your remittance, for carriage charges, or your books will be shipped express collect. Canadian and foreign purchasers must remit with order at 6c per book.

BIG 1927 CATALOGUE, listing 1,150 different Little Blue Books on all subjects, now ready—a copy will be mailed anyone on request.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
GIRARD, KANSAS

DEPT. S-3



You may have a desk —but do you get the salary?

the man—and his letter!

JOHN A. HALL,
C. P. A. (Ga.)
ROBERT PENTLAND, JR.,
C. P. A. (Fla.)
FRANK L. COWLES,
C. P. A. (Fla.)
GEO. F. MCCALL, S. A.

Hall, Pentland and McCall
Audits - Systems - Taxes
News Tower, Miami

Jacksonville
Miami
Tampa
Safford
West Palm Beach
Daytona Beach
Orlando
Washington, D. C.

THE desk in the private office of Robert Pentland, Jr.—member of the Florida State Board of C. P. A. Examiners and partner in the largest firm of Certified Public Accountants in the State of Florida—is about the same size as the desk he had when he was a clerk, in 1919. And there's no great difference in looks—

But his income today is more than ten times as large. His firm has offices in nine cities, and employs fifteen C. P. A.'s and thirty other accountants. And he is not yet thirty!

How did he boost his earnings so tremendously—in just a few short years?

He employed three aids: First, initiative—the courage to make a start. Second, energy—the willingness to work. Third, LaSalle adult business training—the short cut to high-salaried positions.

These Free Books Show How

Mr. Pentland's first step was to send to LaSalle for information regarding home-study business training—to help him plan intelligently.

The coupon brought him "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the path to responsibility and power. It brought him also a 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," wherein he learned how he could enter a highly profitable profession, how he could step ahead to some of the most attractive and remunerative places in the entire range of business.

At the right is just such a coupon as Mr. Pentland signed. Ahead of you are opportunities as great—even greater. If, one year from today, you would look back on a twelve months' record of achievement—fill in, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

When I enrolled for Higher Accountancy in 1919, I was a clerk with a clerk's wage.

Now I am a member of a firm having offices in nine cities. Our staff includes fifteen C.P.A.'s and more than thirty other accountants. This rapid progress in six short years is largely due to my LaSalle training.

Our firm handles the city work in Jacksonville, Tampa, Miami, Daytona, and numerous other Florida cities, and I have personally prepared the only two state budgets that have been presented to the legislature.

Several of our staff are LaSalle members and all of our men know of our warm appreciation of LaSalle accountancy training. I only wish that every man could realize the unusual opportunity offered by this training for substantial business progress.

Yours very truly,

Robert Pentland, Jr.

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 266-R CHICAGO

I shall be glad to have your 64-page booklet about the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Law; Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Management

- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish

Name..... Present Position.....
Street..... City..... State.....





A Winter picnic is great fun! After skimming over the sparkling snow, through the crisp air, appetites are keen and lunch time is hailed with delight. How good every thing tastes, the sandwiches, the cookies, and the cocoa, hot and fragrant.

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa is pure, delicious and nutritious, an ideal cold weather drink.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GET THE GENUINE MADE ONLY BY

WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE



JUNE MARLOWE
Film Star
Photograph by Feulich, New York



JANET GAYNOR
Film Star

Photograph by Max Aitrey, New York



ROSE HOST
in "Naughty Riquette"

Photograph by De Mirjan Studios, New York



SALLY NYE
in "Katja"

Photograph by De Mijlan Studios, New York



FRANCES UPTON
in "Twinkle, Twinkle"

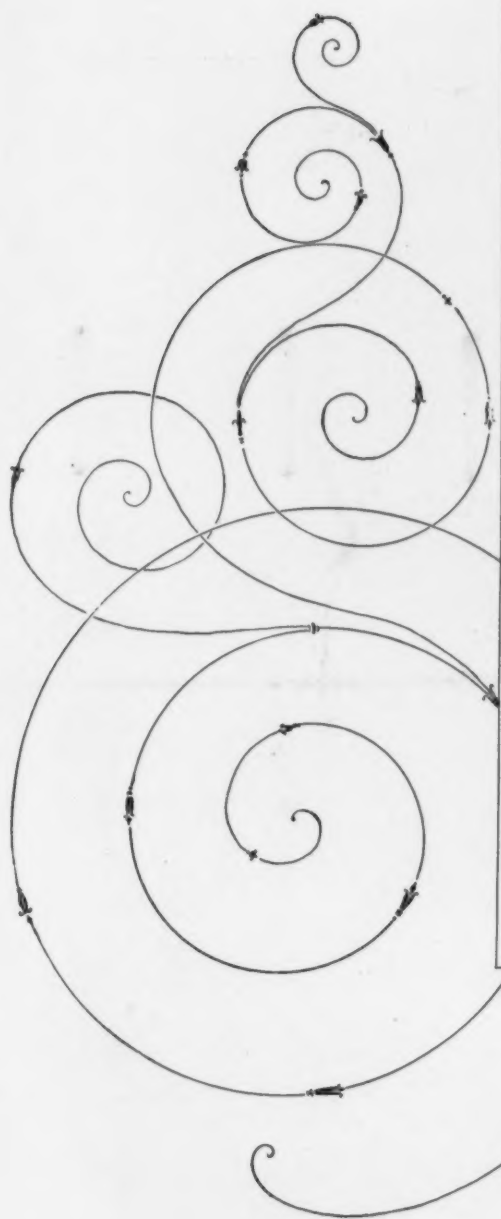
Photograph by De Barron Studios, New York



ELLA LANDRE

Stage and Film Star

Photograph by Tornello, New York



The prestige of the emblem Body by Fisher is evidenced by the facts. The facts are that those cars equipped with Fisher Bodies, in every price class, are the selfsame cars which lead their classes in beauty, in value *and in sales*

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

Beggars Do Ride

Decoration by Franklin Booth

By Angelo Patri

"WHAT is it you would have?" said Grandfather to me, aged three.

"A pony, Grandfather. A pony with a long, long tail."

"Wish for him, my boy. Wish hard for him. To-night when the evening star is about to rise, you go to that little hill, look straight into the star and say: 'Star light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight.' Then, silently, make your wish. Do this every evening until your wish comes true."

"And I'll get my wish?"

"You'll get your wish."

Wise Grandfather! Night after night I went to the knoll, watched for the rising of my star, said over my lilting rhyme and made my wish. The little ceremony became part of my daily living. The beauty of the evening, its comforting quiet and pleasantly familiar sounds, its blue-black shadows that brought peace to the waiting valley, the pale radiance of my star set in the opal sky, fed my hungering little soul until desire was satisfied and grew into seasoned strength.

Our wishes are not idle, futile things—not the sort that I mean. There are little wishes which are but the breathings of vague desire that melt and dissolve in the blended procession of our days. I do not speak of them, but of the deep soul wish, your ultimate goal, the reason of your being. That wish is the powerful force that colors your whole existence. It molds every thought of your mind; it hedges and shifts and directs your every act; it underlies your very being and heaves its foundations at the vital moment. It is *you*. You know your own secret. Have you guessed its power?

It may be that when you had to turn from your heart's desire and take up the unlovely task set you by unbudging circumstance, you thought your deep wish dead? It never dies. It burns brightly under the blanket of suppression and negation, shooting up into flames that light and re-form whatever your mind conceives, whatever your hand finds to do.

Stronger and stronger it grows, faster and faster with the years it speeds, until you find yourself mounted upon it and riding, swift, straight and sure, toward the last barrier.

Wishes are horses. Beggars do ride.

As Good As New

by Berton Braley • • • • •

Decoration by John Held, Jr.



I'M looking prosperous, you say,
As though my bank-account were swelling;
And my new house you passed today
Is really quite a nifty dwelling?
I thank you. I *am* more or less
In what is sometimes known as "clover,"
But, well—the house, I must confess
Is just the old one painted over.

You hope I will not lose my thrift
And get too reckless with my money?
Now, that new car—I get your drift,
And frankly, it is very funny.
For though she seems a doggy boat,
Some fifty thousand miles I drove her
Before she got her present coat—
She's just the old one painted over.

What's that? You fear prosperity
Has made me fickle and capricious,
And that gay blonde you saw with me
Might make my little wife suspicious?
Cheer up, old top! Through all my life,
I've been a sticker, not a rover;
That's not a new, prospective wife—
She's just the old one painted over!

John
Held Jr.



LES POUDRES COTY

ACCORDED INTERNATIONAL SUPREMACY

COTY Face Powders and the
Poudre Compacts — both are
*luxuriously perfumed with the
COTY odours — both have the
delicately true COTY tones for
each individual colouring. The large
"Powder-Puff," Box for the dressing
table — the dainty thin Compacte
for the purse — together they keep
the complexion fresh and
perennially lovely*



"ROUGE"

*A booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
mailed upon request*

COTY INC.

714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

Address "Dept. R. B.-2"



Choose Your Age—

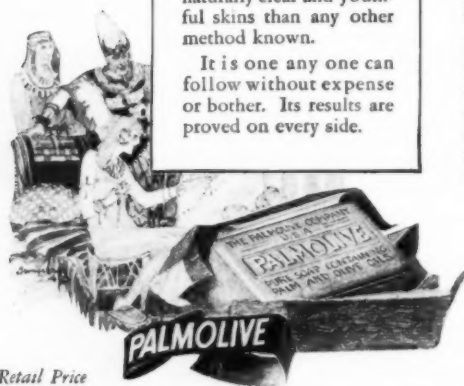
Don't accept the verdict of the years

This simple rule in daily care is preserving youthful charm for thousands . . . follow it for one week, note the difference that comes

THERE are proved ways and unproved ways in skin care. The wise woman chooses the proved way.

The rule printed in the text at the right is probably responsible for more naturally clear and youthful skins than any other method known.

It is one any one can follow without expense or bother. Its results are proved on every side.



Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

"BE forty if you must, but never for an instant look it," is the modern woman's doctrine.

Youth can be safeguarded. That's proved on every side today. Thirty manages to look twenty, forty to look thirty under present methods in skin care.

The right way is the natural way. It starts with soap and water, with pores kept clean and open so as to naturally perform their functions.

Do that in the right way, with the right kind of soap, and you will be surprised at the results that come. Leading skin specialists have learned that proper cleansing is probably responsible for more youthful skins beyond the allotted time than any other method known. Try this for a week and note the result.

The rule and how to follow it

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the

evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1148

The RED BOOK Magazine

February 1927 • Volume XVIII • Number 4

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Thoughts

By BRUCE BARTON

ONE of the most interesting men in the United States is a nerve-specialist whom I am fortunate enough to count among my friends. The other day he was called upon to testify in the case of a woman who had been paralyzed by falling from a street-car.

She could not move an arm or a leg. Needles thrust into the flesh produced no pain, and the other customary tests all proved to the satisfaction of the jurors that paralysis was complete.

She was awarded heavy damages in spite of the testimony of my friend, who was convinced that her condition was entirely the result of her own thinking. He took interest enough in the case to follow it up, and discovered that two days after the award of damages the woman had made a complete recovery.

"You will say she was faking," he said in telling the story. "Was she? I say to you that with all my knowledge of the nervous system, I could not produce in myself such a condition. You couldn't do it. The woman herself could not do it again. But the combination of the shock and the thought was sufficient. She *knew* she was paralyzed, and so she was.

"I saw the same sort of thing again and again in the war," he continued. "There was a soldier who used to have an epileptic fit regularly at the stroke of seven every evening. That was the

hour when the heavy shelling began, but his fits lasted long after the war was over and withstood all treatment. I cured him finally by a positive counter-suggestion. I said to him: 'There is no form of epilepsy like this. I have lived for years among epileptics and I know. You *thought* yourself into this condition; you can think yourself out of it.'

If a single thought is powerful enough to paralyze an arm or make a man epileptic, what are our thoughts—good and bad—doing to us every day?

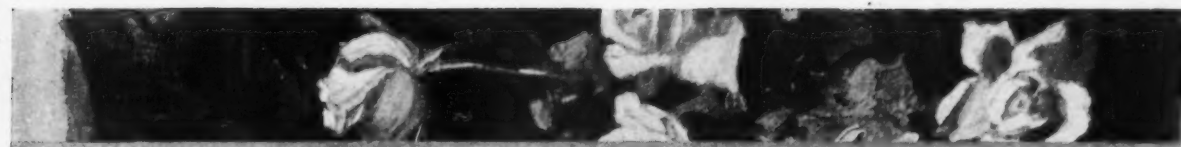
"To what base uses we put this ineffable intellect!" Emerson exclaimed. "To reading all day murders and railroad accidents, to choosing patterns for waistcoats and scarfs."

These are petty thoughts that fritter away power. What about the destructive thoughts—jealousy, envy, hatred, fear?

By a change of thought the yeomen of England became the unconquerable army of Cromwell. By a change of thought a handful of fishermen of Palestine transformed human history.

Because she "stirred people up to think who had never taken it into their heads to think before," Madame de Stael was banished from France by Napoleon. He could banish her, but he could not stop the thinking. It broke him.

It can break or make us all.



The Sampler

—a favored Valentine token

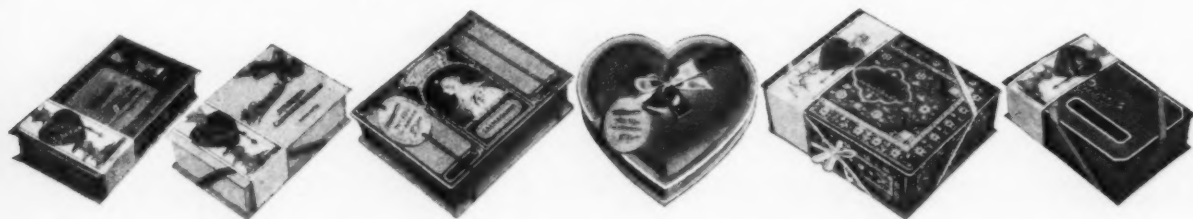


Do you want her to know who sent the Valentine? You don't — *and you do*, especially if it's Whitman's Sampler. There's an air of unusualness about this famous box of sweets that you'll be proud to have her associate with your name. How she will enjoy the delicious chocolates and confections, the selections of the most critical candy tastes in America! Give the Sampler and you give a thrill.

A glance at the mysteriously written address. An air of suspense as the package is opened. Then a real thrill of pleasure when she finds it's a box of

Whitman's
Chocolates

Suit the Valentine to the individual taste. Each of the celebrated Whitman packages has its own "personality" and its own admirers. The Sampler, A Fussy Package, Salmagundi, Cloisonné, Bonnybrook Milk Chocolates, The Heart Box. Selection is easy from these beautiful boxes, with their special Valentine bands and the charming variety of their assortments. Every box sent direct from us to our agents in your neighborhood.



A Man's Castle

By

Jesse
Lynch
Williams

Illustrated

by

C. D. Williams



All too few are the short stories written by Mr. Williams; yet when one is published the months of the author's silence are compensated for as here, and now, by another of the sort of tale he has made so much his own—the relations between a father and a son.

I BECAME involved that night in the extremely personal affairs of my formerly dear old friend, Remsen Cole, simply because I took the elevator going down instead of the one going up. I had been in the card-room playing bridge until rather late. So, being what one's friends are pleased to call a "poor old bachelor" and living there at the club, I was quite ready for bed. My three companions, however, being happy married men, did not want to go home. I suppose they have to make the most of it when they get a night off.

So I good-naturedly accompanied them down to the main floor, where, by the fireplace in the hall, I shared with these reckless revelers in the wild delight of a nightcap of plain Vichy. It was quite late for such eminently sober and respectable members of society to be lingering at the club, and as they sat there by a little table I could not help thinking of the dear dead days which I still hope are not beyond recall. The familiar scene had the same appearance outwardly, but in our tall glasses there was a great deal of cold water and nothing else. The lounge on the Fifth Avenue side, an immense and magnificent room of which we are justly proud, was empty. The backgammon-room was dark. The grill-room was closed. A lone servant in a shadowy corner of the hall was nodding, idle. Possibly there were a few members out in the billiard-room, but

"The lady," interjected Peter with as much austerity as his panting permitted, "is inquiring for a Mr. William E. Gladstone."

otherwise the ground floor was utterly deserted except for ourselves.

I mention these details because they are important. When Remsen Cole made his amazing entrance, I was the only one to witness it and thus was enabled to avert what might have caused a scandal to his home and my own. For even a bachelor may love his home, although it be but a club. My three friends were seated with their backs toward the street door, still absorbed in an animated discussion of their recent plays. By this time, however, I was standing and my back was turned toward the warmth of the flickering logs. Thus I was facing the entrance to the club. Suppressing a yawn but still pretending to enjoy the post-mortem, I happened to glance across the broad room as Saint Peter, to admit a member, briskly swung open the glass door leading from the vestibule giving on the side-street where the cars and taxicabs stop.

Remsen hurriedly dashed in like one pursued and fleeing for sanctuary. The door closed after him. Saint Peter himself, for his assistant was off duty by this time, inserted the peg opposite Mr. Cole's name, indicating that he was "in." I still failed to attach much significance to the incident, being perhaps too sleepy. I recall saying to myself: "Whatever it is, he's safe now, anyway." It is questionable whether a man's home is his castle any longer; but his club is. It is a place for protection and mutual male understanding—one of the few refuges left us where modern women cannot penetrate. Indeed in this club we no longer grant them even an annual Ladies' Day, always

an unmitigated nuisance. Why should we? They have plenty of clubs of their own. Let them stay there.

It now dawned on my semi-somnolent consciousness that Cole's manner was even more extraordinary than I had surmised. Without stopping to deposit his hat and coat, he had passed the cloak-room on his right, the Strangers' room on his left, and was striding into the main portion of the hall with really quite undignified haste. Then he stopped abruptly and gazed about him, scowling, as if dazed. His handsome, still young-looking face was flushed.

"Drinking again," I said to myself. "Too bad. Such a nice wife and son." This was not entirely the self-righteousness of one who enjoys the use of alcohol too much to abuse it by getting tight. I knew and liked Remsen's family. She was a Cranstons. Moreover, since he had suddenly decided rather late in life to go in for what is called "a good time," meaning a bad one, he was by way of becoming a nuisance to his friends. We do not tolerate heavy drinking in this club; and I, as one of its officers, had for some time been observing this former intimate of mine with grave apprehension and concern.

Fearing that he would see me and try to join us, I was about to turn my back upon him when I saw him start, glance back at the door and then hurry away to the right in the direction of the now darkened lounge. I did not follow his transit, for my eye had been arrested by the actions of Saint Peter. He had opened the door about a foot and was now shaking his head with austere determination. He was evidently speaking to some one in the vestibule, but I was too far away to hear, and thank God, my bridge-mad companions were also. For, as I live and am a member of the House Committee, there now appeared at the sacred portals of one of the most dignified clubs in the country, the face and figure of a woman. She not only appeared but she was actually endeavoring to come in. I saw the gleam of a little white hand against the dark background of Peter's livery, for that much of her had got past him.

For a moment I was too much appalled by this unseemly apparition to move. My thoughts, if my sensations can be so referred to, were: "Merciful Heavens protect us!" Then, realizing that a crisis confronted me, I arose to the occasion as became an old member of the club and one of its responsible officers. Moving slowly at first, so as not to attract the attention of my

friends, I hastened across to the door. Poor faithful Saint Peter was having difficulty. His face was white; his eyes were distended—he was struggling with this female! I knew he would rather die than give ground before her. I also knew that he fully realized the necessity of preventing a noisy outbreak.

I now heard an extremely raucous voice: "But I seen him come in here." It is not always easy, in these degenerate days, when they all wear so few clothes and so much paint, to determine the various classes of females, but it was clear to me that she belonged to a social institution far more ancient than any man's club. Naturally I would not address her unless necessary. "Peter," I said with the quiet commanding dignity becoming to the occasion and the subject, "what does this young person wish?" I am not very tall, but I am often told that I have a dignified presence.

"I want to speak to the guy who come in here just now." She had the effrontery to address me.

"Madam," I said, "this is not done."

"I don't give a damn about that, you fatty. I gotta see Billy, and I gotta see him quick." I am not fat.

"The lady," interjected Peter with as much austerity as his panting permitted, "is inquiring for a Mr. William E. Gladstone."





I observed, too, that it quite captivated the débutantes and sub-debs and flappers, or whatever they are called, who had gathered.

"There is no such person in this club," I remarked, "either as a member or on the visitors' list." Which, of course, was quite true.

"It don't matter to me what his real name is. He's here all right, and I gotta speak to him." Again she made as if to brush by Peter.

I intervened. I decided to try diplomacy. I am not unconscious of being tactful when necessary. "Madam," I said, smiling down upon her, for I am bound to say that Rem had picked a pretty one, "this is a gentlemen's club. Ladies are not admitted."

"Gentlemen, hell! No gentleman would treat a lady thataway."

I perceived that force or fear would be necessary. "Peter, will you be good enough to telephone for the police?"

That had the desired effect. "All right," she said; "he got away from me this time, but I know where he holds out now, anyhow. I'll lay for him. I'll get him yet." She turned to leave.

"One moment," I said. —"Peter, ring for a taxi." I was so gratified and relieved that I thought the least I could do would be to send her home with some degree of comfort. I quite ignored her calling me "fatty."

Peter stamped the club taxi-card and presented it to me to sign. I knew better than that, however. She might get hold of my name and try some blackmailing trick on me.

I escorted the young person to the taxi. It was a daring thing to do, but the honor of the club was at stake. I would do even more than that to guard the sanctity of my home. I handed the cab-starter a five-dollar bill. "The lady will tell you where she wishes to go," I said. I looked up and down the street. No one was passing, fortunately. Then I hurried back to the warm safety of indoors. Peter murmured something to me as I passed him, but I made no reply. It was to be as if nothing had happened, and he knew it.

I had achieved this feat just in time, for now approaching me as I was casually sauntering back toward the fireplace, came the three bridge friends, still discussing their hands. It was a narrow escape.

I said good-night to them briefly, and as they stepped into the cloak-room, I proceeded to the lounge.

There, standing by the curtains and looking out of the window giving on the side-street which the club entrance faces, I found Remsen Cole.

The tall figure turned as I approached. It was too dark to see

his expression. At times he has a way of smiling down as if amused. Rather disconcerting! "Willie," he said, "that was awfully decent of you, you know."

"Rem," I said, "this sort of thing wont do, you know."

"Do?" I should say not. Thanks for helping me out." He was not smiling this time.

I thought I ought to let him know that it wasn't entirely for his sake. "Such things don't happen here," I said a bit sternly.

"I know. Rotten. But what could I do? I was cornered, so I ran in here to escape." He moved away as if the incident were closed.

"Hereafter," I suggested as gently as I could, "it would be pleasanter all round to let yourself be blackmailed at your office."

He turned, looked at me and shook his head. "It's not blackmail, Willie. I wish it were. I've offered her money—quite a lot of it. The poor kid's crazy about me, and I can't get rid of her."

I think I ought to add, in justice to my formerly intimate friend, that he did not allude to this sordid little affair in the offensively complacent manner some middle-aged men exhibit in such cases. He did not seem pleased with himself, but genuinely sorry for the girl. He had not lost his calm distinction in voice and bearing, though it was clear that he was still handicapped by considerable excitement. There was an attractive simplicity in this revelation. "By the way," he said, "what's the penalty?"

"It's not for me to say," I told him.

"Going to report it to the governors? Do you think they'll suspend me?"

After all, he was not only an old friend, but was new at this sort of thing. I considered it my duty to give him a scare, but I had no intention of reporting it. Peter and the starter were the only other witnesses, and I knew that they could be trusted.

"Fortunately," I said, "the girl doesn't know your real name."

"I wasn't fool enough for that," he replied.

"But she knows that you're a member here, and I would advise you to stay away from the club entirely for a month or two. She intends to 'lay' for you."

"Did Mary say that?"

"Mary?" I asked. "What a strange name for one of those!"

"All right," he said, "I'll disappear for a while. You mean you're not going to report it?"

"I'm going to forget it."

"Thanks, Willie; I appreciate your kindness."

"No kindness about it. I simply don't want a scandal in the club."

"All right. I understand." He turned to leave.

"Oh—and Rem," I said, stopping him, "of course it's none of my business, but we were once rather close, you and I. If I were you, I'd cut out being a fool. It doesn't suit your type."

"All right. Thanks. I believe I will. Good old Willie!"

But of course he didn't. He stayed away from the club, but rumors came to me from various sources of his having a "good time" in deplorable ways and in various portions of town. Well, there are plenty of ways in this town for those who wish to go in for that sort of thing.

Whether his "domestic unhappiness," as it is called, was the cause or the result of all this, I never found out. But it had come upon him quite suddenly. He had not drifted into "evil companionship." He had deliberately plunged into it when well along in middle-age, after many years of sober, godly and industrious life. Perhaps he had reached the "now-or-never" stage and was determined to make up for the "lost opportunities of youth." I am using these old hackneyed phrases merely to show how little I know about what was really going on inside of him. All I was sure of was that he seemed determined to explore the depths.

These may seem strange tastes for a man of his inherited "instincts and traditions." That is what we like to say, but we are merely flattering ourselves, our class. Family traditions—yes; but human instincts know no class distinctions. Nature is

never a snob. It is simply that some men learn to inhibit that ninety per cent of the natural man which is the common heritage of the race, and some do not. In any event, it has been my observation that when a man of Remsen Cole's station in life suddenly decides to let himself go, he is quite likely to go so far that he cannot come back.

Meanwhile, Saint Peter, who, amusingly enough, had made me a sort of confidant, reported that the young woman had ceased



to haunt the neighborhood of the club. I merely said, "I see," and passed on into the cloak-room, where I have a private hook of my own so that I do not have to be bothered by taking and, peradventure losing, a check for my things like ordinary members. Of course I did not tell Peter that I too, from my favorite chair by a window in the corner of the lounge commanding a view both of the avenue and of the side-street, had frequently and with some apprehension observed the young person either in a taxicab or sauntering by, unattended. But we both felt deeply relieved now. Neither of us had seen her for over a month. I suppose we both secretly hoped, as each of us in our different ways were loyal defenders of the dignity of the club, that the girl was dead. Most of them die within a few years, I have been told.

She
unk
a bo
over

In accordance with the promise I had made Remsen Cole, I informed him that the coast was clear now, but I intimated tactfully that the club could hardly be expected to tolerate a repetition of his offense. So he returned to us, and I am bound to say that he was very careful not to abuse the club's privileges. For at least a month he was not once drunk—that is, at the club.

Meanwhile, perhaps as an expression of his gratitude, he invited me to be one of a house-party at his charming country place for a week-end. This, I confess, rather surprised me. For two reasons: Although I think I may say I am quite popular and am in considerable demand for dinners, I had never felt that the Coles and their rather exclusive set appreciated me. And I was somewhat pleased at their finding that I was desirable. But it was more surprising to find that Remsen and his very charming wife seemed, so far as a mere bachelor could make out, not only to admire each other but to be on terms of the frankest and most congenial friendship. They even laughed together. I mean, when they thought none of their house-guests were around to watch them

do it. I had understood that a formal but secret separation had been arranged. My understanding, as it turned out, was correct. But they were also formally living under the same roof—that is, when Rem came home at night—in order to keep up appearances, not merely in the eyes of the world, but in the eyes of their only son, whom they both adored. The boy was in college now and had reached the age of discernment if not discretion. His parents were so successful, however, in this domestic bluff so frequently attempted in so many of our best homes, that, as I found out afterward, the boy had never suspected the truth.

I may as well add at this point that he knew nothing of that dark side of his father's life, and if his mother guessed it, she allowed no one in her family, or out of it, to be aware of her knowledge or conjecture. She was a thoroughbred. I had met her years before when she first came out, rather brilliantly. A bit rigid, perhaps, rather than frigid, but that had been Remsen's style too, at the time of their marriage. It had remained his style throughout all those hard-working years while he amassed his not inconsiderable fortune.

Thanks be to God and all the dear women who were good enough to decline to marry me when I was young and weak, I am not a father; but if I had a son, that boy Cranston Cole is more like what I think I could endure than any youngster I have ever met. He had inherited much of his father's charm and something of his mother's good looks and fineness. Not all of the younger generation, I am happy to state, are noisy and naughty, blatant and scornful. Young

Cranston was an upstanding manly boy with the low voice and simple manners of good breeding, and he had a twinkling smile which quite captivated me, despite the fact that he insisted upon calling me "sir."

I observed, too, that it quite captivated the débutantes and sub-debs and flappers, or whatever they are now called, who had gathered for a dance Saturday evening. We older people

looked on for a while after playing bridge. "His father over again," I said to myself, recalling scenes back in the golden nineties when Rem was so popular—in those beautiful days of pompadours and puffed sleeves—that we called him a ladies' man and he didn't like it, and tried his best to become a woman-hater. He could not succeed at this youthful ambition, but—who knows?—it may have had much to do with his present deplorably unbecoming ambitions in middle-life.

The son was doing well at college and seemed by way of emulating his father's social and athletic success there. The most striking thing to me about this boy, in the light of new-generation doctrine, was that he liked his parents, both of them. Yes, such things still happen even in these horrifying days. It is quite possible that many of them still love their fathers and mothers, but that is different. Cranston actually *liked* his, found them congenial, enjoyed their society, if he didn't have too much of it—even sought it! That is rare. (Continued on page 136)



She had, for some reason unknown, picked up a bottle and bashed him over the head with it.

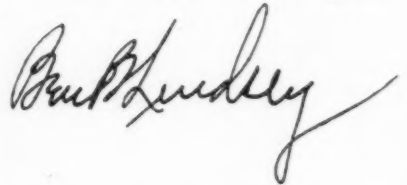
The MORAL REVOLT

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, Colorado

MY CREED

My creed is a simple one. I think it is up to the human race to behave in a way that will intelligently make for the happiness and welfare of the greatest number of persons; that we are to use our common sense, as individuals, in judging what conduct, in any specific situation, will do that. I think the best morality is based on happy, expansive and generous living which reckons duly on the happiness of others, and takes pleasure in that happiness.



INEZ, aged seventeen, and Fred, aged twenty, having married in haste, were repenting at leisure. They were pained and surprised to find that marriage had not married them. Apparently some one had blundered. The marriage ceremony was not, they had discovered, a magic formula after all, and what they wanted now was legal recognition of a separation which already existed in fact. Inez had gone back to her parents, and Fred had moved to a single room, after selling their furniture and giving to his wife what money the sale yielded.

They had spent several months in an unsuccessful effort to adjust their relations, but finally gave it up; and now they appeared before me to ask that I annul their marriage.

There were no ill feelings, they declared. Inez demonstrated this by beginning to weep dolefully, while Fred, who had a red, round, good-natured face, clumsily patted her shoulder. Their desire for release, they said, was mutual. They had tried hard, and they were satisfied that marriage for them was a failure.

"Why did you get married in the first place?" I asked.

Here Inez began to weep afresh. I finally gathered that they had lived together surreptitiously for days at a time in a little room Fred had strained his purse to rent; and they had found this sample of heaven so delectable that they wanted more than a sample. And marriage, of course, was the logical way to get what they wanted—which was nothing short of love in a cottage, with golden happiness together forever and ever.

I have many such cases. Yet this one troubled me more than most. It did seem as if it should be possible to make a success of this marriage. So I talked with them together and I talked with them separately, but all in a vain effort to reconcile their differences. Many of these differences were childish, but they were sufficiently vital to them. The root of the trouble was poverty. Fred didn't make enough for two, and they had painfully found out that two cannot live as cheaply as one.

Poverty had come in at the door, and Love had fled through the window. A very old story. Another phase of their trouble was the sense of ownership and possessive jealousy which they had both acquired when they married. To their way of thinking, that was one essential part of marriage.

After putting them off for many weeks, and after consultations with their parents, I finally decided that an annulment would be the best solution. So I called in Inez and Fred, and had them sign certain preliminary papers. I could have given them the annulment out of hand; but I wanted to gain time because I still hoped against hope that there would develop a way out.

Having signed the preliminary papers, the two went off, apparently happy and relieved.

Several weeks later I was about to conclude the matter, when a report reached me that Inez and Fred had gone back to living together. I immediately sent for them. Fred was not available just then, but Inez came promptly.

"Inez," I began severely, "what is this I hear about your living with Fred? Don't you know that we can't have that? How can I give you an annulment if you go on living with him, and apparently making a success of marriage after all? Judging by what I hear, you and Fred are getting on all right, and don't need an annulment anyway."

The effect of this on Inez was electrical. As she listened, her eyes widened. When I had finished, she sprang from her chair as if it were hot. "What?" she gasped. "Aren't we annulled? Why, Judge, we signed the papers. We thought we were annulled! That's why we're living together!"

"Oh," I said, "that's why you're living together! Well, that wasn't an annulment. Those were merely the preliminaries—so you're just as honest as ever, Inez. You are still an honest married woman, Inez. Do you realize that?"

"I don't want that," she wailed. "I want to live with Fred

and be his sweetheart. I couldn't have lived with him a day if I hadn't thought we were annulled. If we had known we were still married—why—why—” Here she stopped short, an odd look of panic and bewilderment on her face.

“Yes?” I put in.

“I couldn't have lived with him,” she repeated vehemently.

“But you did,” I retorted. “And you've apparently gotten along fine.”

Inez sat down dejectedly. “I know we have,” she lamented, like one looking back on happy days irrevocably gone. “We've gotten along just as well as we used to before we were really married. And now you've spoiled it all by not annulling us. And we're still married. I'm his ball-and-chain, and he's mine; and we'll never, never be able to live together any more unless you annul us. Judge, you've just got to annul us. Judge, you'll annul us, won't you? If you don't,” she finished with a flash of defiance, “we'll wait till we're twenty-one, and then we'll get a divorce.”

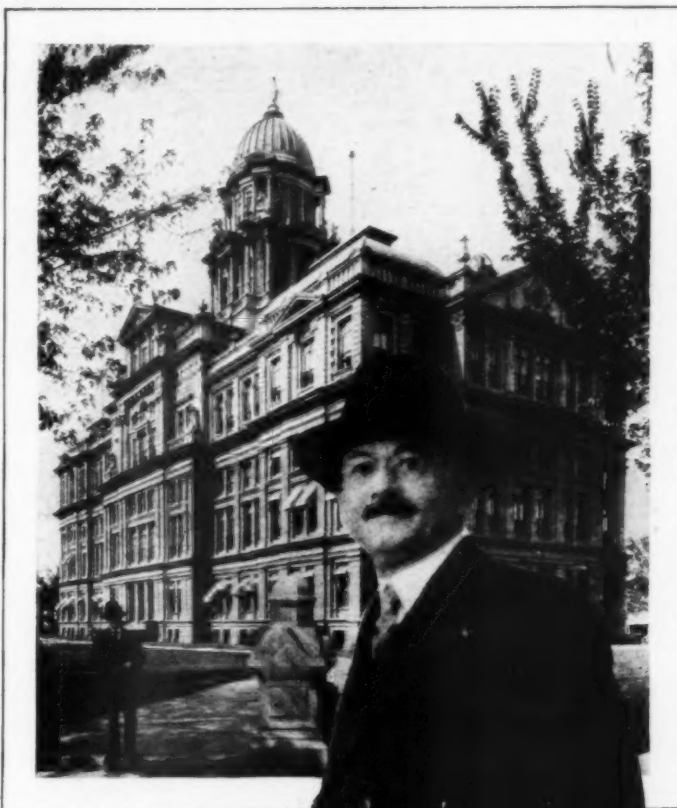
“So that you can live together?” I asked—for I found this twist in her thought most interesting.

Inez shook her little bobbed head fiercely. “Yes

—but what'll become of us in the meantime? We just can't make a go of it married. We've tried and tried. But if we just live together because we love each other, why—everything is fine. And oh, we've got the sweetest room; and yesterday I put up chintz curtains, and—and—” And from there on she poured forth a lyric tale that was everything the story of their marriage, as they had formerly told it to me, ought to have been but was not. Her story was really one of the most sardonic commentaries on our present code of marriage that I had ever heard.

Psychologically Inez and Fred had sinned a deadly sin. Psychologically they had lived together unmarried. According to the prevailing hypocrisy and cant, they were no longer respectable or pure—since we all profess to believe that sin consists in the mental and spiritual condition of the sinner in his attitude toward what are supposed to be the laws of God. By all that society professes, Inez and Fred were in precisely the position of any man and woman who choose to defy God and man, and “flout all that is most sacred in human life.” But in point of fact they were socially just as respectable and sinless as ever. Their social status was in no way jeopardized by the “sin” they had thought they were committing. The thing they had done could be known and published from the housetops; and yet society and the church, professing to have a sense of moral values dependent on people's spiritual condition, would pass the whole thing by with perfect complaisance, on the ground presumably that these two had been saved from sin in spite of themselves. For a man and his wife to live together is pure and proper. Nay, it is commanded by Divine Writ for the continuance of the race. Ergo, these two, in living together were pure and proper, though they hadn't the slightest thought of being so.

Of any who deny that the church and society take this



Judge Lindsey photographed on his way to the Denver courthouse, where his courtroom is at present located.

attitude in the matter, I ask where is the punishment, where the stigma, that would be visited on Inez and Fred by every person in Denver if their identities were known—by their friends, by the minister of their church, by whom you like. The stigma and the punishment would have been forthcoming fast enough had their annulment been an accomplished fact, and had the news of their subsequent *liaison* gotten abroad. And yet they were the same persons, with the same way of thought and behavior in the one case as in the other; and their deserts were the same, annulment or no annulment. If they deserved censure and punishment and social ostracism in the one case, they deserved it in the other. Why would society and the church fail to attach such stigma and punishment in the absence of the annulment of the marriage? Simply because our “ethics” in these matters is an ancient superstition, a pretense, which has been maintained so long and so often that we believe it ourselves, even when we don't even pretend to abide by it.

It simply proves once more that the real reason why society is concerned

with marriage is to provide for the protection and care of children; that chastity hasn't a thing to do with it save as it bears on the coming and the care of children, and that when we reinforce these considerations with so-called divine commands or purity myths, we are hypnotizing ourselves and living in a fool's paradise. It is a very dangerous state of mind for any civilization to be in. Dishonest thinking is the most dishonest and most dangerous thing in the world.

This is not a thrust at purity or chastity, though I suppose some will jump at the conclusion that it is. It is a thrust at the cant and sanctimony that find expression in blather about the “foundations of society” and what some persons are perfectly sure is “the will of God.” Until we learn to think from the facts we can't expect to know what is the will of God, or to do it. The two kinds of knowledge maintain a constant ratio. Wisdom is virtue. At present we act by one code and we pretend to another and a heaped-up mountain of human misery is the result.

But to return to Inez. The conversation that followed was so extensive that I can't attempt to give it all here. The upshot was that I persuaded Inez that since the preliminary

papers had been quite as effective in her case as a full annulment, we had better let well enough alone.

I pointed out that society would not have the slightest objection to her and Fred continuing to pretend to themselves that they were annulled, if that gave them comfort. Furthermore, she could keep on with the new job she had secured; and Fred could keep his. Thus they would have enough to live on—which they hadn't had before. In short, she could go right on being Fred's sweetheart. The fact that he was her husband needn't prevent that. And if they loved each other and were legally married to boot, everything was provided for; and what more could they want?

Society, I explained, whatever it might say about the matter, really intended legal marriage for the protection of children. She and Fred were not financially ready for babies yet; but I hoped they would be later. In the meantime they could live together; and they didn't have to rattle the legal skeleton that so terrified them unless they wanted to.

In the end Inez departed, quite happy over being able to eat her cake and have it too. She and Fred are still playing at being lovers; and so long as they see it that way, I think it would take something more than a court of law to divorce them.

What society should have provided for those two youngsters in the first place, in my opinion, was a special form of legal marriage suited to their condition and their needs. They should have been permitted to marry on the understanding that their purpose was simply to enjoy the full companionship which such living would make possible. A further part of the contract should have been that in the event of children they were expected by society to accept the responsibility that would involve, but that so long as they had no children their marriage would continue only so long as they mutually wished it to do so, and they could obtain a divorce by simply asking for it in a designated court of law.

To enter on such a compact, it would be necessary for them to show, to the satisfaction of a magistrate, that they were physically, mentally—and economically—fit to assume such responsibilities. Having, with due thought and consideration assumed them, they would be expected to carry on; and only for the gravest reasons would the court later permit them to abrogate such a contract and go their ways, leaving a broken home and children deprived of one or both their parents.

Suppose we had such a marriage code as that. What would happen? Why, thousands of young people who can't think of marriage at present, and who are eating their hearts out for each other, and in many cases indulging in secret *liaisons* at great and needless risk, could

get married. If they did, that would be a safeguard, both for them and for society, since it would bring their union under adequate social control. Their lives would be normalized. They would become more happy and competent in the business of living than would otherwise be possible.

They would, moreover, usually escape one danger that has become a paramount evil in American civilization, the danger of becoming obsessed by sex. Our present code exposes them to that. Under a changed code they would escape it. The effect of the change on our national morals, our national nerves, our national character, and our national divorce statistics, and even our national crime records, would be beyond calculation. If one tried to figure such a change in economic terms, it would be necessary to put the saving in terms of billions of dollars. This is no exaggeration. Sex and money are the two mainsprings of ordinary human action. Change a sex code and you change everything—even money. Yes, even art, and religion and literature, and everything else fundamental you may care to name.

The effect on procreative marriage alone would be a thing beyond calculation and beyond price. People would not enter such marriages hastily, because they wouldn't need to—since their sex lives would find normal expression in another recognized social channel. Most procreative marriages would grow out of nonprocreative unions that had already had a chance to prove their physical and material permanence. Much of the marital troubles among young people that I deal with involve the coming of a child in the first year. It is a headlong, ill-considered, dangerous business, as we have it. But the companionate marriage would put off the birth of babies till the groundwork of a home had been laid. Under such a system, domestic relations courts would run one hour where they now run twelve.

Finally, it would be the salvation of thousands of young people who at present are given their choice between an abstinence which is against nature, but which our present code nevertheless demands of them, and a form of marriage economically impossible for them, a form which thousands are today avoiding by means of the "unmarried union."

The unmarried union is dangerous because it is subject to no recognized control; and because, being secret, it has no inducements to moderation and restraint. It is like a balloon without ballast. Since it specializes in evasion and defiance of public opinion, it tends to go to extremes of license. It evades and defies all restraint, the good with the bad.

I hope those of my friends who reproach me for my views as here expressed will find some consolation and hope for my immortal soul in the above passage. I hope, too, that when they quote me by lifting passages from the context in such a way as to twist my meaning, they will be sure and lift this one. Let them note, however, that I have nowhere said that persons who



A portrait of
Mrs. Ben B.
Lindsey by
Arnold Genthe,
New York.

Benetta Brevoort Lindsey,
who celebrated her third
birthday recently.

Photo by
Hopkins Studio,
Denver.



This illustrative photograph specially posed by friends and attachés of Judge Lindsey's court.

Judge Lindsey handling a case in characteristic fashion—in the privacy of his judicial chambers.

indulge in these unions are impure, immoral, lost, ruined, damned or otherwise theologically destroyed. Many of them seem to me to have a much better chance of making the grade into heaven than the witch-hunting portion of the population. I'm for the Ten Commandments as much as any of the brethren but I mix them with common-sense. It makes a great combination.

The adoption of the companionate marriage, as I choose to call it, would not be a disguised form of free-love; it would simply bring under control a situation that is today largely beyond the control of such laws and customs as we have. It would reduce to a minimum illicit relationships, and lack of effective legal and social guidance and control in a department of life where such guidance and control are imperatively needed—and, as I think I have shown, conspicuously lacking.

For it is my belief that present methods and present codes are the main cause of sexual lawlessness. I can't understand the point of view of persons who insist on a return to former standards when those standards have so clearly failed to produce the restraint and sanity in sex conduct which they were intended to produce. Why not use more sense and less superstition? Why not intelligently guide these social tendencies into channels where society can benefit by this huge Niagara of emotional power which is now running to waste?

Annulment? Inez didn't want an annulment. What she wanted was Fred. She and Fred alike wanted each other for a good and human reason: each wanted the satisfaction of intimate companionship with another human being, the sort of spiritual intimacy which the generous emotional power of sex makes so readily and so normally possible in successful marriage. That is why it is not good for man to live alone. Inez therefore took

the only thing she thought she could get, illicit union with the man she loved.

In their case both the economics and the psychology of marriage were involved. Their situation irked them. To this some one might retort that in that event they should not have married. I answer that in that event about ninety-seven per cent of married persons should not have married—which is nonsense. It isn't that people should not marry, but that they should have the right conception of marriage.

It is marriage as we have it that is at fault, not the people who marry. They take what they can get. They enter marriage full of hope, their vision misted by emotion, and it isn't till later that they find society grinning in at them through the bars of a steel cage. And when they see it is a cage, do they want to get out—even the thousands who are too proper or too faithful to say so? They do. Don't ask anything else of human nature when it is unfairly taken advantage of. It's that way.

I am aware that many good persons who consider sex intrinsically sinful—largely because they are very uncritical readers of Scripture—would argue that this would simply let down the bars to a saturnalia of lust. I answer that what is creating and magnifying lust today is the very system of repression and needless restraint which these very people advocate. Restrictions? Yes! But not that kind. Sex is as moderate, normal and moral a thing as the desire for food. To damn it by calling it "an animal passion" by no means disposes of the matter. Psychologists now know the close relationship that exists between the sex instinct and religious emotion. I sha'n't argue this point here. It is an old story, and the facts are well established. What it means is not that religious emotion is a degraded or animal

thing, but rather that sex emotion being in a degree identical with the emotions of religion, is an exalted and spiritual thing. It is simply a question of where you prefer to put the emphasis.

I repeat, then, sex is a spiritual thing; moreover it is also as natural and right as the desire for food—provided you give it normal expression and don't make universal famine a part of your method of guarding people from the sin of gluttony. You can make any man a glutton by making it exceedingly hard for him to obtain food, or by forcing him to steal food, or to eat it only in secret for fear he will be accused of gluttony and grossness. Yet even such an attitude toward food hunger has been taken by some fanatics.

The traditional puritan attitude toward the sex hunger is just as insane and baseless. Sex is a hunger, healthful to feel and healthful to gratify. It is simply idiotic for society not to recognize this and provide adequate social regulations for its healthful expression. We have, in many quarters, the saturnalia of sex that these people fear; and they are the very ones who have created it. What I want to do is to end it.

I RECALL another annulment case that came before me practically coincident with that of Inez and Fred. Another young couple, whom I will name Katherine and George, both of them under age, had married in similar circumstances. They had finally grown tired of having to live together on the sly, and they had therefore got married in order that they might live together openly and keep out of trouble. As is the case in nearly all affairs of this kind, they had no qualms of conscience in the matter. They considered that they were being unconventional but not immoral; and they married because they considered marriage expedient.

Trouble began right away. They rented an apartment and started a home. Katherine gave up her job. This cut their joint income to one-half. They did all this because they had the traditional notion that since they were married it was up to them to put together the machinery of a home where children could be raised. Katherine, married, looked on herself as a potential mother. They were potential parents whether competent to undertake parenthood or not. Otherwise, according to society, they should not have married.

Moreover Katherine gave up all her boy friends, and George looked no more upon other girls. Restrictions resulted which they took for granted they must impose upon each other—marital jealousy being, as we all know, a cardinal virtue in our present marriage code, though jealousy, in any form, and under any conditions, is demonstrably one of the most hideous vices of which the human heart is capable.

Something other than their own will, in short, had entered into the union, and it thrust them apart. By the time the case reached me, it was hopeless. I put them off; I cajoled and persuaded. Nothing worked. After taking counsel with their parents, I gave them the annulment they wanted.

The moment I consented to do this, the atmosphere began to clear. I saw them look at each other—at first with mutual congratulation, and then apparently in a kind of panic, as if something were forcibly depriving them of each other.

While still in the court, they withdrew into a corner where they talked together earnestly, holding each other's hands, and clinging to each other as if fearing what might follow. There chanced to be present a middle-aged unmarried woman, as noted for her scorn of men as for her moral rectitude. This estimable lady came rushing up to one of the court officers in great indignation, protesting because this young couple were permitted to sit and talk together, and even hold hands.

"Why," she cried angrily, "these people are having their marriage annulled. And yet Judge Lindsey permits them to carry on as if there were nothing the matter. It's perfectly disgraceful. They should be kept apart. They've no business to be friendly!"

When, on another day, Katherine and George left the court together, no longer married now, Katherine, realizing her loss, suddenly began to weep.

"Never mind, honey," said her former husband, slipping his arm protectingly about her. "If we can't make out better unmarried, we'll get married again."

Fortunately the woman who had objected to their hobnobbing before the annulment was not present.

I haven't a doubt that that couple, when things had quieted down in their respective families, went back to living together *sub rosa*. Again I ask: Why should society not have provided them a legal and respectable way to do it, by means of a special form of companionate marriage suited to their needs, which are the needs of thousands like them?

They loved each other; it was natural and normal that they should want each other, in the relationship they had sought in marriage. They had desired this before, and they still desired it. It was the same mental state after the annulment as it had been before. Why demand that they choke and kill it? Why not give them a way of expressing it that would be, not merely socially harmless, but even socially beneficial? I don't see what society gained by forbidding them what their natures craved, but which they could not maintain under the present marriage code. I am satisfied that these two were capable of working a huge benefit in each other's lives, and that society loses by the insane and ignoble taboos which would prevent their further union and frustrate their future happiness. George and Katherine together, are more normal, more productive members of society, than apart, *provided they can be happy together*. They should have some legally sanctioned means of being together and seeking that happiness.

This would make law and reasonable responsibility before society, factors in unions where there is at present no law and frequently no social responsibility or restraint, but only destructive suggestions of sin, the sense of guilt and fear, the inducement to excess, and the urge toward an indiscriminating promiscuity.

Above all it would tend to keep young people from placing on sex a greater emphasis than sex should be given in their lives. There are other things in life than sex; but they don't seem to know it. The reason is that this condition in our sex code obliterates all else and makes sex the whole object of thought and attention. Under such conditions sex readily becomes a destructive force.

The assertion that marriage is adequate as we have it, I deny the truth of. The fruits of our

marriage code speak for themselves; and the protests and denials that are being made by some of the clergy and the Bench as a result of the assertions in these articles are in themselves a proof that I speak the truth.

Marriage is capable of taking care of itself if we will give it a chance, and make of it something other than a travesty of what it might be.

Consider, for instance, the way that young couple clung to each other, how they were trying to find a way to be *really married*, and how difficult society makes it for them by having one unvarying rigid formula for every mind and every heart. Think of the incredible folly of a society that would throw such loyalty and love as theirs upon the scrap-heap and cry: "Unclean!"

That recognition by society of the two kinds of marriage I have been discussing would involve the assistance of modern science, goes almost without saying.

In the meantime it would startle a good many persons if they knew how widespread, among young people in every class of society, is the knowledge of what science has already developed. I pause to remind my critics that I am not responsible for this; and that I am merely recording what I know to be a fact. In other words, whether you and I approve or not, they are developing in practice, among themselves, a mode of living without traditional marriage which suits them. It is a condition which exists in lieu of the companionate marriage which should be available to them.

I am sorry to have to record this. But it is too important, and too conclusive, to omit. It is significant of a prevalent condition. People who "simply refuse to believe it" may go on wearing blinders and protesting if they will; but the facts stand, and they *mean something*. They are so patently packed with meaning that I am at a loss to understand the point of view of the excellent people who will write me letters of protest when they

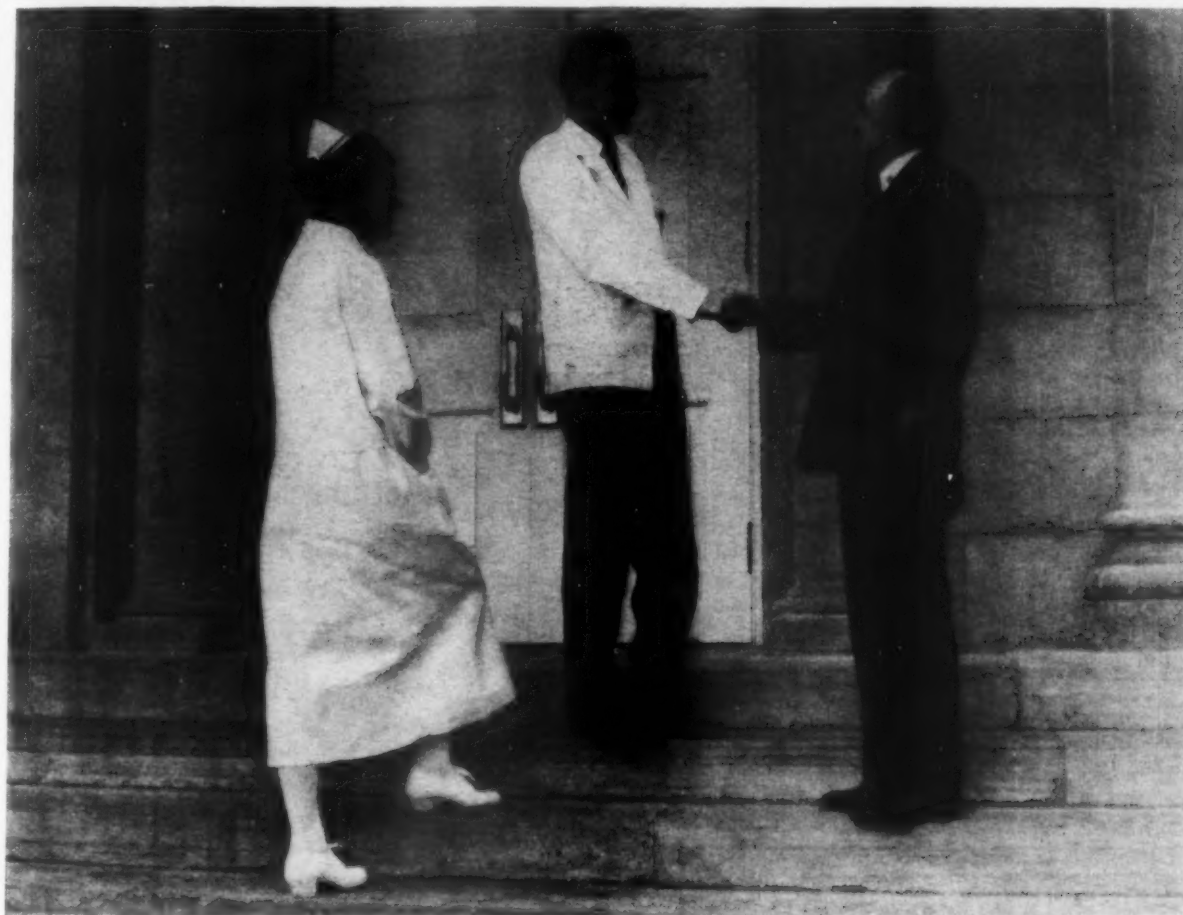


RABBI MAXWELL M. FARBER

Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, Staten Island, New York

After reading Judge Lindsey's book, "The Revolt of Modern Youth," which is virtually being continued in the present series of articles, wrote to Judge Lindsey:

"I have just completed reading your wonderful analysis of the problem of modern youth. May I say that your book is a most stimulating and enlightening study, and that I consider myself as one of those who was not shocked by your courage to face and tell the truth!"



A snapshot of Judge Lindsey as he stopped to shake hands with Dr. Haviland of the State Hospital and Miss Nelson, a nurse.

read this: "This isn't true. It is an exceptional case. You don't see anything of the good boys and girls." But I do! Most of these young people are supposed by their parents and teachers to be absolutely "moral," or at worst rather given to a liking for jazz and cigarettes, but otherwise perfectly "straight." I hasten to add that I know many other youngsters who not only seem "straight" but *are* straight. I meet them here in my chambers all the time, for one reason or another having nothing to do with their own conduct. Some come to see the court, others in behalf of friends, and so on. But it is not of these that I am speaking here.

Some persons ask: "What if all this is true? What good does it do to tell it? Such things as you are recording have always happened. We know that."

I answer: they have *not* always happened. No such wholesale rebellion against the ancient conventions of sex has ever been known before in the history of our civilization. *The reason is that this present civilization is the first of its kind.*

Whether you interpret these facts as evidence of a hopeless condition of moral corruption, after the manner of those who think the traditional interpretations of chastity are the alpha and omega of sociology and the last word on this complex question, or whether you think it a lawless and passing phase in a process of social change which



Photo by Dorcas Studio

JAMES E. PEABODY
Head of the Department
of Biology in the Morris
High School of New
York City

Says of Judge Lindsey's book, "The Revolt of Modern Youth," of which these articles are in all essentials a continuation:

"I read your book with absorbing interest, and have spoken of it often in the lectures I gave on the Pacific Coast, and since my return."

will in time become orderly and amenable to legal and social control, depends on your way of thought. Personally I haven't a doubt about the outcome, though I regret that so many young feet are treading this perilous road today.

IT is pertinent to ask *why* are they treading it—not in occasional and exceptional instances, but by hundreds and even by thousands. And why has this same impulse reached even into the ranks of the older generation, as I have already tried to show? What is the matter with the well-intentioned people who think they can stop such a process by preaching sermons, shouting denunciations, denying self-evident facts, and quoting texts to cover their own want of courage to think for themselves? Moreover why has sex become a secret, unacknowledged obsession in our puritan-born and puritan-bred civilization? If the puritan outlook on life is good, why has it borne such speckled and poisonous fruit as this? Under what provocation do these boys and girls, who are at bottom not different from the boys and girls of less hectic generations, think so exclusively about sex that they apparently have no room in their heads for anything else? Why is the older generation of this day so restive, and so furtive, under its cloak of conventionality?

I answer, for the same reason that the minute the prohibition law was (*Continued on page 154*)

Illustrated by
Dudley
Gloyne
Summers

DOUBTLESS there is not a Central American port into which William McFee has not sailed at one time or another. And he has absorbed the reality and the color of those ports, to the end that he can write stories such as this one—stories that fairly take the reader to the spot, and let him, unseen and unheard, share in great adventure.



The Villa Agostino

By William McFee

THE clients of Madame Despard's boarding-house on Chartres Street, New Orleans, were mostly men who had stepped hastily from the gangways of fruit-ships arriving from Caribbean ports. They were not furtive, it must be understood. Indeed, they were almost ostentatious in their manly challenge to authority. Their papers were very much in order. Sometimes those

papers were the last thing they had attended to before abandoning their offices in the warm humid scenes of their late activities. But they were unaffectedly glad when the cab put them down before the unpretentious *confiserie* in Chartres Street. To most of these stormy petrels of Latin-America, this was home.

Madame Despard's guests were usually men. Madame liked



Jovita examined these two men sharply. "I know you," she said, secure in the presence of Emilio behind her.

American frontiers, two jumps ahead of a warrant for his arrest, becomes something of a cosmopolitan. Mr. Brown had experienced these reverses of fortune, and he had also been a conductor on the Occidental Railway in Colombia, a school-teacher in Bucaramanga, which is in the *departemento* of Santander, and secretary to Don Rafael Sebastian José Canafistolo, whose extensive *hacienda* in the Maracaibo Basin had been described by geologists as a mere fertile crust on the surface of an illimitable lake of petroleum.

It was not Jack who listened to Mr. Brown's recital. Harry Trancher often regretted that Jack had no initiative. Since demobil-

men. She was one of those women who are, quite apart from their sex and their business, interested in men. And she had a permanent boarder who was also interested in men. Señora Voight, a wealthy and retired spy, had the best room facing the *patio*, where Madame Despard's cats, four huge yellow animals, lay on the warm flagstones by the fountain, like tigers reposing after a full meal of Christians. Señora Voight was no longer youthful, but her fancy for men younger than herself was unimpaired. Her last husband, fourth of his line, a handsome boy from Salvador, had deserted her not long before Mr. Harry Trancher and his chum Jack Ferrell, gentlemen adventurers, just in from Honduras on business, arrived in Chartres Street. It had been a blow, but women like Señora Voight possess an emotional resiliency that would stagger Casanova. The Señora revived. She saw them from the gallery of the *patio* and smiled. That was the unfortunate part of Señora Voight—her smile. One of her teeth was formed of a square-cut diamond, and it gave her face a peculiar expression. It glittered. When she lit a cigar, as was her custom, after dinner, the match-flare and the puff of smoke gave her mouth an appearance of luminous animosity.

Mr. Trancher, who was big and burly and had a round face with features of a homogeneous pallor, as though they were molded in gutta-percha, was disturbed at the close-up view he had of Señora Voight's flashing smile. He had never become used to women smoking cigars, either. He said as much to Jack Ferrell. Jack's weakness, Mr. Trancher regretted, was girls. Mr. Trancher himself was a woman-hater. He was devoted to his old mother in Bootle, England, and disapproved of Jack's philandering. And yet it was Jack who had the dreams. Since he was gassed on the Saloniki front, Jack had had strange dreams.

They had left the freighter *Cuyahoga* at the foot of Calliope Street, where she had docked on arrival from Havana. They warned Madame that they were merely transients—going to New York. Madame asked no questions. Most of her clients were transients on their way to New York. They described themselves as purchasing agents. And these two were Englishmen, they pointed out. Madame said she had another Englishman, a Mr. Brown. They could sit at his table.

They did. Mr. Brown's nationality was not immediately apparent. A man who for a number of years has crossed Latin-

ization, these two had wandered to and fro through Latin-America. At a time prior to 1914 Mr. Trancher had been employed in some railroad shops in Venezuela. He had left under a cloud, with very little to his credit save a working knowledge of Spanish. And somehow he and his chum Jack Ferrell, who had been gassed in the Struma Valley, and who seemed unable to hold a job very long nowadays, stuck together. It might have been affection, but there was no method by which either of these two derelicts of the war could express how they felt about it. Jack left it to Harry. What Harry told him was good enough. He was big and very strong and light on his feet, and for a short spell he could fight with extraordinary ferocity—then he would lose his wind.

It was Harry who schemed, and who now listened, like an intelligent dog, with his head on one side, to the sad history of Señor Brown. Jack lay back in the chair, his eyes fixed upon the dark blue night sky above the tiled roof of Madame Despard's, dreaming of his own queer fancies. Harry glanced at his chum at times. These lapses puzzled him. Jack should be getting better soon. Gas ought to be out of his lungs and brain by now. Take an interest in other things besides skirts.

Mr. Brown's tale was an interminable monologue concerning the ingratitude of Señor Don Sebastian Canafistolo. Would anybody believe such ingratitude existed, he asked Mr. Trancher. Four years of unremitting and almost incredible fidelity, during which Mr. Brown had saved that man millions, literally millions of francs, pesos and bolivars, rewarded by the acceptance of his resignation. Conceive it—impooverished!

Mr. Brown was not impressive in the ordinary sense. He had a long body and short legs, a large mustache and a still larger nose, and he was incapable of a smile. Unlike Señora Voight, his teeth were invisible at all times. He was undersized and undernourished. He expressed derision by a sound like a short bark. He was continually rising to his feet—a matter of a few inches; and his big nose seemed to cleave the air as his voice, nasally cavernous, rose also.

Mr. Trancher listened with extreme attention. Their last adventure, at Puerto Sanchez, which lies east of Ceiba in Honduras, had been profitable, but something fresh would have to turn up if he and Jack were not going to work. He listened. And the more he listened, the better he liked the scheme. It was not that Jack disliked work. Jack would have gone cheerfully down

to the Levee and gotten a job. Jack had very little sense. Mr. Trancher knew that the way to get on was to let work alone and use his head. Moreover he was one of those men who cherish a genuine hatred of work. He knew his old mother in Bootle was proud of her son, who was so successful abroad. He wrote letters on hotel paper alluding to his large affairs, and the old lady showed them round to her neighbors. He could scheme, however; and as Mr. Brown, moistened by glasses of Madame Despard's cognac, poured forth his tale, Harry listened with a quick-working brain.

It was impossible to say whether Mr. Brown was aware of this interest. He seemed to need only a listener. Dressed in an old but aggressively clean linen suit, diminutive, hump-shouldered, pigeon-breasted, smoking innumerable cigarettes and drinking glass after glass of cognac, he held forth to the sympathetic Mr. Trancher.

"I have defended that man with my life!" he said more than once. "But for me he would have been begging his bread. Absolutely!"

"So you said before," remarked Mr. Trancher soothingly. "Where's this place he took to living in?"

"The Villa San Agostino," said Mr. Brown, combing his mustache with an alarmingly long finger-nail. Seen on that nicotine-stained finger, it was like a talon. "It is up the Bocas del Tenorio, north of Santiago de Cuba."

"And he paid you off? I can't understand that," said Harry Trancher.

"Accepted my resignation," corrected Mr. Brown with a pompous air peculiar in one so small. "It was offered in the nature of a reprimand. I felt it my duty to call his attention to his way of life."

"Oh, way of life! I see, he's one of these old—"

"Absolutely," said Mr. Brown. "And under the circumstances I felt it my duty to—"

"Oh, instead of paying off the lady, he gave you the sack? Humph! Hard lines."

"He added insult to injury," said Mr. Brown. "He offered to continue my salary on condition that I left the Villa Agostino. Banished!"

"Well, I wish somebody would insult me that way," muttered Harry Trancher, frowning and thinking very hard. "What are you complaining about? That's what I'd like to know."

"I have my pride, I suppose," snarled Mr. Brown, rising to his feet and sitting down again. "I would rather starve than take one peso from him now." He glared shrewdly at Mr. Trancher.

"Oh, of course. But listen. This old gentleman's pretty rich, then?"

"Rich!" squeaked Brown, and he gave his short derisive bark.

"Beyond the dreams of avarice. Due to me! If it hadn't been for me, he'd have been—"

"And he lives all alone?"

"A couple of Cuban servants, who rob him right and left, and a chauffeur whom I caught practising his master's signature, to sign checks with. When I reported him, the old fool said he would enjoy Antoine's surprise when he presented the check and found the account closed."

"Oh, then he don't keep his money in a bank?" said Mr. Trancher.

"In Paris, in a vault," barked Mr. Brown. "And in a strong-room in the Villa Agostino. Oh, the madness of it! Only he and I know the combination. Yet I've seen that long-legged body-snatcher Anastasia looking at the door of that room as though she could drill it with her eyes."

"Who's she?" asked Mr. Trancher.

"Oh, she's gone now," muttered Mr. Brown. "A tall girl. She had her day and ceased to be. Now—" And Mr. Brown's querulous voice tailed off into silence.

"That was your work, I suppose," hinted his companion. Mr. Brown's bark became more than derisive. It was sardonic. To hear such a sound, like a detonation, come from so small a man, was surprising.

"For my sins, I suppose, yes. Better if I had left her alone. And yet—"

Harry Trancher glanced at the somnolent Jack Ferrell. All this was nothing to Jack. He sized up Mr. Brown once more.

"Ah," he said, "I see." He did not see, but he knew that something would come of it if he only waited. Something did.

"Always before—" went on Mr. Brown, looking up beyond Madame Despard's roof to the Louisiana sky. It was a night in August, when the very stars seemed swollen with heat, and the



palm-fronds were motionless. "Always before, they had been like that Anastasia—from Paris and Monte Carlo. Old warriors—*café-chantant* brigadiers. He had lived his life. Now he began to look round. He saw something he wanted."

Mr. Trancher was not following. He knew there was something in all this useful to him, but the meaning was obscure. Mr. Brown—ah, Mr. Brown! Now, what was there in Mr. Brown's tones to suggest a key to all this rumty-tum?

"Something special, eh?" he remarked casually, yet in a tone that conveyed an experienced familiarity with special things. Mr. Brown, his mouth open and his pale eyes appearing large and vacant on either side of his big nose, might have been a fish in an aquarium, looking out at Mr. Trancher. He spoiled the illusion by uttering his short bark.

"A goddess!" he said contemptuously, and looked away. In the darkness the form of Señora Voight could be discerned across the *patio*, the glowing end of her cigar describing a short arc in the gloom as she rocked to and fro.

The information caused Mr. Trancher's thoughts to swerve wildly. His mind swung to the edge of its normal runway and skittered over unfamiliar ground. "Ho!" he said to himself. "It's goddesses, now. Blimey!" He was farther away than ever. Old warriors and *café-chantant* brigadiers were translatable into something Mr. Trancher could comprehend. But goddesses were something else again.

"Peach, eh?" he offered tentatively. Peaches are not necessarily goddesses; but a goddess, Mr. Trancher thought, might come down to earth as a peach. Mr. Brown growled.

"Why, is he going to marry her?" demanded Mr. Trancher.

Mr. Brown moved as if stung. He rose—sat down again.

"He is. And he will then be a dead man within a few hours," he said in a hollow tone.

"You mean she's going to bump him off like that? He's that infatuated he don't—" Mr. Trancher stared and fell into a flabbergasted silence.

"She will be the richest widow in Cuba," said Mr. Brown, and



"Excellency," said Emilio, slipping his gun into his belt, "I am a man who has done you a service."

he put another cigarette into his long holder. "It is a plot, and he is too—as you say—infatuated to see it. It was because I warned him that I found it necessary to resign. She has a lover."

"Who's she?" asked the mystified Mr. Trancher. "Oh, you mean the girl he's going to marry. The goddess, eh? H'm!"

It occurred to him that this behavior, though it might seem outrageous to Señor Brown, was in character. Harry Trancher had won a scholarship when he was thirteen. He had had two years at a grammar-school in Liverpool. Waste of time, in his opinion. But he recalled the habits of goddesses. He pondered. A strong-room in the Villa Agostino! And this shrimp—

Suddenly Harry Trancher got up and began pacing to and fro. He became aware of Señora Voight's cigar glowing in the darkness where she sat in her rocking-chair. Madame Despard's hints became clear. There was something in the air between Señora Voight and Señor Brown. Madame Despard had said, "Señor Brown, he should have some one to look after him," and Harry had imagined she was sweet on that pompous little scarecrow herself. No, he and Jack were keeping the Señora away from her new fancy.

Harry Trancher strolled round to the other side of the gallery. There was a rustle as he tapped at the tall lacquered screen, and then the flash of the diamond tooth as the Señora smiled. A powerful Latin perfume, heavy and disturbing to an Englishman, enveloped his senses.

"Señor?" she said lightly. "I am glad you came over to see me. Let us talk. In Spanish? All right. Seat yourself."

"Yes," she went on, beginning to rock again. "He told me. The poor man! He is well out of that business. I have heard of Don Sebastian Canafistolo. An eccentric. Now he is going to marry a poor Cuban girl with a lover."

"It is my idea," said Mr. Trancher, "that it might be prevented by—some one else who is not Señor Brown. It might be worth while."

"Ah!" The tooth flashed at him in the darkness. "Yes,

I dare say a man of resource and courage would find it worth while."

"I thought perhaps the Señora had learned more of the matter than I," he remarked.

"Yes, Señor Brown also loves this creature."

"Caramba!" exclaimed Mr. Trancher mildly.

"Yes. That is a fact. Another infatuation. She has a voice, he says. Marvelous! Divine! Pooh! A Lorelei."

"Ah, well, how would you say a man of resource and courage could do anything with such a problem? It sounds prickly to me."

"More than it is. You have a small town in the canefields. Merchants go there to sell goods. Her lover travels in jewelry. Strangers go in and out without remark. The Villa Agostino is just outside. There are ships and a sugar-mill. The railway runs as far as Maravilla, across the bay."

"Señora, you seem to know— You have an interest in Señor Brown? Well, that is a fine idea. I myself, now—would you say Madame Despard could do with a little capital in her business here? A sleeping partner?"

"More than possible," returned Señora Voight. "A man of resource and courage could do a lot that way, if he had the little capital."

"If he had the little capital. And they say this Don Sebastian has more than a little?"

"Seventy million bolívars at least."

"*Por Dios!*" And he leaned his head on his hand.

"There must be a way. I think my friend and I will be going through this Cabanes very soon," he added.

"Go with God, señor. Only, come back to New Orleans."

"Of course. With the little capital. Speak a good word for me, Señora."

THAT night Trancher carried on a whispered conversation with Jack Ferrell after they were in bed, each concealed from the other beneath a ghostly mosquito-bar depending from the tall ceiling. It was almost a monologue, for Jack was in one of those silent dreamy moods of his, which usually preceded his disappearance for a few days. Mr. Trancher was in dread of one of these outbreaks in New Orleans. He wished to get away from the United States before Jack got stewed again.

"What's your hurry?" asked Jack.

"Don't you set that netting on fire," warned Harry. "My hurry's this, Jack! That *commandante* in jail up in Tegucigalpa, when he comes out, he'll be looking for blood. There's a couple of Hondurans here in this house now. I don't trust anybody too far. This thing looks big, and I'll need you, you know. . . . You aren't asleep, are you? Well, now, just listen to me: There's a boat leaves here for Santiago on Saturday. Passenger-boat. We'll get a job spud-skinning, I guess. It's only three days. We'll sling our hooks there and make for Maravilla."

"We'll get our heads bashed in," mumbled Jack.

"You've got head-bashing on the brain," remarked Harry. "Why can't you pull yourself together and think of something cheerful?"

He listened a moment. There was no sound—only a violent trembling of the other bed.

"There now, there now!" said Harry, stretching out his hand. "I'm only joking, Jack. Forget it. Hey! Stop it, can't you?" He leaped out of bed, and pouring some ice-water over a towel, put it over the other man's head. "Now then! Is that better? I'm here, you silly fool!"

It had been the same after the Puerto Sanchez affair. Jack had whimpered like a puppy. The Struma Valley had been too much for Jack. He dreamed even now of what he had seen there. Woke up screaming sometimes.

Harry soothed him and got back under his netting.

"It's a job where we've got to have tact. You know what tact is, Jack, don't you?"

Harry listened. There was a faint humming under the net next to him. Jack was all right again. He was trying to sing. Harry smiled. An old comic opera song of their youth:

*"Tact, tact, take it for a fact!
If you kiss the tradesman's baby,
You will find that it will act.
You can do a lot of things with
Tact, tact, tact!"*

"There you are," he said. "Well, that's our middle name when we get to Cabanes. Don't say you want come, Jack. . . . You aren't asleep, are you? Eh? What? Oh! Of course we'll come back here. What do you want to come back for?"

There was a giggling sound from Jack.

"Oh, I see. Jack, you're a fast worker. But don't forget. Saturday we sail for Cabanes."

CABANES was a sugar port built out on a spit projecting from the farther side of a small landlocked lagoon. It was practically inland. The sterns of sugar-ships crashed into the trees and bushes on the banks of the channel leading into that lagoon when they took the bends with the rudder hard over. A little farther to the eastward of Cabanes was San Agostino, on another little cape, where the officials had made a sort of residential suburb, connected with the town by a road round the curve of the bay.

It was a place, this Cabanes, where work never stopped save for a couple of months at the end of the season, and then they worked harder than ever, getting ready for the harvesting of the cane. The huge gaunt mill, Cabanes Central, with its ten tall stacks like the teeth of a black comb, stood up against the sky and dominated everything around. It was the heart of the district. Through its mighty ventricles and auricles pulsed the life-blood of Cabanes, the muddy-looking liquor of the giant crushers. You heard them far away, through the night, uttering their heavy inexorable grunt and whine. The windows of the mill shook as they shone with the fleeting blue-white radiance of arc-lights

high over the machinery. The spokes of great flywheels swung radial and enormous shadows across the palm trees lining the track to the offices. The trainloads of cane came jangling in, heralded by interminable squeals from an invisible locomotive far beyond the level crossing. Brakemen swung lanterns in rhythmic arcs, and a bell on the crossing-gates snarled a warning to drunken boiler-men who were trying to crawl over the grinding couplers.

Cabanes, in short, was a little segment of North America set down on the edge of vast rolling fields of cane. Three eight-hour shifts and the brains of many scientists produced twice a month the cargo to fill the sugar-ship which squirmed through the Bocas del Tenorio and tied up at the Central Jetty. Two thousand men, black, white, brown and yellow, with their women and children, dwelt in the streets of wooden shanties at the back of the spit, where the land melted into black ooze and canebrakes whence came the booming of frogs and the thin, terrifying music of mosquitoes. A squat sand-sucker lay at the end of a long snaky flume and pumped sludge behind lines of wired stakes.

Meanwhile, there was much of what might be called "perdition" in the streets just beyond the soppy foreshore back of the spit. The crews of the sugar-ships would go in there, and the Cuban policemen would do the rest. Welcome clubs, each consisting of a canvas booth with a tungsten lamp over the door and a screened back-portion, offered the fast worker a chance to be cleaned out. Saloons with mechanical pianos, whose keys cachinnated under a glass case like the teeth of a death's-head, offered whisky of detonating potency. Women so awful in their hungry squalor that they darkened their cabins and sat out in the humid night, waited for the men who came weaving in and out of the wooden colonnades of Front Street. Now and again, past the insistent scuffle of the dance-hall floors and the glare of the saloons, a Chinaman would pass, with his long slitted eyes watchful for the wallet-snatcher and the out-thrust boot of the lordly white man with a sense of humor. Chinese boys, like ivory statues endowed with an alluring yet sexless vitality, could be seen in the mill, scooping the amber crystals from the centrifugals. Cabanes was Cosmopolis on a small scale, like a drop of dirty water seen through a microscope, strange, awful, interesting and full of corruption.


BUT the village of San Agostino was the exact opposite of this. It was like a little heaven. And at the far side of the cape, with no sign of commerce in view save the ruby light of the oil-jetty at night, was the Villa Agostino.

The Villa had no connection with the rest of the world. It was rather a mansion, full of immense *salas* and reverberating corridors. A French millionaire, so they said, had built it for his own declining years. Another story had it that he had been the agent for a European monarch whose throne was tottering and who proposed to slip away and spend his period of abdication in this remote seclusion. So the tales went to and fro over the dinner-tables on the double-screened verandas of the Cabanes officials in San Agostino. The royalty theory was supported by the tall conical chimney of the Villa Agostino, designed to carry off the fumes from scores of charcoal ranges set in the blue-and-ivory porcelain of the kitchen. But the place stood empty for years. The European monarch was still perched on his tottery throne. And then Señor Don Rafael Sebastian José Canafistolo materialized, and a reign of ravishing scandal ensued.

The Señor was elderly and apparently extremely wealthy. He was small, with a trim gray Napoleon and an upstanding brush of white hair. He dressed principally in gray alpaca and was attended by another smaller man with a large nose, also in alpaca, who sat forward in the carriage as though ready to spring at the throat of any venturesome mendicant. This was Mr. Brown, Señor Brown, B. A. St. John's College, Oxford, England, graduate of Latin-American affairs. He was viceroy, steward, seneschal, secretary, paymaster, major-domo and adjutant-general. Ladies arriving from Ventimiglia, where Señor Don Canafistolo had a villa on the Riviera, were met in Havana by Señor Brown and convoyed, with a minimum of conversation, to the Villa Agostino. Stores were purchased by Señor Brown in Santiago and brought round in the yacht scandalously called the *Messalina*. When the ladies gave battle to each other in some distant wing of the place, as they sometimes did (being elemental creatures and not always very well educated), Señor Brown separated them and, if necessary, paid them off. To tell the truth, he liked the job. It gratified his opinion of himself to see so much wickedness flaunting amid the tropical vegetation—it contrasted well with his own incorruptible integrity. (Continued on page 96)

"Nothing for you to be jealous about, Bob. We're mighty good friends; that's all."

Illustrated by
Lester Ralph



Double Handcuffs

By Leroy Scott

The Professional Friend steps forth again in another of Mr. Scott's unique detective stories, in which the astute Clifford causes those he is "after" to work out their own undoing. No tales this magazine has ever published have won higher praise than these—and here is quite the best, so far.

CLIFFORD shook hands with General Thorne and Judge Foster, and with a bow acknowledged their introduction to the slight young woman half lost in the luxury of a great carved Italian Renaissance bed, her strained white face with its shorn red hair looking a frightened exotic flower against the background of her apple-green sheets and pillows.

"Mr. Clifford," she panted in a whisper of crazed eagerness, her violet eyes clutching at him with desperate hope, "General Thorne and Judge Foster have just told me the wonderful things you've done in helping other people out of their troubles. By acting as their friend! Oh, if you could only be such a friend to me!"

"Clifford, Mrs. Winthrop certainly needs your friendship if ever a woman did," said General Thorne when the three men were seated beside the bed. "Margerie's situation should perhaps

be a police case, but she won't let it be. So I'm not here as Commissioner of Police; I'm here as her former guardian and her present friend. Judge Foster is her attorney, was her father's attorney, and is also her loving friend. Margerie has told us everything. Together we have gone over her situation most carefully, and we are baffled and helpless. So we want to turn the affair over to you."

"Be assured I'll do my best," said Clifford, "—both for Mrs. Winthrop's sake, and the sake of two such good old friends as you and Judge Foster."

"Thanks—oh, thanks!" breathed Margerie Winthrop.

"Since this can't be a police case, it's more in Judge Foster's line, so he'll do the talking for both of us. When you're through here, Clifford, I'd like to have you see me."

"Clifford, I suppose you know something about the marriage of Margerie and Jefferson Winthrop?" began the white-haired attorney, gently taking one of the slim hands from the bed.

"Only what I've read in the papers."

"Dazzling romance of two darlings of fortune—every girl's fairy-story come blissfully true—and so forth and so forth. Clifford, all that stuff you've read is sheerest Sunday paper bunk!" snorted the Judge. "To understand Margerie's case, you've got to understand the two people, for the present case really grows out of their own characters; so before I tell you Margerie's trouble, I'm going to tell you the truth behind the newspapers' fairy-tales. And if much of it sounds like a dull lecture, it's necessary to the story."

"Clifford, the true story of their marriage is the exact reverse

"The leader recognized Margerie, called her by name and gave her his best wishes for a honeymoon with a gentleman not her husband."

of the glittering story of today's so-called flaming youth—it's the inside story that most people never know exists. Flaming youth and what came of it, that's Margerie's situation. I love Margerie and Jeff; at bottom they are both dear, fine people; but they are two of the craziest fools this new generation of youth has yet produced.

"Perhaps I'm very old-fashioned, but here's how an old lawyer, who's had to untangle a lot of this new generation's troubles, sees the new generation; anyhow, this is the truth in the concrete case of Margerie and Jeff. They've both grown up on youth's creed of freedom for the individual—that whatever instinct urges is right—there shall be no restraint upon the right of the individual to do as he or she may please. They've put into practice in their everyday personal lives essentially the same principles as the anarchists have advanced as a theory of government. I'm not asking you to agree with my brief, Clifford, but do you follow me?"

"Yes. Go on, Judge."

"With such a preparation flaming youth, in the persons of Margerie and Jeff, gets married. Now, a successful marriage requires some yielding or compromise of individual rights and impulses in order to attain a joint harmony. But these dear fools have never learned the slightest thing about the rights of others, or of any necessity of controlling their egos in order to insure their own greater happiness. Married, they've kept on being two untrammelled modern souls, living according to their code of the free and complete individual.

"That may sound ideal. But there's a catch to this ideal of flaming youth. Human nature is that catch. While Margerie and Jeff kept on, each doing as they damned pleased in the name of the new liberty of the individual, there was springing up in them the old-fashioned human instinct of the mate to possess its mate, for they loved each other. So there developed in them the contradiction of each wanting to be free, and each wanting to own the other, body and soul. Since they had no experience in giving in, none in self-discipline, none in controlling their tempers, they didn't know how to handle this strange new development within themselves.

"Clifford, this marriage of Margerie and Jeff which newspaper romance has proclaimed as heaven's perfect marriage, has in reality been a cat-and-dog hell! Quarrels—quarrels—quarrels! Over what? On the one hand, the rights of the free ego; on the other, their uncontrolled tempers and the insane jealousy of their

all-demanding love—there's cause and explanation enough! Three times in their one year of marriage Jeff has left Margerie. The third time was two weeks ago. He has been staying out at their Long Island summer place; and though he's been coming in daily to attend to his business, she hasn't heard from him since. . . . Margerie, isn't this a fairly accurate statement of the situation between you and Jeff?"

"I don't know about the cause, but that's how things have been and are," came a thin whisper from the bed.

"Clifford, I call this a basic situation made to order for tragic





trouble—a common situation, too. The trouble which has developed from that situation! —You'd better tell what comes next, General, for it's a police story even if you can't handle it."

"You've seen the warnings the Police Department has been giving out, Clifford, urging women not to wear jewelry to the night-clubs?" began General Thorne.

"Certainly. You've been telling the public that in this golden era of the hold-up man in New York City, a woman who wears expensive jewelry to a night-club and who comes home at two or three or four o'clock in the morning, is thereby extending an

invitation to bandits to follow her and help themselves to her jewelry."

"Just so. It's a mighty big problem these fool women and their jewelry offer the police. Despite all the hold-ups of women, despite all our warnings, women still flock to the night-clubs with fortunes sparkling on them. Margerie, here, has been one of the fools who has suffered. Last week she wore about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of assorted jewelry to a night-club—Jeff's wedding present to her, things that had belonged to his mother. They were taken from Margerie by bandits."



"But you would not have been silent if you had heard the truth," cried Templeton, jerking a paper from an inner pocket.

"What!" cried Clifford. "Why, that's one of the biggest hauls the jewel-bandits have made yet, and the papers haven't even mentioned it!"

"Margerie doesn't want it mentioned—you'll soon learn why. I myself knew nothing of it till a few hours ago; nor did Judge Foster. Clifford, it's something far more serious than the loss of the jewels that is Margerie's worry."

"Yes, yes!" agonizedly put in young Mrs. Winthrop. "Except—except for the way the jewels were taken, I wouldn't be afraid!"

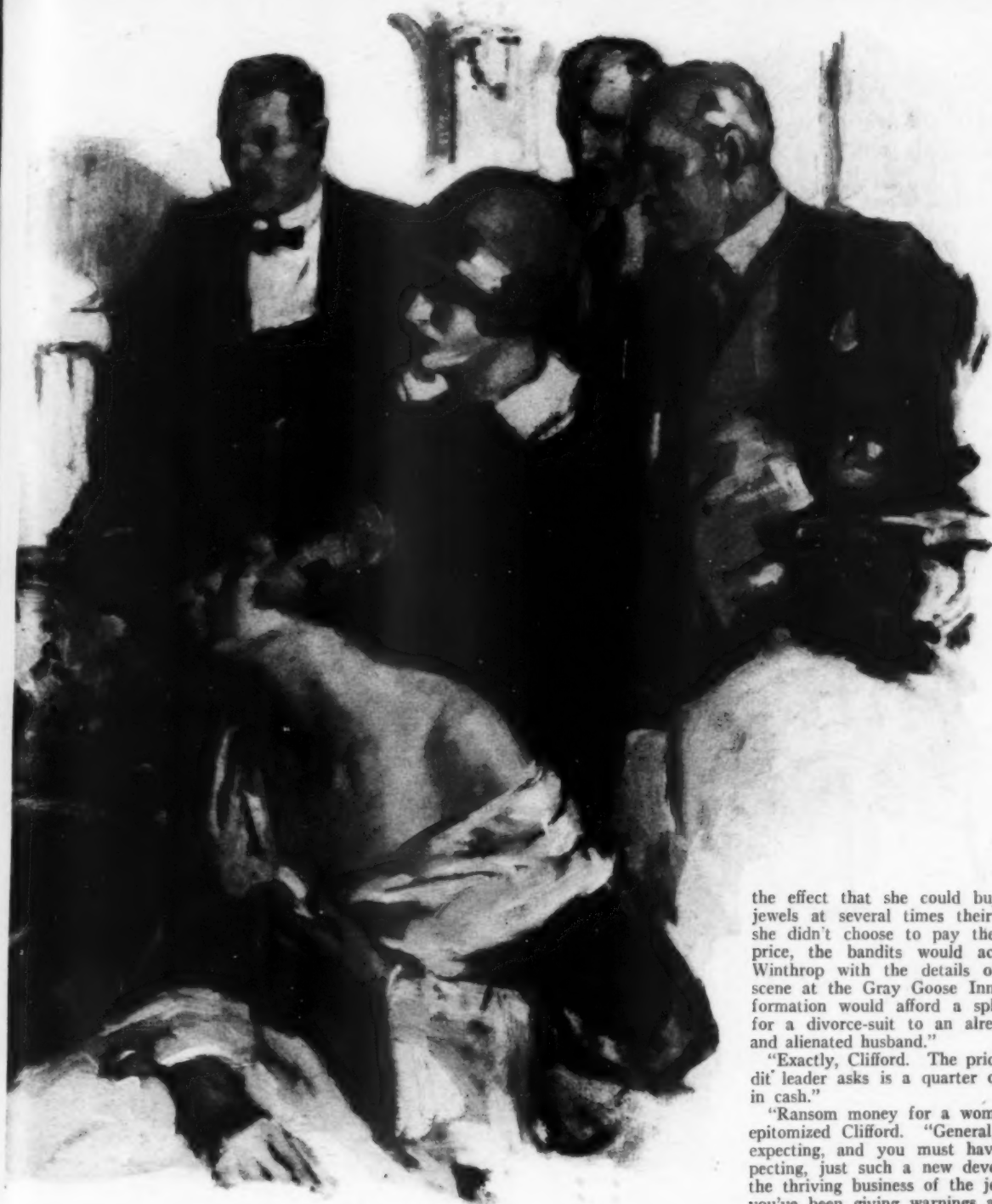
"What I now tell you is in substance Margerie's story as she has told it," continued General Thorne. "Being an independent ego, she was not going to let Jeff think his absence was making her sit at home and cry—particularly when Jeff has been playing around with Arline Sinclair, the actress, who seems to play as many leading rôles in the divorce-court as in the theater. You know Miss Sinclair?"

"Very well."

"Perhaps Jeff's playing with Miss Sinclair has been just a defiant gesture at Margerie. She replied to him with a similar gesture. She has been going out almost nightly to the night-clubs with Harold Gates, an old admirer on whom Jeff's new jealousy had centered itself. Last Thursday they were dancing at the Purple Peacock. It was a warm night; they became tired of the music; and they agreed to motor out to the Gray Goose

Inn on Long Island for the sake of the fresh air and an hour of dancing. Both had had several drinks during the evening, and they had another just before the start. Margerie says she doesn't remember a thing from the time they crossed East River until she awakened in a situation which at first she did not understand.

"Here was the situation. The time was between four and five. She was in a private room in the Gray Goose Inn; with her was Harold Gates. There were bottles and glasses on a table. What had aroused Margerie had been the entrance of three masked bandits. The bandit leader stripped Margerie of her jewels, examined them and gloatingly remarked that they certainly were a haul worth trailing the lady from the Purple Peacock. Then the leader recognized Margerie, called her by name, and facetiously gave her his best wishes for her happiness



on this honeymoon with a handsome gentleman not her husband. Then he backed out.

"Harold Gates drove her home. He could not be sorry enough for the loss of her jewels. In his own extenuation he reminded her that she had agreed to go out to the Gray Goose with him, which she had—and that when he had suggested their taking a room, she also had agreed to that. About this last Margerie claims to remember nothing.

"The shock of the experience so crumpled Margerie that she had to take to her bed. For four days she lived in an agony of fear and suspense, not knowing what to do, not daring to tell a soul. Last night the blow fell. I wonder, Clifford, if you cannot figure out the rest of Margerie's story for yourself?"

"I imagine it runs something like this, General Thorne: Last night Mrs. Winthrop had a message from the bandit leader to

the effect that she could buy back her jewels at several times their value. If she didn't choose to pay the mentioned price, the bandits would acquaint Mr. Winthrop with the details of a certain scene at the Gray Goose Inn, which information would afford a splendid basis for a divorce-suit to an already jealous and alienated husband."

"Exactly, Clifford. The price that bandit leader asks is a quarter of a million in cash."

"Ransom money for a woman's folly," epitomized Clifford. "General, I've been expecting, and you must have been expecting, just such a new development in the thriving business of the jewel-bandits you've been giving warnings about. The night-clubs, with jewel-laden women going home at all hours and escorted by men not their husbands, offer too obvious and rich an opportunity for clever crooks not to have seen and seized it. If a bandit robs one of these women in the usual stick-up way, he runs the danger of arrest and has to sell his loot to a fence at a fraction of its value. But if he watches his chance and robs the woman when she is in a compromising situation, he is safe from arrest and he can sell the jewels back to their owner at any price he chooses to fix. Banditry plus blackmail—an ideal combination from the bandit's point of view. That idea is good enough to be organized into a big criminal business, and unless I'm wrong, this case of Mrs. Winthrop is no more than a single instance of how this big business is being conducted."

"So I believe myself, and it's a condition I'd like to clean up. But such cases are not reported to the (Continued on page 120)

OWEN JOHNSON has transferred himself and his golf-clubs from the Berkshires to the Riviera, where he will demonstrate the technique that develops on a course where the hazards are lakes, rivers and mountains. He will remain abroad until spring, returning to America in time to receive the present novel in book form damp from the press—and to bring back with him another well under way.

Children of Divorce

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

The Story So Far:

TO Jean Waddington, marriage was something very real, very vital, something about which she must make no mistake. For she had suffered much from those who had looked upon marriage as something casual, who had made mistakes: her father and mother. They had been divorced, Jean's father and mother, when she was a little girl, and each had remarried; and as neither was minded to give her up to the other, she had been brought up in a convent in Italy.

At fourteen Jean had come back to America, and on the boat she had met and liked Ted Larrabee—big, good-humored, sincere and serious-minded then. And Ted too was a child of divorce, for Colonel Larrabee's political enemies had "framed him" with a chorus-girl scandal, and his mother had seized the excuse.

Jean went first to her father—and found her stepmother impossible. And her own mother, now Mrs. Chastaine, had no desire to have her style in flirtation cramped by the presence of an all-but-grown-up daughter. So Jean finished her education in boarding-schools well away from her parents.

It was long before Jean saw Ted Larrabee again, for the war intervened and he enlisted at once with the Canadian forces. And

he had come home a different Ted, eager for relaxation, his serious young ambitions to be a great engineer forgotten. When he proposed to Jean, she put him off: she must make no mistake in her marriage. Other suitors, moreover, especially the attorney Daggett, were usually in evidence. And then—Jean's father died, leaving almost his entire great fortune to her.

Ted helped her nobly through the trying days of her father's illness and death, but when it was all over, he drew away, spent his time with gay companions like Charley Lancaster and Kitty Flanders. Pride held him from appearing as a fortune-hunter; and the responsibilities of wealth preoccupied Jean to an extent. Finally, when Jean tried to reawaken his old ambitions, a break came. "I will never understand that you could love me and say such things!" Jean protested.

Copyright, 1928-27, by The Consolidated Magazines Corporation (The Red Book Magazine). All rights reserved.





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"My dear, if all your countrywomen were as charming as you, there would be too many old maids in France."

IT was about a month after Jean's arrival in Paris that Miss Fingall came to take her on a round of visits in the Faubourg St. Germain, where, back of towering and sculptured doorways which close upon the curiosity of the passer-by, the old unreconciled aristocracies still cling to the memory of former glories.

The stage had long been carefully prepared by the worldly-wise old lady for the first act in one of those comedies of international society of which the world sees nothing but the dénouement. After a visit or two to houses of old tradition and charming interiors, which would mask her real object and not awaken the suspicions of her quarry, she had arranged to bring her protégée to tea at the famous *hôtel* of the Princess de Sfax.

To determine the invitation, it had taken days of careful planning and investigation. For the De Sfaxes possessed one of the few legitimate titles of Prince, carried with it the right to be addressed as Your Highness, and were allied by marriage to the Bourbons and the royal houses of Austria and Sweden.

Despite reverses the family still clung to its feudal domain in Provence, with a *château* that dated from Henry II, a magnificent park and villa on the Riviera, and the great *hôtel* in the Rue de Grenelle with its undepleted treasures of art and history. To maintain at

Ted went his way, which was the way of bad company. Sometime later Jean came to feel that she had been too hasty and that Larrabee was the only man for her. She wrote him to come to her; but when he finally appeared, it was to confess that after a drunken party, on a dare, he had married Kitty Flanders. Already he repented—protested he would have the marriage annulled. But Jean despite her own grief insisted that he keep his bargain. . . .

In search of distraction, Jean went to Paris a year later to visit her cousin the Countess Kittery. And presently that unique personage Miss Fingall, a sort of professional sub rosa matchmaker, saw the possibilities of promoting an alliance between the wealthy Jean Waddington and the so-noble young Prince de Sfax. (*The story continues in detail:*)

least the outward semblance of the style which such a position called for had required miracles of saving and abnegation. Instead of the score of brilliant entertainments which the *Hôtel* de Sfax had seen each year before the Great War, the historic gates, with the bas-relief by Jean Goujons, remained hermetically closed. Once a year—and to do this what prodigies of scrimping and planning had to be performed!—the great courtyard was displayed, the famous gardens were illuminated with many colored lanterns, flunkies swarmed like rats in carefully preserved historic liveries, and all Paris crowded reverently to the most distinguished social event of the season.

The Prince Ludovic was a serious young man of twenty-eight who had inherited the scientific tastes of his late father, author of several books of travel, member of many international

scientific societies. The son had served in the war with distinction and bravery, had won the Médaille Militaire, the Croix de Guerre and was already an officer in the Legion of Honor. Contrary to what might have been expected of him, his bachelor life had not been spent in dissipation. He had not gambled any large sums of money at Monte Carlo or Deauville, or impoverished himself for a coryphée of the opera. He was only known to have one *liaison*, a romance which had begun during the war at the hospital where a Mme. Laleu, a young widow of good bourgeois family and quiet tastes, had nursed him back to life and responded to his awakened love. Some such attachment was of course to be expected, with his youth and temperament. His family were not in ignorance and regarded it without alarm, knowing well that at the proper moment a young man who bore the title of the Prince de Sfax would realize the duty he owed to his name and the sacrifices of his family.

The time had now arrived, as Miss Fingall very well knew, when such an economic necessity could not be long postponed. In the last difficult years the old Princess had been forced to borrow to the sum of many millions of francs. The security was ample, the assets recognizable; back of the art treasures and the great forests and farms was the matrimonial value of the heir. With such a title there could be no difficulty in arranging a match that would clear away all encumbrances and restore the splendor of olden days. Once or twice in the last year the subject had been broached, but the young Prince, in order to gain time, avoiding a flat refusal, had successfully raised certain well-founded objections as to the honorability of the fortune proposed and the personal charm of the young ladies in question.

ON the day before the projected visit of Miss Waddington and Miss Fingall, the old Princess was seated with her brother in the little yellow damask sitting-room which she used when it was advisable to keep closed the great flights of salons in the main building. She was balanced rather stiffly in a high-backed *fauteuil* of the Louis XIII period where Anne of Austria might have sat, a slender distinguished woman with a high-bridged nose, rigid in the severity of the dark gown which had only recently replaced the mourning she had worn in the memory of a son, two nephews and a brother—*morts pour la patrie*. The Princess Angelique, her sister-in-law, a large, dumpy, vacant personality, full of smiling helpfulness, who had renounced marriage and the enjoyment of her personal fortune for the greater glory of the house, was completing a little water-color which could be sold at ten times its value for the benefit of a worthy charity.

"*Eh bien*, Alexis—and your investigation?" the Princess de Sfax was saying at this moment to her brother, the Duke de Gondreville.

"My dear excellent Boucher reports the fortune at fifteen to twenty millions."

"Dollars?"

"Of course."

"That makes three hundred million francs," said the Princess Angelique with a contented air.

"And the family?"

"One of the best in America." The Duke spoke in a cracked, nasal voice, pleased with the importance of the tidings he bore. Thin like his sister, dressed like an old beau of the Second Empire, a loosely drawn spotted black necktie, a broadcloth morning-jacket and voluminous nankin trousers of a liver-colored complexion, he was like a monument commemorating the fashion that passed with the Café des Anglais, the select foyer of the opera, and the salons of Lola Montez and Clara Ward. A man of unapproachable taste in all matters of etiquette, cited as a pattern of conduct, who had never failed after "closing the shop," as the expression was in the old days of aristocratic pleasure, to rise at eleven and take luncheon with his mother. A man of the world and every world.

"There is nothing against the fortune, then?"

"Not the slightest."

"Nor the family?"

"The parents are divorced."

The Princess shrugged her shoulders.

"That was of course to be expected."

"Protestant?" inquired the Princess Angelique, looking up.

"You will convert her, my dear Angelique," said the Duke, laughing. "Not a very difficult operation nowadays."

"Fifteen millions," said the Princess de Sfax meditatively.

"This time Vico must listen to reason. —And the young person?"

"They say she is charming."

"In that case, my dear sister, if I may be permitted to offer some advice, raise one point at a time. Let the young lady do her part in arranging matters."

"I have invited her to tea day after tomorrow."

"Excellent." He stroked his chin reflectively. "By the way, how does the proposition come to us?"

"Miss Fingall—you know her?"

"Who doesn't know her? A little commission, then?"

"But naturally."

Lunch was announced, and the young Prince Ludovic appeared, kissing the hand of his aunt and mother with the same ceremonious respect with which in other days at the entrance of his father he had sprung to his feet. He was slight, not very tall, finely bred in the harmonious proportions of his body, thin wrists and ankles, the slender high-bridged nose of the Gondrevilles and the tawny hair of the De Sfaxes, rising in a stiff cropped obstinate surge from a thoughtful open forehead and defining the firm compression of the rather full lips by a faint mustache twisted into points. The eyes were of a clear gray, feline in suggestion, direct, willful, and with a suggestion of a slumbering tempest. The voice was rather high-pitched, the bearing military; in dress he affected the English.

"My son," said the Princess when the coffee had announced the moment for a serious discussion, "you will give me the pleasure of taking tea with me on Friday afternoon at six o'clock."

He glanced from his mother to the serious face of his uncle and the telltale smile of the Princess Angelique. A family council.

"Well, who is it this time?" he said impatiently.

The Princess de Sfax appealed mutely to her brother, who began with a light diplomacy:

"My dear nephew, it is no question of marrying you off tomorrow, but you will admit that the question of your marriage is one of legitimate concern to your family?"

The young nobleman was silent a moment, playing with his cup. Then he raised eyes full of reproach to his mother.

"*Voyons, ma mère*, is this all the affection you have for me? I am only twenty-eight; I have done five years of war. Haven't I the right to a little time of freedom? Is it so unreasonable for me to wish to wait until I am thirty?"

"And have you stopped to think that your mother and your aunt, my dear nephew, have done fifteen years of privations to maintain you where you are today?" said the Duke de Gondreville sharply. But instantly relaxing into a smile he added: "To consider the possibilities of a proper marriage for you is not to shut you up immediately in a monastery."

"You admit that it is only just that you should marry early, Ludovic?"

AT the gentleness of his mother's query, he flushed slightly. "*Pardon, ma mère*, I do know all you have gone through." Reflecting that the impatience into which he had been betrayed was a tactical blunder, he controlled himself and added quietly: "Yes, of course, I know what is expected of me. Only I have certain well-defined ideas on the subject."

"*Bien—très bien!* And what are those ideas?"

"My dear uncle," said the Prince Ludovic, looking at him with slightly dissimulated irony, "you will admit that I am not a *farceur*, that I have contented myself with a reasonable income and that I have no intention to seek in marriage the opportunity of throwing my money out of the window."

"*Va ton train, mon ami*, say what you have to say," responded the old Duke, smiling.

"I have no intention, then, when I marry, of dissipating a fortune or taking on a dozen mistresses—*pardon, ma tante!* And"—here he laid a forefinger authoritatively on the table—"and I have no intention of marrying a person who is likely to make my name a source of scandal all over Paris, like Edmond and Carolus and twenty others."

"But my dear boy, I approve—"

"You may approve, my dear mother, but I must be the judge. I am not a Count Fackstone or a Baron Grenaldi. I am the Prince de Sfax, and when a Prince de Sfax marries, he has a right to everything."

"Such as—"

"In the first place, no question as to the honorability of the fortune."

"Agreed."

"In the matter of family, no vulgar *parvenues*. I want not simply a fortune, but a fortune and a wife—a wife that I can respect and live with."



Jean knew now that the Prince Ludovic would declare himself. . . . She awaited his declaration without emotion.

"He is right," exclaimed the Princess Angelique, who was incurably sentimental.

"Angelique! Don't interrupt," said the Duke with a shrug of his shoulders.

"In the matter of health—"

"She must be as sound as a horse," exclaimed the Duke, interrupting with a laugh.

"Exactly. I want my children to be strong, healthy and sane."

"My dear son, you can trust me, your mother, I hope, to consider her grandchildren," interposed the Princess.

"I want a wife that I can see with pleasure, that I can present with a feeling of pride, that I don't need to apologize for, that it is easy to remain faithful to. I don't want anyone with beetle brows, or a hair-lip, or a squint, or who is ignorant or a bore or a gawk, or has a dowdy awkward figure. I want my wife charming, graceful, distinguished, intelligent, with high standards of conduct, religious principles and personal dignity."

"In other words, he wants the moon!" exclaimed the Duke de Gondreville, who understood perfectly well that his nephew had been describing Mme. Laleu.

The young prince, deceived by the exclamation, interpreted it to mean that the person in the shadows was open to some of his

objections. Consequently, with a feeling of security, he smiled his really charming smile, and remarked:

"And I shall find her, my dear uncle, without having to make a trip to the moon—only it takes time, it takes time."

"You realize, of course, *mon fils*, that the first essential is the question of the fortune."

A shadow passed over his face.

"I realize it only too well."

"A very great fortune—and that the only way we can proceed is by examining what fortunes are eligible."

"Naturally. So the young lady is a great heiress?"

"Twenty to thirty million francs—a year," said the Duke with a lingering hiatus. "Where will you find that in France, in your own position in life?"

"An American, then?"

"Yes."

"You have seen her?"

"We haven't seen her yet."

More and more reassured, determined to play out his part of a willing but exigent Benedict, the Prince resumed:

"I warn you on the subject of Americans. I am very difficult. I am afraid of them. The young girls know more than our mar-

ried women, and when they marry here, the devil is the best man. Well, well, I'll look over your little American Friday at six. Are you satisfied with me now, Mother?"

He took her hand and looked down into her eyes with the smile of a mischievous boy secure in the agility of his imagination.

"*Merci, mon fils.*"

"Only if she is the type we know only too well—cigarette-smoking, slangy, or if she has a disagreeable voice, or any one of a hundred things, don't go any farther."

"You shall look her over," said the Princess quietly.

"And you'll do nothing unless I give you the signal," stipulated the young man.

"Agreed! But you in your turn will be honest, my son!"

"Oh, I give you my word," said the Prince, who didn't like Americans.

In all this discussion there was not of course the slightest question of the intentions of the lady under discussion.

"What is she like, at least?" asked the Duke de Gondreville when they were alone.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"She will have to be a paragon to pass the test."

"Ludovic will be very willful," said the old Princess. "All that he has said was simply to gain time."

"He is something of a diplomat."

"That affair with Mme. Laleu still keeps up?" inquired the Princess.

"Always."

AT precisely six o'clock on the appointed afternoon the elegant limousine of the Countess Kittery brought Miss Fingall and Jean to the Hôtel de Sfax in the quiet unchanging Rue de Grenelle. Between the two an agreeable intimacy had developed. That Miss Fingall had serious designs of marrying her off in a brilliant match Jean was amusedly aware, though she was far from ascribing to it any other motive than the sentimental proclivity toward match-making characteristic of elderly unmarried women. Miss Fingall had set out to win her interest and confidence with as much assiduity as a determined lover versed in worldly knowledge might have displayed. Under her protection the young girl had been able to penetrate into homes seldom open to a foreigner, homes richly stored with family traditions, where all the incomparably dramatic history of France unfolded itself to her curiosity.

Miss Fingall knew to her finger-tips the legends, the scandals and the romances of each family, and only when she was satisfied



with the effect on her imagination of this colorful procession of historic figures, did she bring her to her destination with a sure, dramatic sense of her climax.

The outer gates were shut; but when the footman had announced their names, they swung open and closed behind the car. Miss Fingall, who understood the signal honor thus accorded, smiled contentedly. She noted everything—the two footmen in livery at the gates, the four footmen and the major-domo in the anteroom; and knowing the ordinary economy of the household, approved with a little malicious enjoyment the feminine imagination which had prepared the scene.

"Don't forget to curtsy to the Princess, my dear," she said hastily before they descended. "She is a great stickler on eti-



"He is unhappy. He still loves me." Two thoughts, filling her being with terror and a swift cruel ecstasy.

Jean curtsied in turn, feeling suddenly awkward and out of breath, as she had remembered being at the school commencement when she had been called to the stage.

She felt the room held a thousand eyes, and yet only three persons were in it: the Princess Angelique, who greeted her kindly, and the Duke de Gondreville, who complimented her formally on her French. Why were they watching her so intently? Did they think Americans were a species of savage? Being ill at ease, she sat down on a sofa, folded her hands in her lap, and became interested in the family portraits.

The Princess de Sfax, having finished the ceremonial round of inquiries with Miss Fingall, turned in her direction.

"May I offer you a cup of tea?"

"Two lumps, and cream—yes, thanks," Jean said hastily, wondering if she had transgressed etiquette.

The Princess Angelique had retired to her embroidery. The Duke was watching her across his cigarette.

"This is not your first visit to us, surely?"

"I passed through here as a child, a few days only."

She was conscious of a mistake in grammar and shifted uneasily. Miss Fingall came to the rescue.

"Mademoiselle was at the Santissima Annunciata in Florence."

"Really? Very interesting. Then you speak Italian?"

"A little, madame, but I've forgotten a great deal."

"You are staying here with the Countess Kittery?"

"Yes, madame."

"She is your cousin, I believe Miss Fingall told me."

"My cousin, yes."

Stretches and stretches of such conversation with an occasional interlude by the Duke. Jean could not explain it to herself, this

quette. Notice the panels by Tiepolo in the hall. They are remarkably fine."

They were ushered down a long corridor, past dim suits of armor, and announced.

"Mlle. Fingall, Mlle. Waddington."

A vast long room stretching toward French windows and a flash of green garden beyond, a ceiling that was lost in the high obscurity, a great thousand-pointed crystal luster impending in a prevailing atmosphere of red and gold. Miss Fingall was ahead curtseying to a tall, gaunt lady who was looking at Jean with a sharp intentness.

"Votre Altesse, permit me to present my young friend Mlle. Waddington."

A consultation with great difference of opinion, but Monsieur's authority prevailing.

sudden ill-ease and diffidence. She felt that she was being invited to talk, to display herself, and feeling this, closed up like an oyster.

"What a gawk I am making of myself! Why are they so stiff? There are so many interesting things I should like to ask about."

The doors opened, and the Prince Ludovic came in.

"At last some one young I can talk to," she thought, watching with approval the ease of his entrance. She was interested in the punctilious way in which he kissed his mother's hand. It struck her as incongruous at first, and then she rather liked it. He stood opposite her, bowing, saying in excellent English:

"Mademoiselle, it is a pleasure to meet you."

But the look belied the words. What occasioned it? He looked at her, and she saw that he was surprised. Why this sudden feeling of hostility? She had hoped that he would remain by her, but instead he passed over to his uncle, shook hands, and lighting a cigarette, went to the great fireplace opposite, leaned one arm on the mantel, and studied her as he smoked.

The Princess de Sfax exchanged looks with her brother, and resumed the stilted conversation. If anything, the fog of formality settled down heavier and chillier than ever. There was a feeling of something suspended in the air.

"You are going out a great deal?"

"Oh, yes, a great deal."

"Paris is very gay—in the foreign quarter. We find it much changed."

A pause. The Princess glanced at her son and continued: "You must see the provinces. There are many interesting things to be seen in the provinces. There are still a few bits of old France that are hidden away."

"I am very anxious to go into the château district."

"You must see Aix and Carcassonne and the Basque country."

And so on. The young Prince at the fireplace meanwhile was lightly examining her, much as he would have studied the points of a finely bred hunter to add to his stable. He felt with a sense of irritation that he had been tricked. This was not at all the young American girl as he had hoped to see her. Distinguished, a gentle lady, bearing herself with dignity in an awkward moment, saying neither too little nor too much. Physically undeniably attractive, insidiously feminine, a charm felt at once—possibilities of a brilliant figure. What could he find to object to? What valid excuse could he form to his mother's inquiries? The stern look of his uncle rested upon him, the furtive, sentimental appeal of Aunt Angelique already won over, his mother's imperious interrogation. After all, Americans chose for themselves, could

not be delivered as young girls of his own race. The decision would lie between him and her. Possibilities there of evasion. She too had a right to demand everything.

Again a pause in the conversation. Again the unspoken command from his uncle. He caught his mother's expression of impatience, even amazement. He frowned, shrugged his shoulders. He met his mother's inquiry, gave an abrupt nod of approval. Then flinging away his cigarette, he went to the window and stood staring out gloomily.

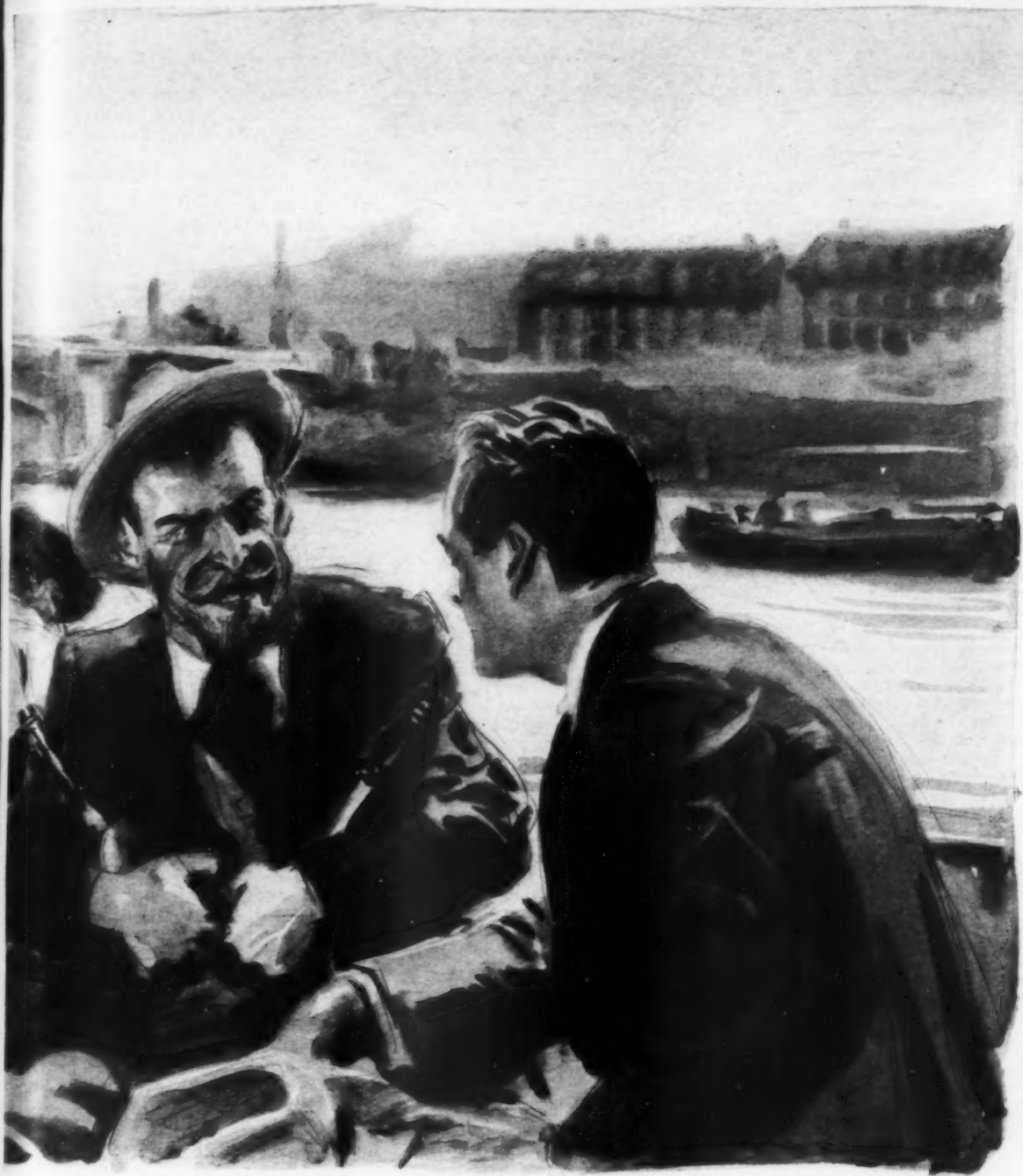
At once the atmosphere cleared. As if by magic out came the sun amid a sudden loosened babbling of voices. Mme. the Princess de Sfax came over to the sofa on which Miss Waddington had been marooned, and taking her hand with the graciousness that only a great lady could command, said:

"My dear, if all your countrywomen were as charming as you, there would be too many old maids in France. I hope we are going to be great friends."

And the Duke:

"What a portrait Zuloaga would make of her! Mlle. Fingall,





absolutely, you must see that she is painted by Zuloaga—only Zuloaga can do justice to her eyes."

Chapter Twenty-eight

"AND where have you been today?" said the Countess Kittery, coming into Jean's room as she was dressing for dinner.

"Bettina, I have had the most wonderful experience in my life," she replied, all excitement. "I've spent two hours with the Princess de Sfax! My dear, it's like Versailles, Blois! I never knew such magnificence existed, such treasures! My head aches when I think what I have seen!"

"Two hours," said Bettina reflectively. "What a success!"

"I think they liked me. They were so cordial. We stayed on and on, but they wouldn't let me go. The Duke de Gondreville—he was there too—told me the most extraordinary stories about the place. Fancy sitting in the little salon where Marie Antoinette used to come to escape from the Court. Think of touching

the dinner-service that François I presented to the old Con-nétable. And such paintings and tapestries and furniture! I never dreamed of anything so royal!"

"And the young Prince?"

"Oh, he was there too. Only he looked like a bored child."

"Really? He is considered very distinguished."

"Yes, he is that. Very much of the grand air."

"So you liked him?"

"He hardly said ten words to me."

"You astonish me!"

Jean stopped and looked at her cousin suspiciously.

"What are you thinking?"

Bettina burst out laughing.

"My dear, why do you suppose Miss Fingall took you there?"

"She has taken me to dozens of houses."

"Princess de Sfax! I shall have to begin to practice my curtsy." The action suited the word.

"What nonsense you are talking!" exclaimed Jean, flushing. "The Prince never looked at me twice."

"Are you sure? My conviction is that he looked you over a great many times. Really, Jean, you are an innocent! The Duke de Gondreville, and the Princess Angelique too! Why do you suppose you were invited to meet the family?"

Jean sat down, struck all in a heap. Presently she burst out laughing as she remembered the stilted chilliness of the first moments.

"No, it never occurred to me! That explains a great deal."

"My dear, you are too modest! Well, well—Princess de Sfax! Not so bad! There are a great many women I know would go up those steps on their hands and knees just to have the door opened for them."

"How amusing!"

Jean laughed, but it was only to cover her confusion. Quite a shock, but not at all a disagreeable one—rather thrilling.

"So that's the way it's done!"

"They do things thoroughly over here," continued Bettina, watching her curiously. "Before they even consented to receive you, you may be sure you were thoroughly investigated, family history and family fortune. Tomorrow they will leave cards. In a week you will be invited to dinner—Hugh and I, naturally, a very grand affair. There will be more investigations. I foresee many conversations between the old Princess and myself. Then if everything is satisfactory, I shall be sounded out as to your intentions. Later I shall receive a formal demand for the hand of my cousin."

"Bettina, you're as inveterate a matchmaker as Miss Fingall! There is only one trouble with your beautiful theories."

"What's that?"

"The Prince is not in the least interested in me."

"The Prince? What has he got to do with it?"

"But I tell you he was positively indifferent!"

The Countess Kittery understood perfectly well the reason for this indifference, but she kept her knowledge to herself. Jean was still hopelessly mid-Victorian, with a curious ignorance of the world.

"My dear Jean, the Prince will do exactly as his family decides for him—family reasons, family necessities. The Prince de Sfax must have a fortune, but it is too great a name to be bartered for a vulgar upstart. You are too modest," she continued more seriously. "I can well understand the enthusiasm of the mother. You have the breeding and the charm and a number of other things which I'm not going to embarrass you by detailing. Well, we are not exactly annoyed, are we? Rather a little flattered?"

"Rather." Jean smiled an enigmatical smile, looking down at the floor. Then she jumped up, still avoiding the direct look.

"However, I am not taking you too seriously."

"We shall see what we shall see!"

No, she was not at all annoyed. She smiled to herself, thrilled, pleasantly excited. A little feeling of pique, too, at the indifference of the young Prince.

"Amusing, if it is really so," she summed up to herself.

Chapter Twenty-nine

A WEEK later, as the Countess Kittery had prophesied, they drove off to dinner at the Hôtel de Sfax. When they arrived, the doors of the great salons were open on a flood of lights. They passed through a procession of lackeys into the great room among arriving guests.

"And here is my charming little American friend," exclaimed the Princess de Sfax when Jean came in. She was standing under the blaze of the great chandelier, a striking figure in black and white amid the brilliant evening décolleté of her friends.

"So glad you could come, my dear." She nodded brightly to Bettina and her husband. "Your lovely cousin has quite won our hearts, which of course doesn't surprise you." She looked Jean over with satisfaction, noting the modesty of her evening gown, and the one string of lovely pearls, and with her hand still held in hers, presented her.

Jean heard dimly, "Son Altesse, la Princesse de Bourbon, le Prince de Bourbon, Son Altesse le Duc de Vendome, Madame la Duchesse de Rochefoucauld," curtsying as she had been instructed, a little intimidated at the rolling sounds of these great names. The ladies, blazing with such jewels as she had never seen, looked at her with open curiosity, here and there a smile, a look of understanding. The men, charmed with her youth, her poise and the loveliness in her eyes, complimented her with a frank enthusiasm that kept her continuously blushing, not at all to her disadvantage. The Princess Angelique embraced her af-

fectionately. The Duke de Gondreville displayed her with already a feeling of pride.

The Prince Ludovic came toward her at last. Ceremonious bow, heels together, slight inclination of the head, encased in stiff formality. "Mademoiselle, I hope you will accord me the honor to take you out to dinner."

"With pleasure, Prince," she said, smiling at the obstinacy of his reserve, thinking: "He might at least look at me as though he approved. Other men do. Why is he so impersonal?"

The doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and the Duke de Vendome, who according to etiquette was the head of the house in which he visited, presently perceived the fact and led the way, giving his arm ceremoniously to the old Princess. Jean slipped her hand under the proffered arm and followed, her mind turning irreverently to flippancy as she caught the glance of Bettina maliciously following them.

"Prince and Princess de Sfax!"

Her hand on his arm, noting the frigid solemnity of his expression, she was thinking:

"Suppose it should come about? Surely if this were my future, I would have some premonition, wouldn't I? If you shiver when some one walks across your grave, there certainly ought to be a thrill when you go out arm in arm with the man you are destined to marry. What an absurd thought! Still, rather amusing. I wonder if he would have to obey, if Mother decides I'll do! Poor Prince!"

SHE tried to imagine herself in such surroundings. Would it bore her? Did they ever relax? Or did they parade solemnly through life as they paraded into the great dining-room with the hundreds of waving candle-flames, its battalion of powdered lackeys perfectly drilled, the historic silver on the long table shining among the glass, the curiously twined golden cupids and nymphs, and behind from the walls, the full-length portraits of ancestral knights in armor and ladies in gorgeous brocades? Rather impressive. She remembered certain great houses in America, new magnificences, freshly varnished. Impressive this, no imitation here! A whole history in display.

Her flippant mood passed as her imagination was stirred. They sat down sixty-odd, but almost immediately the conversation broke up into four or five groups, the discussion leaping across the table, seasoned with a brilliant *bon-mot* or felicitous anecdote. They discussed art and human nature, never too seriously to provoke animosities, lightly, gracefully, with the Gallic love of discussion as a mental exercise. The Prince Ludovic at her side sustained his part of the general conversation, making his points with good taste, retiring agilely behind a humorous retort, when the discussion threatened to arouse too many prejudices.

"He's not stupid—not at all stupid," she thought, listening. "Ideas of his own, and knows how to express them. I wonder if he is dissipated. He doesn't look so."

Physically he pleased her. She liked the cut of his features, strongly masculine, and the high nervous pitch of his voice, full of enthusiasm, at times ironic, obstinate, rising into sudden bursts of malicious humor that was rather infectious. His eyes in the rare moments she had met them were steady and candid. He did not have the Latin insinuations of feminine grace that she liked but distrusted in the men who paid her court. He had even, she thought, slight understanding of her sex, indifference perhaps. Authority, decision, ambition. Likable, inspiring respect. His very indifference to her attracted her and unconsciously threw her a little off her guard. Yet this indifference was never to the point of neglect. His manner was one of deference and punctilious attention. It was in the eyes that she felt opposition, even a certain hostility.

"Can you follow the discussion, mademoiselle?" he asked politely at the proper moment.

"You talk dreadfully fast, and there are certain idioms—but my French is good enough."

"He is wondering how to talk to me," she thought, smiling to herself. Then seeing that he had detected the amusement in her eyes, and was looking at her rather puzzled, she said: "You haven't met many American girls, have you?"

"Why that question?"

"You were wondering how to treat us, weren't you?" she retorted, to tease him. "Now, if it were a *jeune fille Française*?"

"Ah, the *jeune fille Française*!" He shrugged his shoulders. "The subjects are very limited. We discuss the theater, the classics of course, the répertoire of the Française, and not all of that. The salon pictures are very safe. But the young girl here is getting a little out of hand."



He stopped and flung open his arms. "What a life!" he exclaimed. "Ted," she asked, "why don't you divorce?"

"That's our fault, isn't it?"

"Oh, times, conditions—"

She had an unreasoning desire to shock him.

"If you are very nice to a French girl, she thinks you want to marry her, doesn't she?" she asked innocently.

"What?" He was manifestly startled. "Oh, yes, that is a danger."

"Then that is the difference," she continued. "No American girl would ever make that mistake."

He looked at her intently, and she stood the question in his eyes with a steady look in which the raillery was evident.

"Is this a lesson, mademoiselle?"

She raised her eyebrows.

"You are quick. What did you imagine I was going to be like?" she added maliciously.

"I think you are making fun of me."

"Not much sense of humor," she thought. "A little like Hugh. Perhaps husbands without a sense of humor are safer. I shall have to consult Bettina." Aloud: "Of course I am. You looked so disappointed the first time you met me!"

This was so true that he looked startled.

"What did you expect?" As he remained at a loss, she continued: "I'll tell you. You expected a large, athletic person smoking a cigarette, hair bobbed like a Zulu, very leggy."

"Pardon—"

"Showing lots of leg, noisy, talking incomprehensible slang and laughing in shrieks. Confess?"

He began to smile.

"Good, I have made him talk seriously to me, and I have made him smile," she thought, delighted. "What a triumph! How nicely we would get on if I could assure him he was in no danger. But I don't think I quite dare do that."

Aloud she resumed: "Still, at the bottom you do think we are dreadfully emancipated."

"I am brought up in old-fashioned ways."

"Don't be polite. I like to differ with people." She felt again the return of his old aloofness and, determined not to let him escape her,—Bettina was watching them,—said: "We believe that a woman is best prepared for the world if she knows what she is dealing with."

"There is a certain charm to us in their not knowing too much."

"A woman must know how to protect herself."

"But doesn't she lose something—the impulse of the man to protect her? There is a touch of chivalry in that feeling, mademoiselle."

"I must not let him know I agree with him," she thought. "Possibly, but with us I think women are looking forward more to intelligent companionship than to be blindly admired. Bettina, my cousin Countess Kittery, says the age of romance is past, because men are no longer so important in a woman's life."

"That has a strange sound to me. Do you believe that?"

"Yes." She spoke to convince herself. "I think so."

"A question of temperament, of different races. It is not a Latin doctrine."

"But which brings the surer happiness?"

He reflected a moment, his eyes clouding.

"I think in this world we always pay for what we get. But our romance is part of our time for being young. It is well worth the price—yes, any price."

He said it with an accent of real feeling that left her thoughtful, stirred in her memories, aroused to a genuine sympathy.

Before they could continue, the dinner was at an end, and he was offering her his arm ceremoniously.

"There is something genuine about him," she thought. Other thoughts were in her mind, sober speculations, even a beginning of interest in the situation, which had not before appealed to her seriously. "After all, it is not impossible, not as impossible as I believed. I really am beginning to wonder."

The Princess de Sfax called to her when the men had again retired. "What were you two discussing so seriously?" she asked with an encouraging smile.

"I was defending the American girl."

"But you are not at all like an American."

"Oh, but I am," she insisted, smiling into the eyes of a great lady who had joined the group, a very brilliant personage who had had at least a dozen lovers, who thoroughly enjoyed and showed her enjoyment at Miss Waddington's disquisition on the American girl's knowledge of life as a preparation for marriage. Somewhat startled, the confident little American girl would have been, if she had realized all that her audience had passed through in experience! The very naiveté of her attitude disarmed them. They smiled to themselves, but they liked her air of candor and the innocence which showed through everything she said. All took the situation for granted. The Princess de Sfax received as her due many compliments more or less sincere. But when the men returned, despite the pointed glance of his mother, Prince Ludovic remained only at Miss Waddington's side the short interval that strict courtesy demanded.

WHEN the automobiles had rolled away at midnight, and the supplementary footmen had departed after returning their liveries, the Princess de Sfax said:

"Wait a moment, Ludovic, I want to speak to you."

He turned unwillingly.

"I am a little tired tonight. I'd prefer—"

She gave him an imperious signal, and nodded to her brother to remain.

"Well, Angelique, how did you like her?"

"I thought her absolutely adorable."

"And you?"

"I should like to be thirty myself."

"And you, Ludovic?"

The others watched him.

"My dear mother," he said instantly, "I find Mlle. Waddington very distinguished."

"Charm?"

"A great deal of charm."

"Intelligent?"

"She is quite intelligent. She has good manners—excellent. She is very beautiful. Is there anything more you wish me to concede?"

"You have nothing to say against her?"

"Nothing."

"A la bonne heure!"

"Except that I don't intend to marry her."

"What!"

"I have no intention of marrying her."

"Your reasons?"

"I have given them. I wish to keep my liberty until I am thirty."

The Duke de Gondreville, who had been making ineffectual signs to his sister, interrupted:

"Voyons, ma sœur, leave things as they are. We haven't reached a crisis yet. Vico has answered you honestly. And the young lady hasn't signified her pleasure yet. *Dame!* At his age I felt the same. Marriage—a catastrophe, a prison! He must be given time to accustom himself to the idea."

The Princess de Sfax, ignoring her brother's signals, answered firmly: "I have made up my mind! Ludovic shall marry Miss Waddington."

"I am sorry, *ma mère*, to oppose you in anything, but I tell you just as firmly, I shall not marry Miss Waddington, or anyone else, at present."

"Angelique, you are tired—if you would like to retire," said the old Princess, dismissing her sister with a gesture.

The old Duke, who understood that his sister in her anger was about to commit the indiscretion of discussing Mme. Laleu, took her by the arm and drew her aside.

"My dear sister, where is your good sense? If you drive him into a temper, the boy is capable of anything. Let me deal with the situation. Believe me, it requires tact, a great deal of tact. Let me talk to him. *Va te coucher*. . . . Leave us alone."

"Ludovic, you will stay and listen to what your uncle has to say to you!"

She gave her son her hand. He took it and raised it respectfully to his lips. She swept out of the room.

Chapter Thirty

"*ALLONS*, Vico," said the Duke, smiling affably. "Light a cigarette and let's be done with tragic attitudes. Use a little tact with your mother, and perhaps in the end everyone can be satisfied."

"*Mon oncle*," said the young man, looking at him with his feline eyes, which were now dilated with an extraordinary emotion, "I am not at all ignorant that you have exactly the same intentions as my mother."

"Will you talk this over calmly as men of the world? *Allons!* Stop pacing the floor. Sit down. Relax."

The Prince de Sfax, without listening, burst out:

"You know very well why I won't marry!"

"Naturally. I'm not a fool. You love a certain Mme. Laleu."

"I love her, blindly, desperately! I love her so that if she would consent—mark you, if she would consent—I would marry her tomorrow!"

"You realize the seriousness of your words?"

"Perfectly."

The Duke de Gondreville emitted a long whistle. "Here is a young man capable of anything, a real *exalté*," he thought. Aloud: "The situation is very grave. Let's talk it over."

"There is nothing to talk over. In return for my sacrifice, I want two years, only two years; but those two years I am determined to have."

"Vico, you are incapable of a falsehood. Answer me this: At the end of two years, what then? Is this just to gain time? Will you consent then, or raise new objections?"

His nephew did not answer immediately, still a prey to his agitation. At length he said in a low voice:

"At thirty I shall marry. I have given my word to some one else."

The Duke de Gondreville looked up quickly.

"To Mme. Laleu?"

The Prince Ludovic threw himself down in a chair and twisted his fingers together.

"Ah, you don't know her—you can't imagine the fineness of her character, her sense of duty, her unselfishness. You think she would harm me? You fear her?"

"I don't fear her, no."

"If you knew! The soul of honor—she has sacrificed everything for me! I gave her a promise to marry at thirty. I had to, or she would never have seen me again. When you have the happiness to be loved by a woman like that, a woman you would be proud to call your wife—what you can't understand, that—when you love as I love—two years, what is two years—" He spoke incoherently, fighting against his emotion, his eyes filled with tears. "She has never been willing to take a cent from me, never! She is thinking only of my future; a dozen times, twenty times, she has discussed my duty to my family—"

"She too, Vico!"

"I tell you it is agreed—my word is given! In two years! We know, we both know what must (Continued on page 102)

Of his own accord the
"rajah of love" came
over to me on the
"set" today.

Illustrated by
Edward Ryan



"I Think I'll Get Married"

By
Virginia
Dale

One rejoices to learn that the makers of motion pictures have a saving sense of humor toward certain aspects of that art-industry. Several producing organizations have become interested in these tales of Escanaba's dumbest Dora who seeks to be a super-vamp, and shortly after the completion of the series here they will be translated to the screen.

OCT. 9: It hardly seems possible that I am still in Hollywood and have not become the screen's most foremost vamp. The only comfort I have in it all is that it is not my fault. I am simply not the kind of a girl which would "pay the price." I have decided it would be better to end it all by getting married to a man star and give up my career for his sake. I have read where a lot of men's star's wives say two careers cannot be in the same family. So if I should meet a man star and get acquainted and he should propose honorable marriage, I would say "yes" and let Avery back in Escanaba forget me if he can. The star's wives like Mildred Davis all seem to have a perfectly lovely time with their picture in the paper as their husband's pal and they are always giving parties for their kiddies. So I think that if a girl like me will simply not "pay the price" she had better give up her career and end it all by marrying and being a pal.

But in the meantime the studios are very dull, that is for a girl like me. Everywhere there is no work. I just have to buy some clothes. It seems that extra people in Hollywood very often have to do something else besides act while they are getting a chance to. I do not suppose it would be hard for me to get a position in some hardware dep't. such as I had in Escanaba when I was a small town girl myself. But I would certainly not get much of a thrill over selling aluminum after all I have been through. Still and all something must be done as I do not want to go home and anyway I have no money. And anyway everyone in Escanaba knows by now I came out here on a career and it would be horrid to go back without it. There are some people like that Millie Strong who would never believe I could of had a career if I had not been so cold and haughty with all men. So it is just a question whether I will marry some man star or get some kind of a position until the studios are busy.

OCT. 10: Well as the saying is, everything comes to her which

waits. Only yesterday I was writing in this diary how I had about decided to marry a man star and today when I asked at the Super Zenith for work if they didn't put me in a Philip Phillips picture! It just goes to show! It was a cabaret scene I was in and I was very thrilled. Not because of the cabaret scene, because there is no extra girl in Hollywood which would be any more thrilled in being in a cabaret scene than Tom Mix would be to ride a horse in a merry-go-round. But I was excited because it was for a Phillips picture and he is known as the "rajah of love" to all the world, and it seems like a sign or something after me just writing yesterday how I was willing to give up my career and marry a man star and be his pal. If I had of been put in a Gloria Swanson picture I would not of taken it as a sign.

I hope very much that Philip Phillips will relize immediately I am not the kind of a girl which would listen to anything but honorable marriage. I have to laugh when I think of how less than a year ago I was thrilled at thinking I might marry Avery in Escanaba. Like my mother always says, "there is nothing like traveling to make a person broader." Extra girls very often marry man stars or even directors out here. Alice Terry did. Of course I have noticed that man stars do not have their wives in their pictures like directors do. But I am willing to give up my career and be a wife and pal. I guess when I am married it will give Millie and all the girls a surprise. I only hope Avery will not turn to Millie in desperation. But I cannot marry two

men and anyone would tell me I was downright foolish to marry Avery when Philip Phillips asks me.

He did not seem to notice me today and I must say I was very surprised at the impolite way the director talked to him. We were merely rehearsing and no "shooting" was done, as we say in the profession, which has nothing to do with murders as the mere lamen might think but means taking the picture. I have never seen Philip Phillips before except on the screen of course. But one thing I will tell him after wards and that is that he must demand everyone treat him with more respect. V. W. Biffith, the director, was perfectly terrible to him today saying, "All right Percy" or "Clarence" or any other name he could think of. But Mr. P. was just dignified and I suppose he considered it beneath him. But it is easy to see how much help a wife and pal might be to him.

Oct. 11: I simply cannot understand how Philip Phillips puts up with having so little respect. I just watched him all day. We still did not do any "shooting" and he was just as patient as he could be, walking and standing around where this impolite Biffith told him to for testing the lights or something and so fourth. All I can figure out about it all is that probably this director must be in love with a girl which prefers Philip Phillips like what happened in a picture I saw once at the Bijou Rose called "Love's Blindness." In this picture the man which was not preferred did everything in his power to make things unpleasant for the preferred gentleman who bore everything in silence. So that is what I've figured out but I hope it is not so for it would be very inconvenient for me, with what I have planned for us, if Mr. P. was in love with another girl.

I guess there is no doubt that he is the one "man in the world for me" as the saying is. For I have been so unhappy about the way he is treated it has taken me all this time to write about the talk I had with him today. He is not very bright but very interesting, maybe because one knows he is the "rajah of love." I just had to keep reminding myself how thrilled the girls back home would be if they were in my place, but I must say that Avery is a lot more fun. But I could tell at once that what Mr. P. needs is a wife and pal. I told him today I thought it was dreadful the way he was treated on the "set," and he said, "Oh,

well, I get my dough just the same so what do I care?" It was hard to remember he was the "rajah of love" but perhaps he was merely joking. Then he walked away. Tomorrow if he shows the same interest in me I may ask him to call and I certainly hope Mrs. Moppie who is my landlady will not think there is anything wrong "between" us if I ask her for the use of the parlor. Well I just cannot help it if she has one of those kinds of minds and when we are married she will sing another tune and will probably tell it all over that the great Philip Phillips wooed and won a young girl from her parlor. I am thankful to say we extras for the cabaret are all working tomorrow again.

Well it certainly does all look like fate. I have never worked with any director which does as much rehearsing and is so fussy about lights as Mr. Biffith. But I should worry as long as I get my seven (\$7.00) a day. Well now if that does not sound like as though I was already under the influents of Philip Phillips! I declare it is almost the very same words he said. But I would never be under the influents of any man until I knew he had honorable intensions for me. I am not that kind of a girl that is all.

Oct. 12: Of his own accord the "rajah of love" came over to me on the "set" today which certainly shows he is interested in me. I am very thrilled especially when I think how it would thrill Millie Strong. And he is having a date with me tomorrow night! When I told Mrs. Moppie she gave me a queer look and said "Are you sure it isn't John Barrymore?" I merely gave her a cold haity look and said that I certainly knew the difference between Mr. Phillips and Mr. Barrymore. I would never be interested in Mr. Barrymore having heard he goes to dinners without his full dress clothes. Mr. P. is not like that though I must say he looks very different than on the screen not having such soleful eyes "in person." But my friends and Avery need never know this. I suppose poor Avery will feel very bad when he hears I have become the bride of the "rajah of love." But honorable marriage with a man star in Hollywood is something any girl would do if she had the chance. Of course Avery has wanted to be married to me for quite a while but somehow marriage is very common in Escanaba. It seems as if anyone can get married there which does not seem to be the case in Hollywood especially with a man star.

So I do not think I should be blamed and will always remember Avery kindly.

I certainly wish I had a new dress to wear tomorrow night. But I just have to pay something on my room rent out of some of the money I am making from Mr. Phillips picture, especially if he is going to have dates with me regularly. I will have to be having the parlor as I am not the kind of a girl which would invite him up to my room. Anyway Mrs. Moppie would not let me. She always thinks the worst having been in the "profession" herself. Once she acted a bit on one of the "lots" and she is always talking about how everyone said she was a marvellous "type." I have never told her they were joking for what would be the use when I owe her over \$27 (twenty-seven) dollars rent?

But I certainly wish I had a new dress. I need a lot of things and after these cabaret scenes are made I do not know of any other studio which will need me and even a girl playing "atmosphere" like me must have clothes. But I suppose I will be laughing at these times after I am the wife and pal of Philip Phillips, the "rajah of love."

Oct. 13: Oh diary, when I saw this date I knew what "unlucky 13" means as the saying is. I do not think any girl in Hollywood has been decieved by wicked



I would never give him any encouragement, for what future has a man in the pies?



The director, Mr. Biffith, was perfectly terrible to him. But Mr. P. was just dignified.

men as much as me. That was not the real "rajah of love" at all! He is merely his unphotographed double. He stands where he is told to just to see if the lights and so fourth are right and he has merely the coloring and the same size as the great Philip Phillips. They "shot" the scenes with us cabaret "extras" today and when everything was ready the real Philip Phillips came on the set and screens were put around him as he cannot make love with anyone watching only except the director. He walked right past me and if this terrible other person (which I always suspected) ever thought for a minute he could fool me he must of been crazy. I have just told Mrs. Moppie to say I am not at home when he comes as he and his ilk should be taught a lesson for taking advantage of innocent girls like me. Anyway I am afraid I might forget I am a lady and tell him what I think of he and his ilk.

Later: That terrible person did not even keep his date with me. Of course he knew I had found him out but he might of at least been gentleman enough to keep his date.

Nov. 1: Well it has been quite a while since I have written in my dear diary but there was nothing much to write. But now I have a position. I am behind the meats in a cafeteria. Had a long talk with Mrs. Moppie, who is really very sympathetic having been in the "profession" herself. She said I would be

surprised at what stars did before they were stars. They would work at anything. And she said that after they were stars what they did before always made good press stories for it shows what an ambitious girl will do to get experience and clothes. And down here I get my lunch and dinner too.

Well it seems that everyone down at the cafeteria is really an actor or actress except Pete, who is in the pies. I am really more in the atmosphere of the movie game than around the studios where one is always meeting people who are merely trying to get in. I was talking to the girl in the salads today and asked her if she was in the "movie game" and she said well she had run around a lot with Lew Cody. Of course I do not know if that is true and for all she knows it might of been Mr. Cody's double. But it just goes to show that everyone down at the cafeteria is in contact with the "infant industry." Except this Pete who is bald and probably would never have a chance. Pete is the kind which would like to get acquainted but I would never give him any encouragement for what future has a man in the pies? I told him with a cold haughty look that I was engaged to a man in my home town for I am not the kind of a girl which would ever be unloyal to such a fine man as Avery.

Nov. 8: Have been thinking I will stay in the cafeteria until after Thanksgiving and have turkey. (Continued on page 167)



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Young lady," he said, "some day I'll get even with you for that laugh."

Icebergs

By Mary Clare Davron

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

IT was mail-time at the Imperial, and the lobby buzzed. Hoskins, the clerk, a pompous middle-aged man of tremendous self-importance, was handing out the letters.

"Miss Cherry Mercer," he called.

A girl with a heart-shaped little face and skin like magnolia petals came forward and took the letter he held out. Then, without looking to right or left, she passed sedately out to the porch and walked quickly past the long lines of rocking-chairs where imposing-looking ladies were assembling their knitting and card-tables for the morning.

Down the steps she went, and out upon the driveway which led to the open road. A little way down that road, she seated herself, carefully and with due regard for her crisp white skirt, on a huge rock beneath a shady tree, then opened her letter. It was from her mother and read the same as the others. Glad Cherry was having such a wonderful time; she deserved it, and her mother wished the two weeks could be extended for the whole summer.

Cherry shuddered at the prospect and thanked heaven they could not. If her mother only knew!

She put the letter back in her bag and then carefully powdered her face. Today was Tuesday. It would be good to be back in her small-town home again, good to be once more at work in Mr. Price's law-office. And her mother must never know.

Snapping shut her bag, she carefully got down from the rock

and started briskly off up the road. It was with these walks that she had managed to fill her mornings.

Today she went farther than usual. She explored a new road and found it delightful. Reaching the point where she must turn back if she would be in time for luncheon, she stopped suddenly at sounds issuing from a field just around a bend in the road: soft groans, heavy breathing, muttered curses. "Damn!" in a muffled but highly explosive voice. A sound of metal clinking, a long hard-drawn breath, a sigh as though a mighty struggle had come to naught, then silence.

Cherry sped quickly around the bend and in through a fresh-cut, jagged gap in the thicket that surrounded the field.

There, sprawled on the ground against a rock, scratched and bleeding, one baleful eye glaring up at her and the other fast closing because of a huge black welt rising above it, lay a startling specimen of humanity. A motorcycle, twisted and broken, lay shattered around him; part of it lay upon him.

"C-can't you get up?" cried Cherry, running to him.

"Why, yes. Of course," he snarled. With an effort, he cocked his head to one side so that his good eye was full upon her. "But I'm lying here just because I—think it's fun."

His swollen eye and the blood trickling from scratches on his face, together with his constrained position, gave him a truly alarming appearance; and his attitude toward Cherry was highly belligerent. Nevertheless he was human and he was approachable, two things of paramount importance to Cherry at the mo-

ment. So her voice was sympathetic and her touch gentle as she bent down and wiped away a little red stream running from a cut in his cheek.

"Never mind my face," he snapped unappreciatively. "Can't you see I'm pinned down? See if you can lift that darned thing off my leg."

All eagerness, Cherry did as she was told. With a big tug, she heaved off the wrecked motorcycle. The young man breathed easier, tried to move his leg, groaned, then lay still, his face against the ground.

"Can't move her an inch," he said, referring to the leg. "See if you can help me sit up." Obediently she helped him, and between them they managed to get him into a sitting position. Again Cherry applied her handkerchief to the still bleeding wound in his cheek.

"I wish you'd let my face alone," he whined plaintively. "Something's the matter with my ankle. Can't you concentrate on that?"

Gravely the girl accepted the responsibility. "I'm going to take

EACH year, for many years, a new name has appeared among those of our contributors—a name that has been ultimately made famous by this magazine. Here, then, is another, the name of an American girl that is destined to appear, one is inclined to think, more and more often in these pages.

"Not at all," he replied boredly. "I should have much preferred to kill them all. Manslaughter law's so inconvenient, though. But at that,"—he passed an exploring forefinger over his bruised eye,— "I think I'd have taken a chance if I knew what I was in for by leaping through that hedge."

Cherry flashed him a withering look and decided she had never before met anyone so ill-tempered. She continued tying up the ankle, with the minimum of groans from him, for she had had some first aid training and was a nurse by instinct. Then

she laid his leg out straight in front of him.

"Be careful now—don't move it," she cautioned needlessly.

"Oh, no! I'll not be careful," he answered derisively. "I'll probably get up and waltz in a few minutes. Really, in the matter of giving pertinent advice, you excel anyone I ever met."

Cherry ignored this. He was in a very bad way, and if sarcasm helped him any, he was welcome to the luxury of it.

"Is there a cup or anything that'll hold water, concealed in that mass over there?" She pointed to the wrecked motorcycle.



Hoskins couldn't stand it. "I'm sorry not to have a better room for your friend, Miss Mercer, but we haven't a thing left."

off your shoe. I think your ankle's twisted," she said.

"I'll get you out of this field," she went on. "And as soon as I've tied up your ankle and washed your face,—yes, I said washed your face,—I'm going back to the hotel and get a bus to come for you. How did you come to go over that ledge? And where were you going?"

"Where is this?" he asked, and winced a little as she tightened a bandage.

She named the town.

"Here's where I am going. This happened"—he waved a hand toward the wrecked motorcycle—"because as I was about to turn that bend in the road, a pony cart with three kids and a nurse in it came along full tilt, and it was either run into them or go through the hedge and hit the rock."

"It was noble of you to think so quickly—and act like that."

"You might try the kit." Owlishly he watched her while she pried tentatively among the ruins, one wide-open blue eye upon her, the other now entirely closed. She explored gropingly through the pile of broken wire, torn leather and bent steel.

"I—I can't find anything," she began falteringly.

"You'd hardly find anything there," he commented, then drawled: "Even with my one eye, I can see what a profound knowledge of machinery you have. The kit is fastened to the bar that flew over there."



Cherry's heart stood still. He came swiftly over to where she stood.

And there it was, right before her eyes. How dumb he must think her!

Back along the road a bit she had passed a spring. She hastened to it now and returned with the cup filled with water.

"Drink some of it," she commanded. "I'm going to wash your face with the rest."

He drank the water, then obediently held up his face. Cherry mopped it gently, found two bad scratches, and affixed here and there some plaster from the kit. Then she bethought herself of a soft handkerchief—the extra one her mother always insisted upon—which she carried in her small vanity case. Just the thing to dry the sensitive bruised face. She reached for her bag.

An exclamation of horror from the patient, a sudden throwing up of both hands to shield his face, and Cherry stopped short.

"Wh-what is it?" she cried in dismay.

He pointed to the vanity case. "What are you going to do with that?" he demanded.

"Get a handkerchief out of it to dry your face."

He relaxed and breathed a heavy sigh of relief. "I thought you were going to paint and powder me," he gasped meekly. "Or maybe pluck my eyebrows."

"You're awfully silly," commented Cherry briskly, and speedily produced the handkerchief.

"I'm at your mercy," he explained. "And my map has had all the innovations it can stand for one day." He made a whimsical grimace. "If you don't think the effect would be too startling for one in my weakened condition, I'd sort of like a look into that little mirror of yours."

Cherry held up the mirror.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed in tones of such genuine alarm that Cherry laughed aloud. He handed back the mirror and surveyed her gravely.

"Young lady," he said, "some day I'll get even with you for that laugh."

Then for the first time he smiled, and Cherry wondered that a smile could make so much difference on any countenance, particularly the battle-scarred one before her. And it was that smile that decided his fate!

For suddenly an idea came to Cherry, a wild new hope was born, and she made a daring plan.

"You're not going to be entirely well," she said, judicially surveying the swollen ankle, "before the end of the week. Not until Saturday or Sunday at the earliest."

"O prophet of cheer!" he groaned.

They tried out his other leg then, and leaning heavily on Cherry, he managed to hobble out to the roadway. There luck was with them. One of the express wagons that carried luggage between the station and the hotels was just coming down the road. At Cherry's call the driver drew up alongside of them.

"Wont you please take us to the Imperial?" Cherry pleaded.

"You staying at the Imperial?" he questioned, looking at the young man, who at the moment appeared much the worse for wear.

"Well, I don't know," replied the latter, holding out his bandaged leg. "Foot-loose and fancy free as I am, I should make a tour of the hotels to see which would suit me best. I should—"

"He's coming to the Imperial," Cherry cut in.



The driver helped them up to the back of the truck and made room among the trunks for Cherry to sit beside her battered partner.

"Perhaps you'd better know something right off," Cherry began impressively, her eyes steadfastly upon his face. "It's this: I—I'm kidnaping you."

She waited for her words to take effect, which they did not appreciably. "I'm taking advantage of your helpless condition and bringing you to the Imperial. And you've got to stay there until the end of the week."

"A couple of days, and this leg will be all right."

"Doesn't make any difference. You've got to stay till the end of the week."

"The end of the week! The end of the week! Sounds like a litany. What's the end of the week got to do with me?"

"This much," said Cherry solemnly. "At the end of the week, I'm leaving. Then you can do what you like."

She told him then, with an intensity that even he took cognizance of, about the vacation plans that had so grievously miscarried. Of how she was to meet the Landays, two old ladies, friends of her mother, who lived in New York and came to the Imperial every summer, and who had written in answer to her mother's letter that they would look after Cherry going up to the hotel and during her stay there. At the last moment,

just as she was about to board the train for New York, they had sent a telegram. Miss Angela was ill and they were postponing their trip until later in the season. They would be glad to have Cherry with them then.

Then! As if young ladies who worked in law-offices could alter vacation plans at a moment's notice!

Cherry's mother never saw that telegram. Cherry crushed it tight in her hand. It had been too late to turn back then. Her mother must not, could not be disappointed. All the pretty new vacation clothes had cost too much in loving labor of all too hard-working hands. The whole wild scheme of her vacation had been paid for too dearly in scrimping and saving and tremulous planning on her mother's part to have it peter out then. So she had come alone.

She neglected, however, to inform her companion of a certain other disappointment that lay in store for her mother. For when Cherry's protests had been loudest at the extravagance of her vacation plans, the mother had pointed out firmly that every girl had her future to take care of—meaning, of course, to marry; and Cherry recognized this as the *motif* in the otherwise wild plan of sending her to the expensive resort. Her mother had once known a girl who went away for a vacation and came back engaged. Many times since her arrival had Cherry laughed at the prospect of (Continued on page 144)



One of the noted
Paul Hellen's fa-
mous dry-point
etchings of Mrs.
Philip Lydig.

Paris and the American Woman

by
Mrs. Philip Lydig

WHEN I first met Betty Gower,—let me call her,—she had just married for money and got it. An old man worth perhaps forty million dollars had fallen in love with her and married her in the late summer and died of pneumonia before Christmas, leaving her his entire estate well invested and secure. She was a pretty girl, not at all sophisticated, full of high spirits, healthy and simple-minded and a little vain. As a rich young widow, she came in for a great deal of flattering attention, and she enjoyed it. People attempted to make her a patroness of various artistic movements in New York, but she was not interested in any form of art. They failed, similarly, to engage her in any activities on the boards of charity and philanthropy that were open to her, or to busy her in church work, or to find any social duties that appealed to her, except her duty to amuse herself. She did that, innocently enough, with the men who wanted to marry her. She flirted around with them all, safely, after the manner of the privileged American girl, and had a gay time.

Then she went to Paris, and she was at

All over America people are imitating the conduct and ideals of the fashionable rich—the so-called “smart set”—of the East. I believe that those ideals are false ideals, tragic ideals, which it is disastrous for America to imitate. The conviction is my justification for preparing and publishing this series of articles on the futility of fashionable life.

Rita Lydig



Photo by International Newsreel.

At the Auteuil race-track all fashionable France gathers, and the American visitor finds it one of the most alluring scenes of the fascination that is Paris.

once taken up by the racing set there, and by the organized adventurers who come to Paris from all parts of the world. They are a marvelous band of dissolute and dangerous men and women—Russian dukes, German princelings, Italian counts, Greek and Austrian and Roumanian noblemen, English gentlemen with suave manners and no means, women of title who make a living as go-betweens—all united in a smiling conspiracy to entrap the ignorant outsiders who have money and to pluck them to their last cent. They flew to Betty Gower like a flock of buzzards. They helped her to spend her money in the Rue de la Paix, introducing her to expensive shops where some of them could even collect commissions on her purchases. They took her to the races and helped her to lose her money there. They got her the entrée to all the naughtiest cafés and let the proprietors overcharge her outrageously for entertaining them. They flattered and courted and dined and amused her, industriously, and the men made love to her with passionate eloquence and their sort of practised art.

Love-making is at once a sport and a profession for them. They do it with devotion and with skill. They enjoy it, and they make their living by it. They pursue only rich women, of course, and if they bag a victim they boast about it to each other as proudly as any other sportsmen; and they even lie about it, if the bird gets away. No American girl is able to cope with them. She is accustomed to men who have some chivalrous feeling toward a woman—men who, at their worst, have a little pity for her as a fellow-human, and cannot carry on a *liaison* without feeling some slight affection for their partner in it. These adventurers in Paris have no more affection, no more chivalry, no more pity than a wolf.

Poor Betty Gower might have resisted the less skillful among them, but her forty millions attracted a brilliant and charming Russian who dazzled her with his title and hypnotized her with his craft. He pretended, of course, that he was mad with love for her, that he intended to divorce his wife in Moscow and abandon his family and relinquish his insolvent estates to marry

Betty; and she believed him. When I heard of her in Paris, she was already deeply in love with him and giving him money on the various excuses which he invented for her. It was too late to save her from him. There was nothing to do but to let her infatuation run its course.

It soon became too difficult for him to get money from her. He tired of her, and he planned to get rid of her with the aid of a handsome Greek who could boast that he had once had a royal mistress and showed—to prove it—the dagger with which his princess had killed herself. With the Russian's connivance, this romantic villain began to make frantic love to Betty, and she understood her situation so little that she encouraged him in order to make her lover jealous. She was soon caught in a situation where the Russian could accuse her of unfaithfulness, and he denounced her and deserted her, self-righteously. She fell into the hands of the Greek, who proceeded to console her and to exploit her.

She was now becoming dissipated. Both men had encouraged her to drink so as to break down her resistance, and as she became more and more unhappy she found solace, more and more, in alcohol. The Greek used drugs, and he taught her the habit; it made it easier for him to get money from her. She became conspicuous in the most richly dissolute circles of Parisian life.

There is nothing to equal that life, I think, in any other city of the world. Paris is the playground for all the most cynical and sophisticated men of our Western civilization. They come there for a holiday, leaving behind them, in their homes, their wives and families, their work, their moral responsibilities and most of the obligations and restrictions of their code. They find waiting for them in Paris a professional entertainment that has no code whatever, no obligation except to be gay, no responsibility unless it is to loot. The real life of Paris goes on independently of all this. The real life of Paris is as remote from it as the real life of New York is remote from Coney Island.

I do not know the steps by which Betty Gower descended into the golden depths of this Parisian underworld. I did not see her again until she returned to New York, years later, at the end of her career. Her health and her beauty had both gone, though she was dyed and painted and whipped up with stimulants into a colorful imitation of beauty and health. Of her forty millions she had only enough left to live on, economically. She was still a fairly young woman, and she wished, she said, to marry and be happy in a quiet domestic life. That proved impossible. She could find plenty of dissolute men to make love to her, but none of them proposed to marry her. She launched herself into dissipation in New York, got herself ostracized by all her old friends, and retreated to a sanitarium from which she never emerged. No one knows where she is, now. No one seems to care whether she is alive or dead.

If her story were unique, or even unusual, there would be no point in telling it. The truth is that she is typical. I have seen

and she persuaded her husband to give up his New York residence and arrange to conduct his business through the offices of his firm abroad. After a season in London, they set up house in Paris, and she was delighted with her life there. The men, she kept saying, were so much more charming than American men; they were so amusing, so entertaining, so witty; they knew so well how to make a woman happy with little attentions; they were so gallant. It was useless to tell her that most of the men whom she was receiving would not be received in any respectable French home; she considered that sort of thing provincial. And it was worse than useless to tell her that they were dangerous and unscrupulous men who might easily destroy her reputation and ruin her life; she believed that she was abundantly able to take care of herself and she would have regarded such a warning as an insult. She was really a wholesome and kindly person, as large in her generosity as she was in her full Southern figure, slow and sweet.



Photo by Herbert News Photos.

A typical cabaret in Montmartre, where our compatriots go to see the wicked side of gay Paris.

the same sort of thing happen so often to the rich American woman in Paris that Betty Gower's history is almost a stereotype in my experience. I was born in New York myself, but my people were all Spanish; we were abroad a great deal in my childhood; we had relatives in fashionable life in Paris; I was sent to school in Paris, and when I came to live there after my marriage, I had friends and relatives to protect me in a life that was as full of pitfalls for me as for any other American girl who is considered handsome and reputed to be rich. I have seen a score of Betty Gowers caught in the traps which I was shown and warned against by men and women who knew their way about in that world as no American could possibly know it.

I remember, for instance, an American woman named Alma Lamb, let us say. She was a Virginia girl, married to a New York millionaire who owned a line of Atlantic steamships. Her reading, at home, had made her romantic about France and about England,

There had followed her from London a young Englishman of good family who seemed devoted to her. He had no apparent means of support, but it was understood that he might possibly inherit a title and estates when death picked off some of his intervening relatives. Meantime he was living by his wits, rather boyishly, gambling and playing the races. Alma seemed to be mothering him. He was, to all appearances, a charmingly irresponsible and appealing youth. I did not believe it when I was told that he had a bad reputation in London, that he was making love to Alma and taking money from her, and using her for his own purposes, caddishly.

However, it was true. It was true, and her husband discovered it and started a suit for divorce, and her lover promptly ran away and left her to her fate. She was rescued by another American, a much older man who had a staunch affection for her. He had lived in Paris for years. He understood the temptation

to
ma
wa
Un
as
ma
cou
S
Go
and
was
who
ter
to
riag
abl
riah
riou
her
E
the
Am
dan
coq
play
hap
stan
I
who
star
beca
She
no t
his
her,
final
A
unde
to t
him,
Afte



Photo by International Newswire.

The grand march of the artists at the Bal Bullier, a famous revel that draws many visitors.

to which she had succumbed and he forgave her. They were married, immediately upon her divorce, and I supposed that she was saved, if not from disgrace, at least from complete disaster. Unfortunately, she did not love this man. She accepted him only as a makeshift, and it was not long before she was seeking romantic adventures again among the men who made a living by counterfeiting romance.

She did not fall a victim to alcohol and drugs, like Betty Gower. She remained, to all appearances, sweet and matronly and softly Southern. She kept her health and her comeliness. She was never really beautiful. Her charm was in her quality of wholesome generosity and simple big-heartedness. But as a matter of fact, under that appearance she proved to be as addicted to *liaisons* as a dipsomaniac to drink. I read of her fifth marriage in the papers, the other day. She seemed to be always able to find a husband to try to reform her, and they invariably fail. She is now quite *déclassée* in Paris, living precariously on the fringe of Bohemian life, and very near the end of her tether.

Both Betty Gower and she were destroyed by the wolves—by the professionals who make a living out of love-affairs with rich Americans. But it is not only the professionals in Paris who are dangerous. The amateurs are almost as great a menace to the coquettish American girl who comes there in a holiday spirit to play with fire. At the bottom of most of the disasters which happen to her, there seems to me to be her complete misunderstanding of what a Frenchman means when he talks of love.

I shall never forget the bewilderment of a New England girl whom I saw flirting with a Parisian on an Atlantic liner. He had started paying her polite attentions and she encouraged him. He became an ardent Romeo, openly eloquent, passionately devoted. She enjoyed it. The whole ship enjoyed it. He seemed to have no thought that did not include her, and certainly no moment of his time that was not dedicated to her. He worshiped, he adored her, and she was pleased and excited and enormously flattered and finally rather alarmed.

At last, one evening, walking on the deck with him, she undertook to tell him how she felt toward him. It got down to this, that though she did not love him and could never love him, she hoped that they might always remain affectionate friends. After listening to her for a moment, he left her quite abruptly.

And next morning, to her amazement, he did not know that she existed. He was polite but indifferent to her when she tried to speak to him. He was not hurt or jealous or offended, but all his ardor had vanished overnight, and she could not even warm him up again to a shipboard friendliness.

I do not know how to explain the psychology of such a man in terms which the Anglo-Saxon understands. To an American, love is a deeper form of affection. It includes sympathy and friendliness and congeniality. Sexual attraction is only a part of it. But with such a man as this Parisian, there is no friendliness or sympathy or affection in the love which he offers the woman whom he meets casually. All his worship and his adoration and his ardor and his eloquence are inspired by a passion that is even cruel. He wants nothing but her body. He romanticizes this impulse, which the Anglo-Saxon considers low and bestial. He is poetic about it. As a Latin he is heir to the old Pagan tradition that the impulse is somehow divine and the work of a god. He is not interested in the woman's mind, in her character, in her conversation, in her mental companionship. In this case, of course, the girl was not his mental equal, and her conversation probably bored him, and her friendship offered him nothing. He did not want her friendship, and the moment he realized that he could not get what he *did* want, he felt that she had been cheating him with false pretenses and he left her without a word.

One would be ridiculous to criticize such a man because his idea of love is abhorrent to the romantic standards of an American girl, and it would be easy to find in him romantic ideals of family honor, of military glory, of passionate love of country, beside which an American's standards in such matters seem offensively realistic and unglamorous. I am not criticizing. No. The point I wish to make is simply that the Frenchman has an idea of love that is unlike any which the American girl is used to, and the difference often leads her to disaster.

One of the most shocking tragedies that I have ever seen occurred in the life of an American girl who had lived long enough abroad to get a partial graft of foreign ideas of conduct upon a temperament that was basically Anglo-Saxon, as we say. She was not only one of the most beautiful but easily the most brilliant girl I have known anywhere. She was musical and artistic, and she was such a linguist that she spoke even Greek like a native. She was witty. She dressed marvelously. She had lived almost



Photo by Herbert Photos.

The fête of the Boeuf Gras—another picturesque bit of Paris that delights the tourist.

the Prince, so that he would have the income from it independent of his wife.

If Cecilia had been a loyal friend, she might have helped the girl to resist being sold into a life of misery, but Cecilia saw that her own ambitions would be furthered by having her friend made a princess, and she aided the mother in arranging the match. I imagine it was her influence that finally overcame the girl's reluctance. She was a bridesmaid at the wedding. The Prince had been flattering her with compliments and attentions, and when she saw him standing at the chancel rail to meet his bride, she became conscious of an ambition that must have been hidden in the back of her mind from the beginning. She said to herself: "I'm going to be the Princess Casanova!"

I know this is incredible, but I know that it is true. Years afterward, Cecilia confessed it to me. I am disguising the

all her life in Paris, where her parents had been leaders of the American colony for years, and she knew her Parisian world very well.

She had two handicaps, however. One was that she had very little money, so that she had to use craft and practise makeshifts to keep herself afloat among the fashionable rich with whom she wished to associate. The second was that her father, discovering a lover in her mother's bedroom in Paris, had killed the man and died in an insane asylum. It was reported that the mother, wringing her hands over that tragedy, had sobbed: "Oh, what will become of my social position!" That report, I imagine, was the invention of some French wit, but it represented the truth about the unfortunate woman and indicated a quality in her which her daughter Cecilia inherited. Cecilia was endlessly ambitious socially and she was determined to climb.

She was helped by a school friendship which she had formed, in a Paris convent-school, with another American girl who was the daughter of one of the richest men in California. Cecilia and she became inseparable. She was a rather simple and repressed little girl, the victim of a domineering mother, and she conceived an all-absorbing passion for the brilliant and beautiful Cecilia. She invited Cecilia to her home, and traveled with her in Europe, and lavished gifts on her and gave her money. They were like a pair of affectionate sisters.

This girl's mother was a most extraordinary woman, a repellantly strong character, as ambitious as a man, with inexhaustible vitality and will and driving power, but so tactless that she seemed stupid. And she *was* stupid, I think. She arranged a marriage for her daughter with one of the oldest and most famous titles in Europe—the Prince Casanova, let me call him, for he was as dissolute as Casanova. She arranged that marriage against the opposition of her husband, whom she browbeat into silence, and despite the reluctance of her daughter, who was in love with a young American. She compelled her husband to buy the Prince with a marriage *dot* of several million dollars, and she was even foolish enough to have the money legally placed in trust for

story beyond recognition, but I am telling the facts literally.

They were married in Paris with an almost royal pomp, and they went for their honeymoon to the Prince's Italian estates. Cecilia went with them. The Princess would not be separated from her. The Prince was delighted to have her. He undoubtedly saw himself provided not only with a rich wife but with a beautiful and clever mistress, for he began to make advances to Cecilia at once, and she did not exactly repulse him.

It would take a master of morbid psychology to explain the intrigue that ensued. In the milieu of wealth and aristocracy to which Cecilia was now translated, she had offers of marriage from a score of distinguished men, and she was so dazzling in her beauty and so tactful in her cleverness that I believe she could have married any man in Europe that she wanted. In spite of all that, she remained true to her desire to marry the Prince. She entered into a *liaison* with him, unknown of course to the Princess, and she obtained his confidence and found out about his affairs with other women, and then privately she conveyed this information to the Princess so as to enrage the girl against him.

At the same time Cecilia encouraged the infuriated bride to take her revenge in infidelity to the Prince, and she reported to him everything that his wife did. She made her devoted intimacy with the Princess so conspicuous that it became a scandal in Rome, where her guilty relations with the Prince were never suspected. She brought the Princess on questionable jaunts to Paris, and led her to the most disreputable places, and conspired to give her every appearance of being a daringly wicked woman. This went on for years, until they were both notorious for immorality, and yet I am convinced that, through it all, the Princess remained a simple-minded victim, acting outrageously because of her resentment against Casanova, and Cecilia continued true to her *liaison* with him.

She kept urging him to divorce his wife and she finally brought him to it. In a quarrel with the Princess, he accused her of unfaithfulness with a man of whom Cecilia had warned him, and



Photo by International Newsreel

Students coming down to the fountain after the Quart'z Arts ball—a lively function to which American visitors occasionally gain admission.

the Princess admitted it, to hurt him. "Not one only," she taunted him. "Twenty-one! Twenty-one!" He put her out on the streets, so as to disgrace her publicly, and started a divorce suit.

Cecilia deserted her, at once, and came to Paris to wait for the Prince. He did not follow her. He obtained his divorce, but he did not take advantage of it to marry Cecilia. She, in a rage and penniless, began to give herself to every man in sight. It was then that I saw her. She looked ill and shabby, her shoes run down at the heel, her clothes pathetic. She was living in a little cheap apartment, breeding Persian cats for sale and accepting lovers indiscriminately. I gave her some money and some clothes and tried to remonstrate with her. "You!" I said. "You might have married anyone! But *anyone!* What are you doing with your life, to be in such a state!"

"Pah!" she said. "You talk like a child. There's only one life for a woman. All this nonsense about marriage and money! There's only one life for a woman, and I live it. *Moi! Je suis cocotte!*"

When I asked her what had become of her friend the Princess, she shrugged her shoulders. The Princess was hidden away somewhere in the Austrian Tyrol, in a sanitarium. And boastfully, and with contempt, she told the story of her conspiracy from the moment that she had seen the groom at the chancel rail and said to herself: "I'm going to be the Princess Casanova!"

It seemed to me, then, that she was still in love with him—that beneath all her veneer of cynicism and vice, she had, in her Anglo-Saxon subconsciousness, what the psychiatrists call "a fixation" on this unutterable cad of a man. And I think the sequel proved that I was right. The Prince came at last to

Paris and sought her out. She repulsed him. "Every man in the world," she said, "but not you. You can never have me until you make me the Princess Casanova!" She went openly to the lowest dives in Paris to humiliate him. She took lovers among the most disreputable. She pursued a nobleman as vicious as the Prince but richer, with whom he had had an old rivalry in which Casanova had been defeated, and she sent word, round-about, to the Prince, that she was going to become the mistress of this ancient enemy of his. Casanova practically kidnapped her, and shut her up in an apartment, and held her there a prisoner, to the amusement of the whole town. When she appeared again, they were engaged.

She is now the Princess Casanova. He has married her. She has attained her ambition after twenty years of intrigue. And it has done her no good whatever. No decent person will receive her. She is an outcast in the society to which her title should have given her the entrée. She has lost her health and her beauty, ill of a disease which she contracted during her Paris dissipations. He is a frightful-looking wreck of a man. Their ruin is absolute.

I offer these stories as typical, in one way or another, of the fate of the American girl who goes to Paris in search of fashionable adventure and excitement. But as I said before, the life in which these women perished is not the real life of Paris. It has no relation to the real life of Paris. I know no city in the world where life can be saner, happier, more wise or more wholesome, and when I think of what Paris did for me, I am as grateful as a country boy to the alma mater that tried to teach me wisdom.

Of all the people in the world, the (Continued on page 157)



I see my little old
woman's face, so
white like death.
Then she is gone

The Terror of the Road

Illustrated by
R. L. Lambdin

By
Ernest
Poole

IN this brief tale by the author of "The Harbor," "Beggars' Gold," "Danger" and other famous books is a veritable cross-section of peasant experience in America. Mr. Poole, by the magic of his writing, transmits to the reader something of the overwhelming fear that seized upon the "little old woman" in a New York subway, and one shares her dumb terror.

80

I WAS sailing from New York, and it was the end of winter. Only a few days before, we'd had a spell of zero weather, but now the air was sunny with spring; and as our big liner steamed slowly down the Lower Bay and out to the sparkling blue and the whitecaps reaching far as the eye could see—with the tang of that air there came to me the old, old tingling joy of the road. Thank God for the open seas again! And as I walked the decks that morning, it seemed as if everybody on board felt the same exhilaration as I. But later, down at luncheon, I found myself at the doctor's table, seated at that gentleman's side; and in the festive hubbub there, he was curiously still, though I caught a strange little smile in his eyes.

"How brave we all are when the sea is smooth—what glad adventurers!" I said.

"Most of us, yes," he answered. "But we have one on board today who has been nearly mad with fear."

"Of the ocean—on a day like this?" I asked him, quite incredulous.

"No—not just the ocean."

I asked him many questions then, and the end of it was that after lunch he took me to one of the forward decks for the third-class passen-

gers. And there I met a little man whose short cropped hair was almost gray, but whose chest and limbs looked strong, whose face was tanned by wind and sun, and whose clear eyes were quiet now. As he puffed slowly on a pipe, he told me this story of traveling:

I am Czech (he began) an' American too. Twenty years in this country, me an' my wife—but we don't travel none at all—we stay on farm in Ioway. An' my old wife, she used to that, an' she don't like to take some trip. It scare her. She remember the trip from old country. That was bad. So she want always stay on farm. We have no children—jus' that farm—but twenty years we make it grow. We work—she work so hard as me. In morning, up before the light; in night-time, dark before we through. Always working—winter too. That farm, he grow like child for us. We take him rough, no farm at all. We plow, we sow; we build more barn an' make house bigger, nicer—slowly—many month an' many year. My wife don't leave it. I drive off ten miles to village, sell an' buy, come back again. My wife still there. In twenty years she don't know to speak in English. We speak Czech.

Maybe once or twice in year comes a letter from our home. Small village—not so far from Prague—stand high in hills. Our people there. When war begin, they write to us that they are having damn' hard time. We help a little—send some money. Then the war at last is done, an' now our people write to us an' brag to us about new country that they have—all free—good as America. An' those people brag an' brag till we want talk of our farm too—not little—big—American. My wife want tell what house we have, what barn, hogs, cattle, horses, Ford. An' we want see old village now, in hills near Prague—nice, pretty, there. We have work for twenty years. We get old fast. An' so we say we spend some money once in lives; we take big trip an' see old home.

We say so, an' we talk an' talk. My old woman scared again. She say she want to close her eyes, an' then wake up an' be at home. But that long trip between is bad. She remember storm on sea, an' many trains, an' she don't like. An' so we wait an' we don't go. But then I make her, an' we start. A neighbor man look after farm—he will live there while we gone. But now my wife is like old hen; she run to look at pigs an' chickens, ducks an' geese an' calf we have, an' cats, an' one small bird in cage. Who look after? How she know that cholera will not come to pigs, or hawks take chickens? She get very cross with me; she will not speak; she plan an' plan. She will not take no trunk along—she

fear to lose it on those trains; so she pack all that we must take in two big bags. An' so we start like peasant people, an' she cry when we leave home.

Two days an' nights we come New York. My old woman is scared at first on train, but then she is not scared no more. She don't like towns, but she get proud when now she find how smart we are to change from one train to the next. She feel now maybe we all right. Fine trip. We have lot of fun. She look at all those farms we pass, an' talk an' laugh, get pretty gay. Fine holiday, big spree for us. My old woman work all life. I like now give her plenty fun. I ask her come in dinner car an' eat nice dinner. She wont come. She have plenty lunch for us in bag until we reach New York. Then I jump off train for coffee, an' she scared I not come back. She wave to me that I must run. I come—she laugh—be very glad. But she is too excited now. She have sit up on train all night. I try buy ticket for bed on train, but she wont let me waste no money. So at night she use her bag for pillow, but she sleep no good. She tired an' she talk in sleep. Next day she say she feeling fine, but she look pretty tired out. An' so at last we come New York.

(His voice had been low and quiet, but it rose a little now, and suddenly I noticed his hand was clenching hard on the bowl of his pipe. But still he spoke quite steadily.)

We come to station five o'clock. I take our bags, good heavy load, an' my old woman grab my arm. We go from train in the station—crowds of people, plenty noise. My wife keep close; she pretty scared. How we find where we shall go? I plan go to one hotel, nice little one, not far from boat, an' so I wish to go downtown. I show card of that hotel to station guard. He tell me we shall go in subway an' he point what way it is. We go—an' many people now push us in a crazy hurry. Crowd is worse, keeps going faster. My old woman grab me hard. I have our bags; I hang on tight, an' we get pushed to ticket-window. I buy tickets; we go on. An' now they push us all one way, to train uptown, but I don't see. I am grabbing bags an' my little old woman—looking, looking—pushed along—with one big rush right close to train—when then I see it say "Uptown." I shout to wife—I try to pull back! I am too late! (Continued on page 153)



She telephone. "An' now," she say, "police will watch at every station for your wife."

We Live but Once

By
Rupert
Hughes

Illustrated
by
Will Foster



He nodded here
and there and ran
the gantlet to his
own private office.

The Story So Far:

VALERIE DANGERFIELD had always had everything from life. Now, when this handsome stranger so intrigued her with the shadow of sadness on his face, she sought to have him also. At a musicale she was introduced to him and learned that his name was Blair Fleming—and met his silly little over-dressed wife, and thought she understood that look of tragedy in his eyes. Later Mrs. Fleming invited Valerie to a week-end party at the mountain resort of Arrowhead Lake. And Valerie so contrived it that she should drive Fleming up the dangerous mountain road in her own car the evening after the others had assembled. Halfway up the difficult ascent they were caught in a terrific cloudburst, and barely escaped going over the precipice. All that night they sat side by side in the storm-girt islet of the car. When daylight and cleared skies woke them from a doze, they found the crippled car immovable, and were forced to trudge up the muddy road toward their destination. What, they wondered forebodingly, would Blair's wife Amy say? And what would she suspect? And yet there had been nothing—nothing,

that is, except one kiss tempted from Fleming when Valerie had slipped near the cliff-edge and he had caught her.

A camping fisherman provided them with breakfast; his tent afforded Valerie shelter wherein to bathe and to change her bedraggled apparel; and his little car conveyed them the remaining distance to the cottages of the Arrowhead Lake resort—and to Amy.

There fortune surprised and favored them. For Amy was out strolling with the Englishman Jimmy St. John; Valerie inadvertently and unobserved came upon them foolishly philandering—and realized that Mrs. Fleming was in no position to attack Blair and Valerie for their adventure. . . . It was the following morning, as the various guests were packing up and saying good-by, that Fleming, passing Valerie, groaned without looking at her: "I love you! I love you!" And later Valerie said to him: "I heard you. It made me very happy. For I love you!"

Later Valerie arranged a meeting with Blair: she drove to San Bernardino to replevin her repaired car; he went thither by

THIS tremendously dramatic story of a love that was immediate, ruthless and havoc-fraught, is perhaps the most impressive novel that even the distinguished author of "What Will People Say?" "The Unpardonable Sin," "The Old Home Town" and many another much-discussed book has ever written.



train, and met her; they drove homeward through the night together. And Valerie delivered her ultimatum:

"If you love me enough to get free from your wife somehow, then I'll know you love me enough to deserve my love. I'm nobody, but my love is all I've got to give, and I'm not going to pitch it down under any man's feet. You figure out some way to break up your happy home and then come to me, and I'll be waiting."

Blair did his best to present Amy's side of it—she was not to blame for the temperament she had been born with, and the affair must be arranged so as to hurt her as little as possible. And Valerie, counting on Amy's flirtation with St. John (which Fleming did not know about), thought it could be managed without too much difficulty. But here another well-laid plan went agley, for Amy had already broken decisively with St. John. *(The story continues in detail:)*

WHERE do people go when they sleep? They lie about the earth like fish left high and dry on a beach, a few flopping a little, but the rest sprawled and still. The tide comes back, and life drowns them anew. The daily universal resurrection takes place.

The sun that climbed the harsh eastern bulwark of the San

Gabriel Mountains and poured its light in a golden tide on Los Angeles, saw multitudes asleep, and woke many of them, but had no power over the three who were about to battle for things they wanted so well that their desires seemed to be their rights.

All the laws of God and man seemed to be on the side of Amy Fleming, the deserted wife, sleeping alone in her home. Yet other laws or forces of nature were mustering their powers against her; and a storm was about to test whether or not that home was built on a rock or on a foundation of sand.

Drowsiness had dulled Amy's resentments against her recreant husband and the siren Valerie, who was singing him to the reefs, as well as her resentment against her own evasive gallant Jimmy St. John. She herself was about to die away into a blissful and respectable nullity when she remembered that she had not said her prayers. She had forgotten them for a week or two.

At such a time she needed all the help there was. So she rolled out of bed to her pink knees and mumbled a slumbrous formula. She could not keep awake even in the awful presence she invoked, and she repeated over and over again like a prayer-wheel, the "forgive us our trespasses as we—forgive us our trespasses as we—forgive us as we—"

The sacrilege of yawning in the very face of her God startled her so that she went back to the beginning and made a brave

"All right," she said. "If you name anyone else as co-respondent, I'll kill you."

effort to finish; but sleep flooded her brain and she could not get through to the end.

She leaned for a while braced on her brow and knees, and making a picture far more seductive than sacred. But at last she chilled in her thin gown and woke far enough to clamber into the sheets, cover herself and compose her members into a prim pose before she succumbed—as suddenly and perfectly as if she had been hit on the head, with a club.

Many miles away, Valerie Dangerfield slept in a sinuous contortion of peculiar grace and pathos, her trunk and limbs abandoned in an attitude as lawless as her one ambition.

Downtown in his office building, where no one slept but himself and the night watchman, Blair Fleming was looking like nothing that any two women would be fighting for. He was stretched across two office chairs. His body's vain shifts for repose had shoved the chairs apart, and he formed a kind of suspension bridge between them. The daybreak woke him to a physical misery so great that his spiritual distress was forgotten as he fought to get back once more into the bliss of oblivion.

The battle was futile, and giving it up at last, he stared about in amazement at finding himself in his office at such an hour. Unrefreshed, rumpled and much in need of a shave, he staggered to his feet.

Once erect, he realized his domestic plight and fell back into his chair again. His problem lay before him like an indictment; now he was one of those unfaithful husbands he had read about so often with so much contempt; he was one of those cads who desert their wives, one of those weakling fools who let an infatuation for a strange woman drag them into every kind of folly and infamy.

He wished that he had never met Valerie Dangerfield. Why couldn't she have let him alone? He had been happy enough with his pretty wife and his home and his cosy conformity to the rules of civilization.



Now he was pledged to pull down the rafters of his house on his own head. For an indefinite period he was to have no place to sleep. He had a gantlet of public contempt to run. And what reason had he to believe that he would be any happier with the new woman than the old?

Love in the moonlight was like sweet wine at dinner, delicious for the moment, but—agh, what a morning-after taste!

He fell back and tried to sleep, but could find neither relaxation nor resolution. He rose and tottered to a huge inverted bottle of water, and pouring ice-water into his hand, slapped his face with it, and the back of his neck.

His protesting soul was tortured into a half-wakened protest. It made the desperate try of a foundered horse plunging in the shafts and got him to his office door. He went along the dim marble corridor, stole down the many stairways like a thief and found a taxicab after a long walk. The driver, boozy with broken sleep, sent it whanging profanely along the streets where the shops were still closed and only the prefatory people were astir. It

shot into a long tunnel where the dark was welcome and slumber stole upon Blair Fleming again. The glare of morning pierced his eyelids when the cab reissued into the light, and he struggled to keep awake and sit upright lest he look like a belated drunkard being carried home.

He smiled drearily to think how much trouble he was taking to escape the bad opinion of the few unimportant strangers who might see him, and how much trouble he was about to take to secure the contempt of the whole public.

Fatigue threw him back to sleep as often as the swaying of the cab shook him out of it, and the long journey along the

His knees bent just enough to lift his feet up the steps. Like Mr. Gelett Burgess' feet, they hoisted him up the stairs. He did not even have to steer them. But they turned toward his wife's bedroom. They were also a little drowsy perhaps, and their memory was skipping over the recent past to an earlier.

He found his hand exactly on the knob, turned it softly, pressed a little, found that the door was locked, and only then realized just where he was. Strangely shocked at finding himself so much of a machine, he let the knob turn gently back to its point of repose, then went a-tiptoe along the hall to his own door and quietly entered there.

The curtains had not been drawn, and a clabber-gray light gave the place a sharp sour look. To his stupefied confusion of senses, it looked as a jail-cell smells. He sat so hard on the bed that the springs meowed. He took off his shoes and set them on the floor with great caution, while his toes were actually nibbling about with a kind of prehesilicity for the slippers the Filipino lad always set by the bedside.

He had taken off half his clothes before he noticed that the



interminable avenues was a nightmare. He let himself into his house with a burglar's stealth. The curtains were drawn and it was still night indoors.

The hallway was strange to his new soul, but his muscles remembered it perfectly. He could not imagine that he had ever dwelt here or had any right in these chaste cloisters; yet his feet recalled where the rugs were and where the noisy bare floor. His right hand set his hat in the dark nicely on the Spanish bench. His shins recalled the old Spanish jar with the brass plaque on it that always fell with a wild alarm if he touched it. His elbow drew reminiscently to his side to avoid the tall candlestick that he was always knocking over. His hand went right to the rail of the stairway after circling the jar of flowers that sat there ready to crash down with a splash when incautiously approached.

The flowers had brave color but little odor—except when they were a day old. Then they stank. So did so many pretty things!

curtains were up. The house next door was still asleep, but he hid himself in the bathrobe spread across the back of the bedside chair.

He made his way to the bathroom, and as quietly as possible, he turned on what would eventually be the hot water. It was cold and noisy at first, but it would be hot in God's good time. While he waited, he brushed his teeth with fury, pondering the while a used razor blade with the awful solemnity of an ape, for fatigue had thrown him back an æon or two. He was debating whether the blade would stand another shave. At length he made the great resolve, and proceeded to begin his new life with a new wafer of steel. . . . He was trying to figure out just what to say to Amy, but his drugged brain went round and round itself as hers had done in her prayers. Yet his hands, with exquisite dexterity, performed the incredibly numerous and perilous motions of shaving him without a single slip.

By this time his tub was full of smoking water, and he had to let half of it out and mix it with cold till it became endurable.

Then he settled down into its soothing embrace and promptly felt at peace with the world. He was submitting himself to the very treatment applied in insane asylums to violent patients in a crisis of violence with far better results than can be obtained by strait-jackets or padded cells.

The peace was so sweet that sleep enveloped him in a steam of complete relaxation. He woke renewed after a vague period, and being chilled by the cooling water, rose and whipped up his circulation by turning on the shower on the wall at the head of his tub. He gave himself the full velocity of the current and began to glow scarlet with the icy flagellation. The noise of its impact on his flesh awakened his heart to song. It also awakened his distant wife, and angered her into slipping over the lacy perforations of her nightgown a transparent tissue. She charged into his room and upbraided him.

HE did not hear her till he saw her, however. He had to turn off the water and rob himself of its tenuous drapery before he could understand more than the sleepy surliness of her pretty face.

"What's that?" he asked in the sudden hush, as his well-trained hands drew the rubber curtain respectfully about him.

"It seems to me you might have a little consideration for me!" she snapped. "Coming in at all hours and making a noise like Niagara Falls!"

He was so blissfully rejuvenated that he laughed one of his best laughs—the very laugh that had first won Valerie Dangerfield to her devastating interest in him. But Amy was in no laughing humor. She whirled and left the room, banging the bathroom door after her.

This amused the awakened animal still more. The walls reverberated with his uproarious mirth. He scrubbed himself ruddier still with towels, chuckling brookishly as he stepped into and climbed into and buttoned and buckled himself into a completely fresh costume.

By the time he was ready to face the world, he was ready to face his wife. A joyous sanity cleared his soul. He liked the world. He realized that in all its complexities, it was silly to make too much ado over a simple matter of dissolving a legal partnership that was no longer helpful to either member.

He was so blithe and brave that he walked into Amy's bedroom without knocking. He found her flouncing about trying to pound her head back to insensibility on a heap of hot pillows.

She sat up with an instinct of outraged privacy and demanded: "And now what do you want? Good Lord, can't I have a minute's peace?"

"You can have all the peace there is, my dear, so far as I'm concerned," he laughed. "In fact, I've just dropped in to say that—"

"Well, if you have to go to your office at the peep of dawn, why do you have to wake me?"

"But I'm not going to my office. That is, of course, I'm going to my office; but afterward—"

"What do I care where you go afterward? You stay out all night and all day, and—Lord, I might as well be divorced and done with it, for all I see of you."

"You might, indeed. And that—"

But she had flounced to her other side and was trying to burrow deep into slumber. All he saw of her was a mop of hair in a cañon of pillow, then a nape of neck that he had once thought a masterpiece of ivory carving; thereafter a many-wrinkled sprawl of sheet and coverlet over one high shoulder, a low waist, a mound of hip, thence a trailing away to where one heel and a glimpse of its sole escaped from the tumbled drapery.

SHE was already asleep again, and he had lost his momentum. It was hard to waken the poor thing and tell her that he was ejecting her from his life forever.

Ancient habit was actually hoisting him to his tiptoes so that he could leave the room stealthily and not mar her slumbers. But he checked his flight, and with a murderer's resolution, determined that if it were done, 'twere well it were done quickly. Yet, like another *Macbeth*, he could not screw his courage to the sticking-place. He could not murder Amy in her sleep, or even murder her sleep.

As he wavered, he thought of Valerie. She stood by him, a *Lady Macbeth*, ridiculing the cowardice of wanting a thing and fearing to take it, urging him to valor in action as in desire.

He was more afraid of Valerie now, and of seeming craven in her esteem, than of being a brute in Amy's eyes. So at last he spoke: "Amy."

She slept on, or pretended to. He tried again. He actually touched her shoulder. It took a deal of strength.

"Amy!"

"What?"

"Wake up."

"I won't!"

"You'd better. I've got something to tell you that you've got to hear."

She groaned, dragged herself round, sat up in a tangle of bedclothes, yawned, hunched up her knees, crossed her hands on them and rested one round cheek on her dimpled knuckles as she sighed:

"Well, what is it? Go on! I'm—" She yawned from far away. "I'm listening."

"You better listen, for this is the last time I'm going to interrupt your sleep. I'm giving you your freedom and taking my own."

She yawned and writhed and squeezed her eyes so hard that tears of drowsiness were pressed out of them. She mumbled:

"I d'know what you're talking a—" yawn—"bout and I don't s'pose you do ei—" yawn—"ther."

"Oh, yes, I do."

She opened one eye and saw how red his face was and how distraught his gaze. She woke with a start:

"Where were you all last night? And what did you have to drink?"

"Nothing."

"That snippy secretary of yours phoned that you had a conference with some mysterious client."

"Those were my instructions."

She stared at him through half-shut eyelids a long while. Suddenly she shot a glance at him with a javelin impact, and gasped:

"You were with Valerie Dangerfield!"

BLAIR was thrown into disarray by her absolutely illogical, unfounded, irrational, insane accuracy. His first instinct was to keep Valerie's name out of the discussion. For that purpose, and in genuine disgust with her blundering luck in stumbling over the truth he had concealed so elaborately, he answered:

"You're talking in your sleep. Wake up!"

She woke up. She came piling out of the bedclothes, landing on all fours with a ferret liteness and ferocity.

"Don't try to lie to me. You never could, and you needn't begin now. You were with Valerie Dangerfield last night."

He tried a gentlemanly perjury:

"I was not. You have no right to drag her name into this. Can't a man and woman ever disagree over anything without another woman being concerned?"

"No! And why haven't I the right to drag her into it? She began it, didn't she? She dragged you out of your home last night, didn't she?"

"I tell you—"

"Oh, don't try to tell me anything. Your own face tells me all I want to know—and more too. A conference with a client! Hah—a pretty client! Well, she'll be a client, all right. She'll be a co-respondent! That's what she'll be! And you can be her lawyer. I'll get one of my own. You can have all the conferences you want with her, then. But they'll be in the headlines, instead of the moonlight."

He realized the terrific power the newspapers have given the gossips, multiplying the glib tongue of a gossip into the clapper of an enormous bell. How could he stop her, now that she was started? He regarded her with abject fright for what she might become and do. He pleaded:

"Amy, in heaven's name, be reasonable."

"Reasonable! Oh, I'll be reasonable. Just you watch me! Valerie Dangerfield! Huh! She thinks she's so smart. She thinks she can take anything she wants. And she decided to take you. She won't keep you long! She'll make a fool of you and then move on to the next one. But she won't find me quite so easy as she found you. Humph! Well, hardly! I guess not! I'll just show that lady who she's fighting with! Hah!"

He could not come at her mind to wrestle with it. It darted about the world like a bat, sinister, uncanny, always somewhere else.

And with every phrase she flung, she caught at her wrap, thrust an arm here, an arm there, snatching it about her with an instinctive feeling of modesty in the presence of this familiar man who had suddenly become a stranger.

Blair stared at Amy with the stupidity of a St. Bernard who has cornered a feline maniac and wishes he could back out of the engagement without being slashed to ribbons. He had



He understood what it must mean to be smitten with a paralytic stroke.

lost his running start and all the majesty of his honest intentions. His lawyer-mind could think of nothing but that her attack was wholly unwarranted by anything before the court. It was "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial." Yet it was unanswerable.

He tried to quiet the irate witness who was browbeating the district attorney.

"Now, Amy, don't fly off the handle. Let's talk this over quietly and sanely."

"He admits it!" she shrieked. "He admits it! He comes in and wakes his poor wife out of her sleep to tell her that he's been out all night with another woman and intends to run off with her."

"Have you gone insane? I never said a word about—"

"Of course you didn't! You didn't have to! It's written all over your face! But just you wait, Blair Fleming! If you and your Miss Dangerfield imagine for one moment that you can calmly chuck me overboard after all the years I've slaved for you and—"

"Oh, Amy, in God's name, don't disgrace yourself with such—"

"Disgrace myself! Me! Me disgrace myself! And now he's trying to pretend that it's me that's disgracing myself!"

She was appealing to some invisible audience with a vividness that foreshadowed the real public waiting to listen all too avidly to her outcries.

She began to pace the floor, tossing her arms up as if she flung petitions at the sky, then bringing her hands down to clench her head as if to hold it together, and anon beating her poor breasts with her fists so hard that Fleming winced for her.

She cried; she laughed; she played all sorts of scenes, with grimaces, bows, ironic gesticulations, tears, sneers, cachinnations, protestations of saintly repugnance for the undaintiness of certain people, then streams of so foul an implication that Fleming recoiled in terror from such a mind.

One moment he wanted to strike her to the floor, then to gather her in his arms as if she were a hurt child; next, he felt that if he touched her he would be contaminated. (Continued on page 160)

With perhaps the single exception of the late Louis Becke, no one has written more vividly of the South Seas than Beatrice Grimshaw, who fared thither twenty years ago, and has returned to her native England but once since. At present she is living in Port Moresby, Papua.

The House of the Black-eyed Susans

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

By
Beatrice
Grimshaw



THERE were push-out shutters all round the little house, and within the oblong of every one a different picture was framed: Enormous spaces of celadon-blue sea; islands of pyramid shape, painted in flaming greens; masses of croton, colored like the burning bush of Moses; the tops of palm trees, flashing heliograph messages to other palms far off; slopes of tall kurukuru grass; sea, and more sea again. From this small bungalow, set high to catch the winds, you could look out across incredible spaces—could feel, as on the beaches below, you never could have felt, that sense of the map and of your own position on it, that comes now and then to stretch a man's mind and make him pleasantly uncomfortable.

Lying on her cane lounge in the middle of the room, where it was coolest, Suzanne Plummer could not see out of the windows. She did not want to see out. She wanted to stay very quiet, with a glass jug of water at her elbow, to feel the little breeze from the mountain-top blow down across her forehead, to see, unseeingly, her small beautiful feet in their white shoes lying in front of her on the red cushions of the lounge moveless from dawn till dusk, and the frost-like laces of her dress stir and fall, stir and fall, across her helpless knees, while she drifted, painlessly, quietly, out into the dark. There was an old native woman to give her drink from time to time; to bring her, now and then, in a glass, little dark drops that smelt of poppies and of sleep. Suzanne had all she wanted—if she were permitted so much. She, once famous by her nickname of Black-eyed Susan, on stages of cheap "halls," in gold-mining camps of Australia, behind the bars of Sydney's gayest night "hotels;" she who had been hung with jewels, and could have bathed in champagne—she asked nothing now but the water, and the quiet, and the dark drops of oblivion that between them were helping her painlessly down the road from which there is no returning.

And she could not have them much longer—not long enough, it might be, for the coming of the slow, certain end.

Since dawn that day a black cloud had hovered over Compass Island—so named because of the spurs that projected almost north, south, east and west from its central mountain. The heat of the day was increasing hour by hour, the breeze dying down, or coming in fierce sudden gusts that made the shutters swing and slam, and set afloat the laces on Suzanne's gown. Under the

house, at times, deep down, you could hear a strange, disquieting noise like the boiling of some enormous kettle. From the distant top of the island came once and again a shot that shook the house, and sent the china flying from the shelves. Then there would be quiet for hours; and then the sinister boiling and the shots would recommence.

Compass was "playing up."

She had not played up, now, for more than a generation; there was nobody left alive who had seen the small "Pyramids" spat forth—two islands lying half a mile from the mainland, out at sea. She (a volcano is always feminine, among people who live near burning mountains) had lain quiet, almost cool, for all that time; and natives had built villages, and traders and recruiters had called in the palm-circled bay below, without let or hindrance from the barren cone that topped the greenery of Compass Island. After, had come the gold discovery: the rush from Australia and New Zealand, the working out of the little, rich field, and its abandonment. And all the time, tall Compass had held her peace. And people had said, as in like case they commonly do say, that she was burned out, done.

Three weeks ago she had given the lie to them all, by sending up a flag of smoke from her cone—sign sinister, not to be despised or neglected, by those who know the ways of volcanoes. Ships had been passing seldom of late; but one saw the smoke-flag, and carried news on to the Sullivan Islands, where the big trading-stores are, and the plantations of coconuts. The white folk of the Sullivans rather thought that everyone had left Compass; however, they arranged for one call of a trading ketch, just to be sure. There might be some one there who would want to be taken off. And to be left marooned on a little island consisting mostly of a burning mountain is, as Pacific people know, one of the worst things that can happen to you between Alaska and the South Shetlands.

It is a long way from the Sullivans to Compass. Winds proved contrary; the ketch had no engine, and none too good a crew. By the time the *Island Lady* had sighted the cone, there was no flag visible on it any more. Instead there was a mushroom; and



All three were amazed and appalled to find two women left behind on Compass Island.

Gumbleton, "a good-natured fat young gentleman," and not much more.

Cantrell—tough old sailor, with eyes like blue pins set in a brown wrinkled pincushion, and careless, upturned face that had looked at death and danger too often to set more than a just value on either—answered him briefly:

"Probably a drop or two of Dutch courage, if any of us needs it."

The young gentleman, whose name was not Gumbleton, but Blackett, laughed at what he conceived to be a joke. He was very gay, this afternoon. He was the son of a largish commercial house, traveling for "experience of island trade." It seemed to him that he was enjoying a terrific adventure; he would

have something to boast about when he got back to Sydney.

Overhead, the majesty of Compass expressed itself in occasional thunders, laced with red lightning; there was that about it that seemed to make the noble feelings of commercial young gentlemen and others look very small.

Perhaps the third man thought so. At any rate, he said nothing at all, as they landed and began making their way up the long, steep track that led to Plummer's bar.

when you see a mushroom growing on the top of a volcano, where recently a banner streamed to the wind, you had to get done with your business quickly, and clear away.

When the six colored seamen of the *Island Lady* came under the lee of Compass, and saw that the camp was gone, and even the native villages deserted, they made considerable protest. They had wives in the Sullivans (they told Cantrell, the captain), and some of them had children too. Where was the sense of running right into danger, when anyone could see that the place was empty as a turtle-shell the night after a feast?

"That's all right," said Cantrell obstinately. "Get to your work. You don't do the thinkin' this trip. I've no use for a native when he takes to thinkin'," he went on, addressing one of his two passengers. "He's not built for that sort of cargo; it strains his bilge if he tries to load it. Whereas, if you keep him to light, floatable sort of stuff, he— Yes, I'm goin' ashore myself. Yes, you can both come with me, if you like; your lives is your own concern. I don't reckon there's as much as a flea left alive in the place, or we'd have been signaled somehow or other, but owner's orders is owner's orders; and the manager, he said I was to get up to Plummer's pub' and have a look round. Good customers of the firm, those Plummers—we've shipped them that much high-class liquor that it would surprise you."

"Think there's any of it left, by any chance?" asked the younger of the two men, who was, like the immortal Pepys'

WITHIN the shelter of the shuttered room Suzanne began to wake from the heavy lethargy that commonly held her during the hot hours of noontide. There was no sun to be seen today; an ugly, early dusk had gripped the island; in the oblongs of the open shutters, the glory of sea and palms had faded to black silhouettes set on gray. It was a little cooler, but the sounds of boiling underfoot went on, and far above, every few minutes, the mountain sent forth an angry bellow.

She seemed to be warning—holding herself in, with impatience, yet holding—for the time.

The noises of the day had not very much troubled Black-eyed Susan, who had so nearly done with it all. Still, moved by the feverish awakening that came with afternoons, she stirred a little, lifting the smooth arms and hands that lay on her lace robe, and turned her head. Like dead feet, the tiny arched feet on the cushion kept still.

From her hair, onyx-black, piled high in Spanish fashion, the native, smoothing the heavy locks, loosened a red chain. It fell upon the floor. "Put it back, Mahina," she murmured, turning her eyes toward the monkeylike old creature who sat crouched beside her.

"Plenty more stop," said the native a little sulkily. She nodded toward the open door, where, trembling a little in the

afternoon wind, the "Black-eyed Susans" of the bush hung on their stems—scarlet seeds, each with a jetty eye at one end, known to island children and to natives as priceless jewels, strung into a hundred different ornaments, hoarded up like coin.

"Put it back!" screamed Suzanne, suddenly waking to angry life. Never since the girlhood days when she had flown from a "cocky" Queensland farm to Sydney, since the first of her three marriages and two divorces, had Black-eyed Susan been seen without what she called her good-luck chain. She had broken, lost, worn out a dozen or two; but there were always more to be had. In the marvelous masses of her hair, fine as feathers and black as onyx stone, there was always, night or day, a threaded chain of the scarlet seeds that bore her name. Sometimes the coil competed with a string of diamonds; sometimes it consorted, badly, with a rose; but it was always there. Once, in a music-hall, another entertainer had said sneeringly, looking at the chain, that she understood the fine points of advertisement better than most. Suzanne had slapped the woman—and afterward paid her agent an extra pound or two to see that the slap got due press value. But she had gratified nobody's curiosity about her mascot, not even the agent's.

Mahina, who was faithful, if occasionally ill-tempered, bent to pick up the chain, and gave it back. Suzanne replaced it carefully. She breathed hard as she sank back on her pillows; she was growing very weak. "Not gone yet, though," she told herself. "Not by a good sight." And she cast a hungry glance at the sky, the palms in the window openings. Suzanne, the great lover, loved life—else, she had parted with it long before this day. . . .

It was on this scene that Cantrell, Blackett, and the third man, Ireland, came, from a pathway so overgrown with weeds and grasses as to suggest, almost irresistibly, emptiness and desertion. About the door of the house the wild scarlet-flowered salvia and the scarlet-seeded Susans struggled unchecked. No one had passed through, it seemed, for weeks. If Mahina wanted water, she got it from the tank at the back; the food was all within-doors. To look at the house, you would have thought no soul survived.

"Empty, I reckon," declared the Captain, crashing through the weeds. "All the better—listen to that!" he added. The men following him had already listened to it; it was a shot from the crater above, that with its sheer detonation had loosened hundreds of big stones and set them rolling.

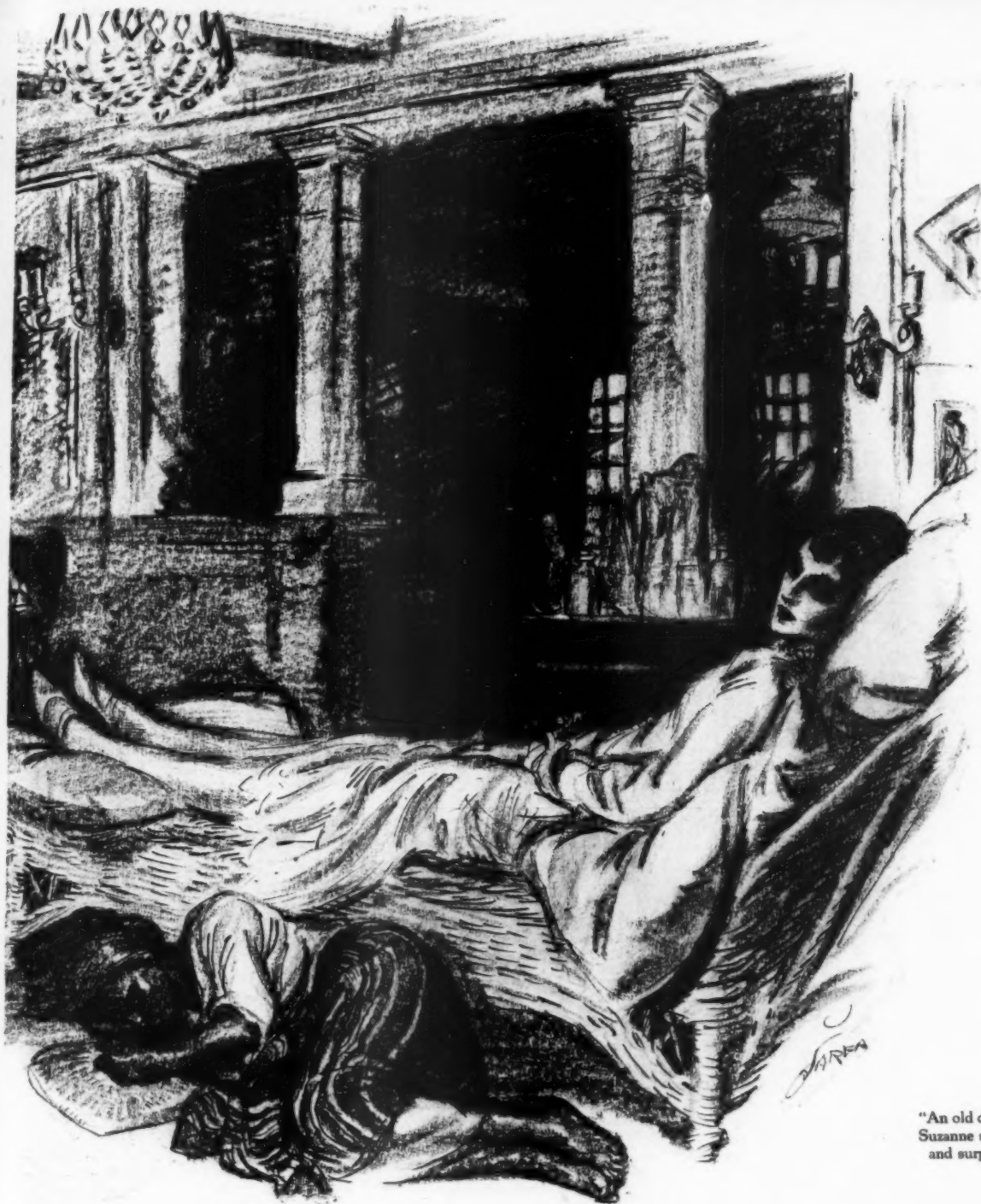
"Next might come a lot nearer," he said. "They did well to clear out." He entered the shuttered room, and came straight upon Mahina and Suzanne.

Suzanne had heard them coming; with the ineradicable instinct of the woman who lives to please, she had reached for a hand-mirror, patted her ivory-smooth cheeks with a powder-puff, and drawn a red stick across her lips. Powder and lipstick brought out, in startling contrast, the lime-white paleness of her face, the amazing blackness of her deeply hooded eyes. Cantrell was new on the run; he had never seen this woman, but instantly he knew who she was. "My God, you're Black-eyed Susan!" he said to her. "What the hell are you doing here?"



He was in the doorway; the other men stood bunched behind him, looking over his shoulder. All three were equally amazed and appalled, to find two women left behind on Compass—Compass, which was "playing up."

"Mr. Plummer, he stay," volunteered Mahina, crouching beside Suzanne, and waving, mechanically, a pandanus fan. "Me stay too. We have to pack up all the clothes, all the chair, the table. Mr. Plummer's boys they stay down below; they take care for the whaleboat for him. Two week ago we go out to look at this mountain; she start to play up; she shake all the road, all the stone of the road. Road on top fall down on road at bottom. Mrs. Plummer, she was hit. Mr. Plummer, his head broke and he killed. The boys were very much frighten', and then they takes the whaleboat and went away. Me, I stop; I don't like to leave Mrs. Plummer."



"An old devil," said Suzanne suddenly and surprisingly.

She took up the fan, which she had laid down, and went on fanning.

"Lord," said Cantrell comprehensively, mopping his brow. The heat, the black, brooding heat of the afternoon, was terrible. "What's the matter with her?" he asked bluntly.

It was Black-eyed Susan who answered him. "My back's broken," she said.

There was a dismayed silence. Through it the black woman monotonously flapped her fan; the sound of waves, a long way below, came faintly through the opened shutters. Underfoot one could feel the island boiling—boiling—

It was the good-natured fat young gentleman who spoke first, and what he said appeared barely relevant.

"I'm going to be married next month," was his remark.

"Mrs. Plummer," sharply demanded Cantrell, "are you quite

helpless? Could you stand it if we carried you to the—"

"My good man," she replied, slowly, for the drops of night and sleep were still in her brain,—"I've never moved my legs since the landslide, and I just didn't die when the boys carried me in."

"If you'll pardon me," said Ireland suddenly, "I'm only a commercial, but I did a year at doctoring once. Let me have a look at her."

They withdrew a little way, standing among the scarlet flowers outside. The Captain simply waited; he was used to waiting. Blackett lighted a cigarette with fingers somewhat uncertain, and to an entirely inattentive audience of one repeated the news about his marriage. Above, the cone of Compass was silent. She seemed—strangely—to be waiting too.

Ireland came out.

(Continued on page 151)

"Well, listen to what I have to offer." The Captain leaned up against a dolphin.

Illustrated by
Rea Irvin



Communistic Frankfurters

by Arthur Mason

"Once a sailor, always a sailor," does not quite hold good with Arthur Mason, whose sea-tales often appear in these pages. For he's settled in a village on the Riviera and swallowed his anchor, as they say of sailors who become landsmen. There he is writing his sailing life and more tales for Red Book readers.

THE new schooner *Clippsky* was lying at anchor in San Francisco bay awaiting the crew who were to deliver her to her Mexican owners. One thousand dollars had been promised her captain the day he landed her—minus, of course, wages of the crew, and the cost of food to feed them. He meant to have the long end of that thousand, for that was Captain Crisp's way of doing.

He was a short, thick-set man, paunchy and square-shouldered, with a large furry face and head, eyes that were small and cunning, and as shifty as a weathervane. As he came up out of the cabin he looked away across the bay with bleary eyes, and yawned loudly. The only other living creature on board, a yellowish-looking sheep-dog, approached him, barking. The Captain squinted at him.

"What's bitin' you?" he asked; then the dog licked his hand, and the Captain patted him.

"I need two men to run her south, Pete," he said to the dog. "I'm goin' ashore to get 'em. Watch the schooner, boy."

The dog seemed to understand, for he stood with lowered tail motionless, watching, as his master lowered himself carefully over the rail to a smallboat that swung to a painter, and pulled away toward the city.

As he approached the wharf his eye was caught by the derelict-

figure of a man who was sitting there fishing. Two men, evidently sailors, from the cut of their pilot-cloth suits and their cheese-cutter caps, were standing watching him. Captain Crisp, feeling that his luck was with him, hurriedly tied up the boat and joined them puffingly.

"Are you men lookin' for a ship?" he asked.

They wheeled around on straddled legs.

"We are, and we aint," said one, the slimmer of the two. "—Aint that right, Sam?"

The other nodded.

"Nowadays," continued the Captain, "any man wants to make a chunk of money."

Their eyes bulged a little. "Aye, they does."

"Well, listen to what I have to offer."

The Captain leaned the flat surface of himself up against a dolphin, and his eyes narrowed to gimlet-holes filled with ink.

"I want two sailors to go with me on a run to Guaymas, Mexico. Listen, me hearties: I'm paying fifty dollars—do you hear that? And we wont be a week at sea. There's other concessions besides. All you'll have to do will be to reef and steer, and there'll be damned little reefing in the weather we're goin' to have."

The tall sailor, looking his doubts, was for walking away. Sam caught him by the arm.

"Keep on talkin'," he said. "Don't mind Jack."

"Well, as I was sayin', the grub'll be good. Why, I'm furnishin' it. Do I look like a man what would starve himself for the sake of a bit o' money?"

"We agrees with you," said Jack dryly; "you don't."

Sam jingled some coins in his pocket.

"Where's your ship, and what's her rig?"

"That's the way I like to hear you talk," answered the Captain. "There's the *Clippsky* out there. Come now, make up your minds in a hurry. Fifty dollars aint hangin' on piles."

They consulted:

"She's small," Jack whispered.

"She is that; she'd be easy for you and me, Jack."

"Do you furnish the chow?" Sam asked of Captain Crisp.

"Fifty-fifty on the eats," said Captain Crisp, "share and share alike. I'm a man what has a heart, I am."

"Me and my mate'll talk it over." And Jack towed Sam away up the wharf to a spot from which the view of the *Clippsky's* master was to his size as a tadpole is to a frog.

"I aint trusting him much—'e's a gabblin'," he said.

"Listen, Jack; the fifty's easy, and the chuck will be good. I knows it from the looks of him. I says try her out."

So they told the Captain, and he sent them after their bags, and himself went off to buy provisions. But as he went, there lurked an evil smile of satisfied greed about the corners of his mouth which Jack and Sam might have profited to see. His thoughts carried with him as far as a neighboring grocery store, where he watched the scales register weights of hardtack, sugar and coffee.

"I'm not laying in supplies for the Arctic," he told the man.

"Yes, I'll take a bit of rice; it's good for sailors. Spuds there'll be none. Canned meat? No, sirree! The *Clippsky's* no floating club for a pair of windblown lubbers like those!"

"Well, Captain," said the clerk, venturing another attack, "surely a big man like you needs a bit finer food than a common sailor. Now, here is something that is real eating. Look at 'em. Frankfurters, baby frankfurters!"

He held out a glass jar as though he were sicking a dog onto a rat. The Captain stood fascinated; his eyes widened; his hand trembled as he reached for them. The clerk, watching him turn the jar round and round looking at the clustered morsels, rushed in for his close-up.

"There's a shortage of salmon," he said. "A man has to have something for his breakfast, don't he?"

The Captain gulped. "How many are in a case?" he asked shortly.

"Twenty-four," said the clerk.

"I'll take a case of them, but mind you wrap them up well; sailors are suspicious these days."

As the clerk wound yards of wrapping-paper around the box of frankfurters, destroying the evidence of their identity, the Captain's mind was seesawing as to how he would dispose of it on board. There was, however, no thought in his mind of sharing his baby reds with Jack and Sam; they could eat hardtack, fill themselves full of it, for all he cared, but never a frankfurter would be cut by tooth of theirs.

"There you are, Captain, everything ready—twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents. . . . That's it. Thank you. I'll just put them on the wagon for you. Good-by, Captain. I hope you enjoy your little feed. Call around again soon."

Sam and Jack were waiting on the wharf. Their bags were already in the smallboat, and there was that in their patient poise that bespoke peace of mind. Possibly the thought of the fifty dollars had something to do with it; more likely it was the realization that this trip, at least, they would have all they wanted to eat. They rose to greet the Captain as he alighted from the delivery-wagon.

"Now, men," he said, "hurry these packages into the boat, and let's get away to sea. To peace and contentment," he added with his eye on the frankfurters.

Sam was passing the package to Jack.

"It aint for us to see, judging from the wrappings, Jack."

"Might it be grog, Sam?"

"Might be, Jack." Sam's tongue found the rim of his rough lips.

As they rowed off to the *Clippsky*, their eyes often sought the package and rested upon it softly, and visions arose of the pipe and the noggin of rum that makes the sailorman shoulder a gale with never a growl.

It was only when the *Clippsky* dog sniffed at the frankfurter-box as it came aboard, that the Captain spoke.

"Go on away with you, you tactless brute," he said.

Sam and Jack carried their bags to the forecabin, admiring, as they went, the beauty of the schooner.

"She's a 'ome, Sam—a 'appy, cozy little 'ome."

"Aye!" And Sam's eyes blinked with pride.

The Captain's squint followed them till they turned into the forecabin; then he dived down into the cabin

with the box of frankfurters and shoved them under his bunk. Back again to the deck he ran, shifty-eyed.

"Here, men, carry your grub to the galley and keep it there; when you're hungry, eat; that's the way to run a ship. I've been a sailor in the forecabin myself, and I know what it is to have a hunger on. There'll be none of that here. Stuff yourselves, men—get the feeling that the schooner belongs to you."

"E's 'uman," whispered Jack.

"He is that," said Sam, and whistling happily he picked up the hardtack and carried it to the galley. The whistle turned into a lively chanty as the order came to heave up the anchor, and the happy crew walked it into the hawsepole.



Sam smelled of it. "Sausages!" he grunted.

Sail was made, and the schooner stood away through the Golden Gate and out to the open sea. The Captain was at the wheel, the dog lying at his feet. Jack was coiling down rope, and Sam went into the galley to cook a meal for all hands. As he lighted the fire, the blaze reflected the satisfaction in his face. Never in all the thirty years of his seagoing life had such liberality been shown him, and he thought of other sailors now, poor men, as he was once, arguing with greasy lemon-extract cooks over the faded lump of margarine that was to grease their hardtack, and the hemplike sowbelly that went with it. His eyes roved approvingly over the packages. There they stood, tightly tied and neatly covered. He rolled up his blue shirt-sleeves and went to work, with hairy, knotty, clever hands.

As he cut the strings and opened the bags, his expression changed. Anxiety crept in, and a chiseling stare. He threw the coffee aside, and stuck his head out of the galley door. His face hung in limp wrinkles.

"Say, Jack, come 'ere."

"Wot is it, Sam?"

"Look!"

Jack scratched his head as his gaze followed his shipmate's pointing finger. His eyes seemed to enter bags with radium thoroughness.

"Not a blarsted bit o' meat?"

"No, nor no grease, neither. Don't get roily, Jack; don't do nothing 'asty."

He moistened dry lips. In the distance the skipper twirled his wheel as though the steering of the schooner were an act requiring giant strength.

"They'll be aft, presently," he thought.

Sam's voice had the sound of crackling ice.

"We'll bide our time," he said. "If he eats this here grub, us will too. But I've me suspicions. There's knickknacks in that package he stole from the poop; mind what I tell you."

"Gar blyme, Sam, if 'e's cheating us, I'll bash 'is blooming 'ead!"

"Not yet, mate. It takes a long time for the wee waves to reach the shore, but they gets there; they does, sure—yes, sure."

So they agreed merely to suspect the skipper of the *Clippsky*, postponing punishment until such time as he should be caught renegeing fair and square. Side by side they sat eating, and their flangy teeth gripped the biscuits and crunched them to a crumble. Then with coffee the color of soot they washed their leathery throats.

That night Sam had the first wheel from eight to twelve. The breeze out of the westward was moderate, the sea smooth, and the schooner, clear of land now, headed away south. The Captain came up out of the cabin eating something that sounded soft. He avoided Sam and walked to windward, followed by his dog. Sam's suspicious nose told him nothing, but in the starlight he could see Captain Crisp throw something to his dog. The animal jumped for it with a wild bound, and gobbled it down.

"That'll do for you," said the Captain. "Aint you got no shame at all?"

"She's a fine little vessel," he called over to Sam.

"Aye, she is that."

"Well, I'll go below and take a snooze for myself. If you need me, rap on the porthole."

Five minutes later Sam let go the wheel and crawled on his hands and knees to that part of the deck where the dog had licked up what the Captain gave him. He smelled of it with a nose as keen as a bloodhound's, and finding a tiny fragment that had been overlooked, sampled it third hand. His eyes had a lunar glow as he

backed to the wheel. A smothered thought burst out. "Sausages!" he grunted.

At twelve o'clock he called Jack to relieve him. There was a hurried conference, ending in a decision. Jack went aft to the wheel; Sam, with a pursed mouth and ferret eyes, entered the galley and carted all the eatables from there into the forecabin. There was determination in his manner as he doused the glim and spread a blanket over himself in his bunk.

When daylight came, the breeze was fresher, and quite a jabble of a sea was in the making. When the sun came up, he had a liverish look about him, and jaundiced clouds hung on the horizon. The *Clippsky* was now carrying a white, sizzling bone in her teeth. The Captain, yawning, walked forward to the galley. Sam stood leaning over the weather rail, smoking.

"What's happened in here?" shouted the master, as he piped the cold nakedness of the place. "Been stealing your own grub?"

"Aye, that we have," answered Sam dryly. "When you aint sharin', we aint sharin'."

"Ho-ho, so that's the type of men I have for a crew!"

"Didn't you tell us this was a sort of partition affair, share and share alike with me and Jack? Well, you lied to us. How does I know it? Because I caught you eating sausages last night."

The Captain's eyes flattened to the deck, his pink ears grew red; he looked the picture of the guilty glutton. Sam went on:

"You eat in your part of the ship; we'll eat in ours, and each of us will keep what us has."

The Captain raised his head; there was a fox-trick look in his eyes. He knew that with the grub in the forecabin there was no use bluffing.

"Look here," he said. "You fellows don't give a man a chance to be good to you. I was going to cook breakfast for all of us this morning; hot frankfurters we were going to have. Aint it natural for me to sample them first? But now I've changed my mind, and you can go on your own. Do you hear that?"

"That will suit us," Sam said nervously.

He looked too serious to suit the Captain, and it was a long way to Mexico—on frankfurters.

"I aint the man," went on the Captain, "that wouldn't make a sacrifice for his crew, even if they are brutes, but since you doubted me, my heart is ruffled. Even at that I'll make you a proposition. Mind it is just out of the goodness of my heart, and to keep you happy and peaceful. We'll play poker for the frankfurters, winner take all. Aint that fair? Where would you find another man that would give you a chance like that to redeem yourselves?"

"It's a go," said Sam; "we'll play. I'll go and put it up to Jack."

The skipper went into the cabin; Jack and Sam hung over the wheel in deep conversation. The wind was coming stronger now, and off yonder the sea was whipping white.

"You play him, Jack."

"No, Sam, I'll steer. Blyme, if I lost, we'd starve to death. It's a terrible venture, staking all that grub."

"It's a lot of (Continued on page 142)"



Two heads were tossing about—one of a frantic man, one of a despairing dog.

Illustrated by
David
Hendrickson

The Lifer

By
Ben Hecht

No other fictionist in America has Ben Hecht's genius for telling short stories that are really short—like this one. And he always writes to the point—a point, moreover, that is frequently barbed, as here and now, in this very brief tale of a Chicago reporter's assignment and what it produced.

THERE were many things my city editor looked forward to. Murders, seductions and catastrophes were part of his cruder expectations. They sold newspapers. A particularly atrocious crime was, to my city editor, no more and no less than a shipment of ties, socks, suspenders and other staples might be to an enterprising haberdasher.

But in his daily expectations my city editor included many charming and almost literary plots. He liked things to happen—"stories to break"—whose facts and color might reveal the drama of human emotion rather than human event. These incidents didn't sell papers to any great extent, but they kept alive the tradition that journalism was something of an art, and that a newspaper was not a mere record of abnormal calamities.

One morning, opening his assignment book, in the back of



His pallor, his frightened despairing eyes that remained without light as he raved, fascinated me.

which he kept his "futures" on file, my city editor smiled with the sudden sweetness of a child and beckoned me to his desk.

"Do you know who Sam Janney is?" he asked; and when I shook my head, he continued: "Well, twenty-eight years ago Sam Janney killed a man in a quarrel over a woman he loved. He's been in the penitentiary ever since. He gets out today. Hop a train for Joliet and see what you can do with that."

He paused, tilted his head up at me and added sarcastically: "I think you ought to be able to get a story out of Sam Janney, don't you?"

"I'll call up the warden first," I countered, "and verify it."

My city editor frowned. He would have liked more enthusiasm. He was continually reading newspaper stories in magazines, in which reporters on receiving assignments grabbed their hats and leaped out of the local room like high-strung chargers smelling the battle from afar.

"Here's some more dope," he added irritably. "Mrs. Julia Grossman,—that's the name of the woman he killed the man over,—she's married and lives at 22—West Lake Street. It won't do any harm to get her into the story."

It was lucky I thought of calling up the warden before hopping a train for his penitentiary. Sam Janney, he told me, had been discharged quietly and secretly two days ago.

"I think," concluded the warden after he had given me enough details of Sam's life in prison to serve my purpose, "I think you can find him at the home of some people named Grossman. He told me he was going to stop there till he got on his feet."

At 22—West Lake Street I found a small frame house adjoining a junk-yard piled with old tires and rusty automobile skeletons. I had the feeling that Sam, the lifer, didn't want any publicity, and this prompted me to do a little scouting around before ringing the Grossman bell and asking for him.

I inquired at the garage next to the junk-yard and found out what I wanted to know. Yes, Sam Janney was staying with the Grossmans next door. A number of people in the neighborhood knew about him. He was a lifer from Joliet, had done twenty-eight years for murder, and everybody was curious to get a look at him. But he kept inside.

"He's a little baldheaded man," said the garage owner. "I saw him for a few minutes last night, sitting on the porch with the Grossmans."

It would have cheered my city editor to see me at this particular moment and would have revived his faith in the reporters he read about in fiction stories. Nevertheless I did not dash for the Grossman door. One does not approach drama running and out of breath.

I WALKED slowly, thinking of Sam Janney, of how strange life must seem to him after twenty-eight years, of how bewildered he must feel, and wondering what his point of view would be. I thought also of this Julia Grossman. She had been a young woman of twenty-five when he had loved her and killed a man "for her sake." How strange, how ironic, this passion of his youth must seem to him now as he sat in her home, his sunken eyes staring probably at a buxom elderly woman; staring at her as if she were a stranger, as if he had never known her and yet knowing that on account of her he had lain buried behind prison walls. How absurd and incomprehensible his crime must seem to him—this crime committed out of an emotion which had died long ago. The story, I reflected, mounting the porch, would have to be written simply, and with overtones.

I rang the bell twice and finally heard footsteps inside. A thin, wrinkled woman with shrewish eyes, tight lips and a mottled skin stood in the doorway.

"Are you Mrs. Julia Grossman?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered in a rasping voice.

"What do you want?"

A small, baldheaded man appeared behind her as I went on.

"I want to talk to Sam Janney. I'm from the News."

Whereupon the baldheaded man stepped to her side, and I found myself with a thrill looking into a pair of sunken eyes, regarding a lined and pallid face.

"You get out o' here," he cried. "Go on—get out!"

"I just want to ask a few questions." I smiled at the little man.

"Yeah, I know what you want!" he shouted viciously. His hands were shaking, and a rage twisted his face as he continued to discharge insult and epithet at me as a representative of that vilest of all things—the press. I was not averse to listening, for behind his rage I felt the years of his suffering. They were in the inflections of his words—the twenty-eight years of prison. His pallor, his frightened, despairing eyes that remained without light as he raved, fascinated me.

"You come buttin' in here trying to dig up dirt," he was shouting. "You can't leave people alone. You're worse than all o' them. All o' them." And with this cry, he made a gesture that included the spring street, the faded buildings and the sounds of life in the air.

His voice was so ineffectual, his very gestures seemed so starved and puny, that I got a distasteful impression of myself as part of the horrible and merciless thing that had hounded him for twenty-eight years. I was part of "all o' them"—all the things he had yearned for behind prison walls, and learned at length to hate in his despair over losing them.

I looked at the woman who was glowering and mumbling behind him. Contempt and irritation were in her eyes as they rested on the little man's shaking figure. Her too he had lost. Moving around in his prison, shut away behind walls, he had lost her, and youth, and the feel of life in his veins. For this reason I felt there was a story in his rage, and I stood listening and nodding until the woman cried out, pulling at his sleeve:

"Don't pay any attention to him."

SHE pushed him indignantly aside and slammed the door. The drama was blotted out. I walked slowly back to the garage, wondering how much of a story I had. It might come off quite effectively, if I wrote it well—the rage and bitterness of a lifer released after twenty-eight years, his horror of the world that had chained him behind prison walls; the endless years of suffering revealed in his face, in his sunken eyes; the endless years of monotony and despair that had unfitted him for living, that had made him unable to talk, to gesture, almost to breathe.

The garage man beckoned me toward his private office.

"There he is," he whispered, "just askin' me for a job. Yeah, that's Sam Janney," he added, noticing my astonishment. "Go on—he'll talk to you. He seems a nice fella. I'm goin' to put him to work washin' down cars and sortin' junk in the yard. Hey, Mr. Janney," he called, "come here a minute."

A thin man, slightly stooped, came out of the shadows and moved obediently toward us.

"Are you Sam Janney who was released two days ago?" I asked.

The thin man nodded. A vague, friendly smile filled his colorless eyes.

"Who was the man I talked to in the Grossman home?" I asked the garage owner, "—small, baldheaded, deep-set eyes."

"Oh, you got the wrong one," he smiled. "That's old George Grossman. Quite a character around here. Been living in that cottage for twenty-five years."

"Yes," spoke up Sam Janney softly. "That's poor Julia's husband."

I talked to Sam Janney for an hour. But the edge was off the story for me. His slow, gentle words, his childlike answers, his unexpected oaths, uttered without vehemence, failed to hold my imagination. I kept thinking of the man with the "prison pallor," with the sunken eyes and the futile impotent rage against life, who had stood beside the shrewish little woman and screamed at me a short while ago.

I told my city editor the story of the two men I had interviewed, and he listened with his head tilted appreciatively until I was through.

"Yeah, I get you," he smiled. "Which one really was the lifer? But I guess you'd better write about Sam Janney—and just stick to the facts."

THE VILLA AGOSTINO

(Continued from page 50)

It was this austere quality in the Señor Brown which had led to his misfortune. He had had misunderstandings with Latin-American officials in his day, but not over women. No scandal had stained his record. It would scarcely suffice to say that Señor Brown had never loved, but he had forgotten them. When he saw Jovita Barreira, the post-mistress of Cabanes, he became the dueling-ground of passion and fidelity. Don Sebastian made his major-domo the messenger of his own love. Señor Brown was not long in perceiving the scheme of which the infatuated millionaire was to be a victim. She was a goddess even to Señor Brown, but when he poured out his declaration in booming clangorous Spanish, she shook her head and called to the back of the office. And Emilio Gonzales, her lover, rose up behind her and looked steadily down upon the diminutive major-domo. It was at this point that the latter made his mistake. He permitted them to discover that he was aware of their plan. It was a mistake because the girl at once complained to Don Sebastian that she feared Señor Brown. The Señor had threatened her. And Don Sebastian in a rage of jealousy storming

over the old walls of his sagacity, dismissed his incorruptible employee.

"Your salary shall be paid, on condition that you do not return," he was told.

"There will be nothing to return to," he had retorted sourly. "I issue this last warning. I have my pride. Nothing shall induce me to put my pension in jeopardy. For it is a pension for faithful service you are giving me. You try to deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive me. I am, I am free to say, indispensable to you."

HE went, and Jovita Barreira, whom he had called a goddess, and who had thrown a charm over Don Sebastian which seemed destined to place her one of these days in possession of the seventy million bolívares, was pursuing the even tenor of her way, when Harry Trancher and his friend Jack Ferrell, gentlemen adventurers, moved forward upon the Villa Agostino.

Emilio Gonzales, when he looked up from his seat, which was a well-filled mail-sack in a dark corner of the Cabanes post office, wondered very much indeed what those two big men, regular bad *hombres* in his opinion, were doing in Cabanes. He saw them side

by side at the window, which was barred like a cage, and the electric light overhead, kept burning by special permission of the Government, shone on their faces. Emilio thought of a visit he had once paid to the Zoological Gardens in North America. Then he remembered a more unfortunate experience, when he went to see a friend who had been locked up in connection with a murder he had witnessed. Emilio, invisible in his corner, studied Harry Trancher and Jack Ferrell and told himself that certainly there stood two bad *hombres*. He heard them demand a money-order for fifty pesos. He saw Jovita, his Jovita, who was as pure a Spaniard as anyone in Cuba, yet who fooled everybody with her short auburn hair and shrewd light gray-green eyes, make out the necessary forms.

Jovita worked as post-office clerk under protest. She had often told Emilio with some sternness that he, a traveling jeweler-salesman, had absolutely no idea of the vastness of her ambition. To sing in opera was with Jovita a profound, almost a fundamental obsession of the soul. It never occurred to her that four out of five girls in America, North, South, Central and in-



How many "well-fed" people are slowly starving?

NOT FOR lack of sufficient food, but through failure to eat enough of those foods which Nature intends them to eat!

Vegetables, for example. Only too often people fail to eat enough of them. In vegetables are stored the mineral salts so essential to proper growth and renewal of the bodily tissues, bones, teeth, muscles.

DO YOU realize that well-made soup containing vegetables is one of the richest sources of these all-important nutrient elements? As vegetables are usually cooked and served, they have lost much of their most valuable food content. This is due to the fact that the water in which they are boiled is almost always thrown away. Yet while the vegetables are being cooked, that water absorbs a large portion of their mineral salts. In soup, however, these mineral salts remain to enrich and invigorate.

What a bountiful supply of rich vegetable goodness there is in every

Without knowing it, many neglect Nature's simple ways to abundant golden health and rosy beauty!

plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

Baby lima beans—dainty and enticing. Sweet little peas—the pride of the garden. Country Gentleman corn from the finest fields. Tomatoes—red-ripe and luscious with all their appetizing flavor. White and sweet potatoes—the best that grow. Snow-white celery. Chantenay carrots—the pick of the world. Selected turnips and cabbage. Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to make the flavor even more tempting. In all there are fifteen different vegetables—and don't forget that you receive the full benefit of the mineral salts stored in them by nature to give you health and vigor.

And in addition to all these, Campbell's

Vegetable Soup contains invigorating broth of choice beef, pearl barley, alphabet macaroni, herbs and seasoning—blended by our famous French chefs into as delicious a soup as you can place on your table. Thirty-two ingredients, all told!

HERE is an ideal luncheon or supper dish. It has the real nourishment you need at the midday or evening meal. It tastes so good and is so invigorating that you always welcome it, even when you do not feel like eating a heavy meal. At dinnertime it makes a real part of the longer meal. And let the children eat Campbell's Vegetable Soup often—it's so wholesome. 12 cents a can, at your grocer's.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

cluding the West Indian archipelago, had the same trouble of the spirit, the same passionate feeling of frustration when they contemplated their daily tasks.

She made out the forms efficiently, sullenly, and without looking at the two big men who were watching her. She did not see Mr. Trancher, who was sending the fifty pesos to his mother in Bootle, nudge Mr. Ferrell and indicate with a flicker of an eyelash the healthy roll of gold-backed currency within reach of Jovita's left hand. Emilio Gonzales saw it, however, and his impression of the two as poor company for his Jovita deepened. He also moved slightly on his mail-bag cushion as though to render access to the broad belt, which supported a very handsome pair of long pearl-handled revolvers, a little more easy.

YES, Jovita was not going to do this all her life. With a voice like hers—Emilio, even while he watched his sweetheart at the post-office window, pondered the problem. She had a voice. If you had never heard it, you were startled out of your customary cool and patronizing attitude toward post-office lady clerks. She was by way of being a tall, elegant girl, physically, though slender; and most men, when they gave the matter any thought at all, wanted to protect Jovita from the rough world. Even Emilio Gonzales, who was in love with Jovita, had wished to treat her like one of his own jewels, shaping and polishing her hard, brilliant character, and setting it firmly within the sterling metal of his own personality. He lived in Santiago, that beautiful dirty town which lies at the head of a wonderful winding harbor south across the cane-lands from Cabanes, and he was planning to open a store there instead of riding all over Cuba on horseback and selling from door to door. This last was a profitable business, but it was fatiguing and, in truth, dangerous.

But she had a voice. It was so powerful, even as she spoke, that people would regard her with incredulity when they heard the resonant sound, like the echo of a golden gong, coming from that somber, rather stand-offish young person. When she sang, which was rarely indeed since she came to Cabanes, the volume of sound filled the chamber as though the windows were suddenly opened upon a square thronged with a cymbal-clashing army.

But since those two men had come in, Jovita had not uttered a sound. Harry Trancher had asked her for a foreign money-order, and she had handed him the form to fill up. He was evidently familiar with such documents. The other man's eyes wandered and then settled upon her with a look that she was aware of without looking at him. She knew he could not see Emilio Gonzales at the back of the office because of the bright light.

When Jack Ferrell looked at a girl as he was looking at Jovita, it gave him a refined expression. Jack roamed the world dreamily, with half of his brain clouded; yet he sought something, he knew not what, which might bring back to him the secret he had known in youth. It was this which Harry Trancher sensed in their relations, an obscure feeling that these lawless expeditions of his were to Jack something else. They were. To Jack there was a little of the pilgrimage in their journeys. He had a look on his long, sad face at times, that at the next corner, over the next hill, behind the next island, his faded blue eyes would see what he sought, the secret which no racking of his tired brain could solve.

So he looked at women as though to say: "Is it you? Have you got it? Can I have you?" So he looked at Jovita Barreira, and a moment later almost imperceptibly, and while Harry was glancing at him warningly, he shook his head. The expression passed like a shadow, like a sigh.

Harry Trancher smiled as he handed over the fifty dollars which was to go to Bootle, England.

"A stamp, please, señorita, for Inglaterra."

Jovita looking up sullenly, saw a worn and bulging wallet in Mr. Trancher's hands. Her quick eye caught sight of a brilliant orange-colored five-centavo stamp of Spanish Honduras as Mr. Trancher drew out a fresh clean envelope addressed to Mrs. Trancher. When she received it, she would say to her neighbors: "My son's doing awfully well in America." There had been a letter from New Orleans with five hundred dollars and a photograph of Harry made in a Canal Street studio.

"Money for my old mother in England, señorita," he said, glancing at her deferentially. He thought of Señor Brown and what Señora Voight had told him of the woman at the post office. He saw that she was that sort of a tart. Had a headpiece. But he was startled when she said, in a deep strong voice:

"You come from Honduras?"

"Señorita?"

She frowned and almost turned to speak to Emilio Gonzales. She was recalling an official report of a few weeks back when the railway express-office at Puerto Sanchez, which lies eastward of Ceiba on the lonely coast of Honduras, was the scene of a fight between the crew of an American freighter and a dozen of the local soldiery, mostly drunk, and the mail-car strong-box was found open and empty. The news in the course of time reached even Cabanes in eastern Cuba. Jovita examined those two big men sharply.

"Señorita?"

"I know you!" she said, leaning forward with her hands on the desk, secure in the presence of Emilio Gonzales behind her. "This is not Puerto Sanchez, señores."

At the mention of that place Jack Ferrell took his gaze from a map of the Caribbean Sea and looked at his friend. Harry Trancher's chin was against his chest, and he glanced sharply from under his frowning eyebrows.

"That so? My name isn't Señor Brown, either," he muttered as he stowed his wallet away. "Come on, Jack. Let's take a little walk."

"That's a nice skirt," said Jack as they set out along Front Street. "I'm goin' to see if she'll come out some evening."

"No, you're not, Jack. Don't you remember? That's the girl I told you about. She's the one who's fixing to be a widow. We're going to stop it, see. Get some oof for it, too."

"Bash her on her head, shall we?"

"You wait and don't go bashing till I say so," warned Mr. Trancher. "My gracious, it's hot here! Let's have a schooner of *cerveza*."

"Did you hear her voice?" asked Jack. He looked as though he had caught a glimpse, an astonishing glimpse, of another world, before the door had been slammed in his face.

"Did I hear it?" snarled Harry, pushing into a saloon with a zinc bar gleaming in the green-and-gold dusk of closed shutters. "It was like a dock-master's!"

JOVITA BARREIRA whirled round upon Emilio Gonzales, still sitting on his mail-bag in the dark office.

"You saw those men?" she whispered hoarsely.

"I did not understand. What is this Puerto Sanchez you shouted at him?"

"I shout? I didn't know I shouted. I saw it in the *notificaciones*," she said, reaching for a large clip-file above her head. She turned the dusty sheets and then handed it to him with a quick movement toward a light on the wall. He read.

"The *commandante* was the instigator and

is now in prison," he said, returning the file and switching off the light.

Jovita shrugged her fine shoulders in reply to Emilio's glance of inquiry.

"He had a Honduras stamp in with his money," she said. "And you heard what he said? He spoke of Señor Brown. When did he hear of that shrimp Señor Brown? Emilio, I don't like those two coming here."

"Two bad *hombres*, I said to myself when they came in," said Emilio. "What is to be done?"

"Have a care."

Seen in a good light, Emilio Gonzales was a handsome young man. He had a full dark eye, not overly straight lips and a neat little mustache. He wore a light gray *sombrero*. A large diamond on his little finger and a fine pearl pin in his scarf gave him a romantic, distinguished air. He moved with an extraordinary quietness and caution. Every fourth week he came to Cabanes on his round of visits from Santiago, where he planned to have a store of his own. And in a silent, enigmatic fashion he was the lover of Jovita Barreira, when Don Sebastian Canafistolo came to the Villa Agostino and one day set his large black eyes upon the girl at the post office.

It was like Jovita to keep Emilio out of the way. It was like him to remain in the background. If Don Sebastian could be brought to give her a musical education, *por Dios*, would not that be a fine thing? There was nothing more in it than that before the astute Señor Brown received the report of Lo Foo, who worked in the kitchen of the Villa Agostino under old Clotilda. Lo Foo had been born in Cabanes, and he had a face in color and shape like a pancake. He lay flat on the outer ledge of the sea-wall by the oil jetty and heard Jovita say to Emilio:

"I could marry that old man, and in a few years—oh, Emilio!"

"If you marry him, I will put a bullet into his head," Emilio had said softly.

"And they would execute you!"

Lo Foo saw the man's hand close on Jovita's throat, and she uttered a gurgling noise.

"And I would drive a knife into you just for that, my Jovita."

She lay quiet under his hand for a moment, and he released her. Lo Foo was disappointed. He had expected to see the knife sink into that tall, white girl's neck.

"Emilio, you are a fool."

"That may be. I know thee, Jovita."

"I joked. I mean about the execution."

"And you still think you can marry him as he desires?"

"And if by sad chance he was shot, as you say he might be—oh, Emilio!"

There was a pause in the darkness. Lo Foo saw them embrace. These *caballeros*!

"You are a clever girl, my Jovita," said Emilio. "I am afraid of thee, sometimes."

NOW, when the doorway was no longer darkened by those two bad *hombres*, they looked at each other in doubt. Suddenly the girl snapped her thumb and finger and uttered a long booming exclamation.

"Emilio, we must act at once! I go to the Villa tonight to dinner with Don Sebastian—yes, I know, but he must never become informed of your existence. I have made that my attitude from the beginning—a poor girl whose sole desire is to sing. So I go there as usual. He sends his car. But Señor Brown knew of you by some of his spies and told Don Sebastian. He refused to believe it. He dismissed the poor shrimp. Now, these—" She rested her chin on her clenched fist for a moment.

"You mean you are going to abandon me," said Emilio quietly. "The first thing he will demand of you is to leave this place."

"Wait, let me think," she muttered, resting one hand on his shoulder. "These two

AT THE COPLEY-PLAZA in Boston



Piquantly lovely with their Puritan profiles . . . graceful silhouettes . . .

153 Women Guests

*tell why they find this soap
best for their skin*

STIFF, stodgy, sedate—Boston? Never!

It is one of the most romantic cities in the world.

Behind grim, forbidding gates somewhere along the Fenway—an Italian palace lies sleeping, filled with the opulent beauty of the Renaissance.

Back of those rows of heavy brown-stone fronts—there are lighted drawing-rooms brimming with life and laughter.

Within the dingy outer city there is an inner city, hidden away, known only to the initiate few—brilliant,

scintillating, ultra-modern.

And where are there women so piquantly lovely as those of Boston? With their Puritan profiles, contradicted by the flash of bright lips, bright eyes,—their aristocratic silhouettes, graceful as a drawing by Drian?

Among the exclusive inner set that gathers at the beautiful Copley-Plaza, we interviewed 186 women guests, to ask them their preference in the matter of toilet soap.

More than three-fourths answered, "*Woodbury's for my skin!*"

"*Because of its purity,*" they said.

"*Because it's invigorating.*" "*Because it's so wonderfully soothing.*"

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days
Now—the new large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1703 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1703 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

have come from Señor Brown." She kept her steady eye on Emilio Gonzales. "To avenge him! They are two desperate men. That other one—he had a lunatic expression on his face. Kill and rob."

"You will be in danger, Jovita."

"Let me think! You must come up to the Villa tonight. I am going to tell Don Sebastian two men have been here and threatened my life. I dare not return. He must let me stay. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand, Jovita. And you understand too, I suppose, that if I come up there, I shall kill him."

"Tckah! I said you were a fool. There will be no need— I stay with old Clotilda. Tomorrow—oh, Emilio!"

THEY stepped out of the club, those two men, into the moonlight, and seemed at once to become legendary figures of the night. The white concrete walk, raised a foot above the earth, was crossed by the shadows of palm and cactus so solid they seemed like ebony inlay on ivory. They moved athwart this magical marquetry and seemed to take on the semblance of tormented marionettes, their gestures exaggerated into the dreadful shapes of their alarming and derisive shadows. Something of this necromancy touched their minds as they went on toward San Agostino. Out on the solid curving whiteness of the causeway round the shore, their footsteps shocked them. The sound, compared with the whisper of the waves on the sand, seemed profane.

"Harry," said Jack plaintively, "why didn't you let me bash that dago when he insulted you?"

"Because he'd got two damn' long guns on his hips, Jack, and he was looking for a chance to do us in. What's an insult, Jack? You'll have a chance to bash him by and by. We've got to call on Don Canafistolo first."

"That's a jaw-breaking name, Harry."

"Well, you've got to remember it. He's the old boy we're going to do a good turn to."

They approached San Agostino. The suburb lay before them like a huge dark crouching figure with one red, unwinking eye, which was the signal on the oil-jetty. As they drew near, the subdued lights of lamps shining behind the screens of verandas reassured them. The perfume of flowers hung heavy in the air. The fireflies sparkled like the facets of an enormous and invisible jewel. Slow-moving beetles, crossing the paths, appeared to be carrying on their foreheads intolerable burdens of light, setting out upon voyages of fabulous discovery.

"There," said Harry Trancher, "that's it."

"GREEN FACES"

Under this title Elsa Barker has written another chapter in the life of her detective, Drake, that amazing chap to whom a day is drab indeed that does not produce a problem that no one but himself could promptly solve. The new story will be published in an early issue.

I was over there last night. See it—Villa Agostino!"

Old Clotilda, bending over a charcoal brazier in the enormous vaulted kitchen, saw Lo Foo pause in his sweeping. She was preparing after-dinner coffee.

"Some one goes along the path to the garden," he murmured. "Strangers."

"I did not hear them," she mumbled.

Lo Foo did not reply. The *caballeros* and their ladies were strange to him. Sounds and sights escaped them constantly which were familiar to him. He had heard two men and said so. He went on sweeping. His flat lids hung low over his eyes. Nobody had ever seen Lo Foo's eyes. Even his ears were covered by his long straight black hair. When old Clotilda went along the corridor with the coffee for Don Sebastian and that big white Señorita, the men who had gone past might drive a knife into the old woman's neck. He had seen men do this in fights. When they fell they grunted, and he wondered whether Clotilda would grunt. He went on sweeping.

To Lo Foo, things were going very strangely. There was the Señorita's lover hidden away in that summerhouse overlooking the water at the end of the garden. He had come up while dinner was in progress and tiptoed along, looking in at the window where the old Don was sitting at one end of the long table and the beautiful Señorita at the other. And then he had crept past and across the garden, Lo Foo watching through the slits of his eyelids, and vanished into the belvedere. And now two more men—big, heavy men, by the sound of their feet. Strangers. Lo Foo paused in his sweeping and closed his eyes for a moment as a slight vertigo seized him. He had imagined them catching him when he was unawares. Lo Foo's imagination was very powerful. He was obsessed by a dream he had once had of a man killed and hidden in a load of cane. The cane was lifted out in slings of shining chain and began to pass up the ramp into the crushers. Somehow Lo Foo saw himself in there, helpless, moving on toward the vast cruel rumble of the steel rollers. He had seen the juice cascading down below them, reddish-brown liquor flowing away to the vats. And he would close his eyes—

SO he closed them now, but only for a moment. He perceived in a flash that the two men had come to kill the *caballero* who sold cheap jewelry in Cabanes and who had fled to the summerhouse in the garden. For some reason, obscure to himself and to the world, Lo Foo cherished a liking for Emilio Gonzales. He had pondered upon the manners of white men as he watched the lovers. Their lips would be pressed together, and there would be a sound like the waves on the sand—*tss-tss!* That other *caballero* who had gone away, Señor Brown, had ground his teeth when Lo Foo had reported this detail of Jovita's meeting with her lover. Lo Foo had been mystified. His Excellency had been furiously angry and then had given Lo Foo an extra two dollars. Thinking of all this, Lo Foo stepped softly out into the witchery of the Cuban night.

Over the trees of San Agostino the sky reflected the glare of Cabanes. Across the lagoon, in long horizontal streaks, like the marks of charcoal on blue vellum, lay the smoke from the mill-stacks burning cane-trash.

Lo Foo regarded the scene with satisfaction. He had never been farther than Maravilla, across the outer bay, and his education was more or less rudimentary, but he experienced a mysterious happiness in such scenes of exquisite loveliness. If it were not for the *caballeros* and their peculiar habits, the world to Lo Foo would have been a celestial place. He stepped silently,

like a shadow, toward the summerhouse in the garden.

EMILIO GONZALES was in a state of some perturbation as he sat on a seat where he and Jovita had often spent the evening when the villa was empty, and meditated upon the events of the day. Emilio was a young man accustomed to looking after himself. The cane-country is full of tough characters who would look upon a traveling jewelry-salesman as an easy proposition. A Haitian negro had once been found shot dead beside a grazing mule on the road leading out of Maravilla, and it is possible Emilio Gonzales, had he been interrogated, might have explained the matter. But this was something rather out of his way. He was fully aware of the uproar following a rich man's sudden death. Cuba would be ringing with it. The more he reflected, the less he liked the attitude of Jovita. He wasn't at all certain he himself was capable of what she expected. It flooded his mind with darkness to remember that she was even now in the Villa Agostino telling her story. And then those two bad *hombres* coming had simplified the problem in a way. He had left them drinking beer in the club, but he knew they were on their way.

He looked up at a faint sound and saw the indigo square of the open window-frame contained a head and shoulders. He drew one of his long pearl-handled pistols.

"Señor," came a hoarse whisper, "let me come in and tell you something. It is only Lo Foo."

"What do you want?" asked Emilio. "Who told you I was here tonight?"

"I hear you. I see you, señor. Señor, there are two men come into the house just now. What do they want? Is it the Señorita they want?"

"You see them?" he demanded.

"And hear too," replied Lo Foo. He was squatting in the darkness of the room below the window. "Clotilda has taken in the coffee. The Señorita is singing for His Excellency. It is a song of great sorrow."

"Is it?" muttered Emilio. "Go on, *chico*. I am coming into the villa. Show me those two men."

He went down the steps to the garden and paused in astonishment. He heard Jovita singing. Her melodious voice filled the blue darkness with ecstasy.

"Señor," whispered the poor *chico*, "it sounds like the blessed angels in heaven."

The piano accompaniment ceased, and Emilio became aware of a struggle going on in the darkness. Some one was sobbing, and there was a sound of desperately heavy breathing.

Suddenly a man tore frenziedly down the path toward the pergola. Emilio Gonzales heard an exasperated voice calling:

"Bash! I'll bash you, you—" The sobbing ceased, and died down.

"Shoot, señor," whispered Lo Foo. "He is there by the Villa. Shoot!"

Emilio Gonzales fired twice. There was a scuttering among the shrubs, and lights began to go up in the rooms of the Villa Agostino.

"Go in and tell the Señorita I am outside," said Emilio in a low tone. "Tell her I have driven the murderers away. Tell her, too, that there is no danger to be feared any more."

But it was Don Sebastian Canafistolo, with a heavy automatic in his hand, who took the message from Lo Foo and peered out into the garden.

"Excellency," said Lo Foo, "the Señor out there fought those men single-handed and they have fled. They were about to murder Clotilda and climb into the Villa. He has saved all our lives, Excellency."

"Who is this person?" demanded Don Sebastian. "Bring him in. And who are you?"

The Beautiful DUCHESS de GRAMONT

*on keeping a lovely skin
•• Nature's gift to Youth*

BEAUTY brilliant as crystal, shadowy as a fugitive moon-beam; the bearing of a woman unconsciously proud of her distinguished lineage—this is Maria Ruspoli, Duchesse de Gramont, acknowledged leader of Parisian society.

She moves in that exclusive circle which hunts and golfs in the *parcs* of the French *chateaux*, dines and dances in the gracious houses on the Champs Elysées in Paris. But last year she visited America where she was queen of the season at Palm Beach.

The Duchesse de Gramont senses the importance of the thousand details that make up the perfect whole, that contribute to charm, to *cachet*, to distinction!

THE creams she chooses for her skin like "the waxen whiteness of some tropic flower"—does she select them, with meticulous care? In her own words, let her tell you!

"A lovely skin and good colour are Nature's gift to youth but their possession must not be taken for granted. Rather they are to be protected and preserved by daily care. Pond's Two Creams afford an exquisite means of giving precisely the care a woman's skin requires today."

Thus another beautiful woman of the social world offers praise to the Two famous Creams made by Pond's! Compounded with scientific skill from precious ingredients, they should be used each day as follows:

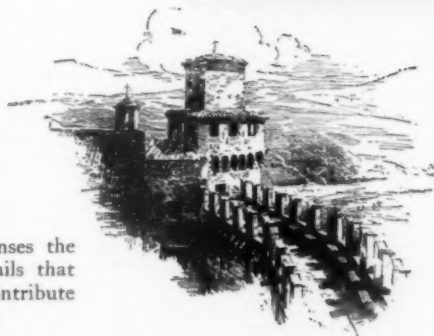
Pond's Cold Cream affords a thorough cleansing. It should be used every night before retiring and during the day whenever the skin feels dusty and tired. Its fine oils penetrate the pores, bring-



The DUCHESS de GRAMONT

leader of Parisian society, is the widow of the late Antoine Alfred Agénor, Eleventh Duc de Gramont, of an important French family. Before her marriage the Duchesse was Maria Ruspoli, of the family of the Princes Ruspoli.

To left, an ancient Italian Castle belonging to the Duchesse, its towers and battlements overlooking Lake Maggiore.



ing to the surface all dust and powder. If the skin is dry, more Cream applied after the nightly cleansing, and left on until morning, will restore suppleness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream affords an exquisitely soft finish; holds your powder long and so evenly; and keeps winds, dust and soot from chapping, and clogging your pores. It should be applied lightly after every Cold Cream cleansing except the bedtime one.

Free Offer: Mail coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams and instructions for using.



These are the TWO CREAMS distinguished women have chosen.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
108 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

he asked of Emilio, and stroked his imperial.

"Your Excellency," said Emilio Gonzales, slipping his long pearl-handled gun into his belt. "I am a man who has done you a service. Señor Brown, who hated me because the Señorita did me the honor of loving me, may have mentioned Emilio Gonzales, the jeweler from Santiago. I am that man. Señor Brown, in my opinion, sent those men to kill and rob."

"You mean," said Don Sebastian, lighting a cigarette, "Señor Brown sent them on a wild-goose chase, having done the robbing himself? All the same, I am under an obligation to you, Señor Gonzales."

"It might be put that way, Excellency," replied Emilio with a quiet glance at Jovita. "To the Señorita, also. It was her idea."

AND when the two gentlemen-adventurers, back once more in New Orleans, hurried from the foot of Calliope Street to Chartres, and put up at Madame Despard's, they found Señor Brown and the Señora Voight no longer there. Madame Despard told them the tale. She gave them the best room,

Señora Voight's room in the old days, and listened to their adventures.

"He's had a nervous breakdown, madame," Mr. Trancher said. "He'll have to rest awhile. Fell down and hit himself on the head. I had a job getting him to a hospital. You know, madame, he's never been the same, since the war. So they got married, did they?" he added, referring to Señor Brown and the Señora.

"Living at the Hotel Bolivar in New York," said Madame. "Do you know, Mr. Trancher, Mr. Brown's very rich?"

"Rich? Why, do you mean to say—" began Harry Trancher. She nodded.

"He had a trunk full of securities, Señora Voight told me. He married her to have somebody take care of it, if you ask me."

"Well, I'm ——" He glanced at Jack Ferrell, drowsing in a hammock. "The dirty, underhand little shrimp! Said he'd rather starve. No wonder they were ready for us! I say," he went on, "I wish I had a reason like that for getting married."

"Why, Mr. Trancher, I'm surprised," said Madame Despard. "The Señora told me you were a wonderful man. And I think

so too, the way you look after poor Mr. Ferrell."

"Now—now!" said Harry Trancher. "Be yourself, madame. But it only shows you what I might do, if I had a real object in life. Somehow, I've never felt that way before."

But the next evening, when he went to find Jack and tell him what he was going to do, and how there would always be a home for him now, Jack was gone. And they never saw him again. He was on his way, was Jack, outward bound to the isles of the Chiriqui Lagoon, to Bluefields and the Spanish Main. Asprawl on some coconut schooner you might find him, or stoking a stern-wheel freighter up the Magdalena with armfuls of wood as she thumped her way past Barranca Vermeja and Remolino. He was on his way, seeking another glimpse of the world he had lost and the heaven he might some day win. And sometimes they found him sobbing softly in the darkness, when he remembered with aching brain the voice of the Señorita as it sounded across the odorous darkness outside the Villa Agostino.

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE

(Continued from page 66)

be done. Isn't that enough! *Bon Dieu*, isn't that enough?"

"My poor boy!"

HE took a pinch of snuff and considered, stealing occasional glances at his nephew, who ran on:

"I am miserable, utterly miserable! What will happen? She will force me to keep my promise, and then—what will become of her? What will she do? It will kill her. When I contemplate—" He choked and stopped, seized by a sudden shudder.

"Idiot—she will wait for you—why, of course!"

"What do you mean by that?"

The Prince Ludovic sat up suddenly, an ominous frown gathering over his angry eyes.

"*Ta, ta, ta!*" The Duke de Gondreville rapped impatiently on his little enameled snuffbox. "Come, come, if I am to be of help to you,—and all I am trying to do is to show you that the situation is not so desperate,—at least stop talking like a child. Kindly do me the favor of discussing this like a man of the world. And first of all, understand that I am not here to quarrel with you."

His nephew passed his hand over his eyes.

"Pardon, *mon oncle*. I—I am in no condition tonight—"

"Will you listen to me?"

"I am listening."

"In the first place, what is this marriage that is proposed to you? Is anyone talking of love? Not the slightest. It is simply an exchange of interests. A young lady, who happens to be well-bred, charming, irrepensible,—you can forgive her that for

the sake of your children,—is looking for a title, a distinguished title, which will give her the position in society to which her fortune entitles her. You do not think for a moment that Miss Waddington, who is not at all ignorant of life, is under any illusions, do you?"

"Well?"

"She must know what such marriages mean. She can be under no illusions, my dear boy, either as to the past or the future."

"What are you coming to?"

"This: Marry, but renounce nothing. Oh," he added quickly at a sudden movement from his listener, "I am not counseling you to do anything immoral. No! No, no! You have standards, you have traditions. For a year or two—for a respectable interval, while it is a question of the children—absolute fidelity! Any other course would be unworthy of you, and I should be the first to reprove you. It is not a question of morals; it is a question of good form. After that—" He stopped, smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

His listener burst out into an ugly laugh.

"Ah, now I understand! Only you forget, I have some pride in the name I bear, and I do not intend to have a wife *à la mode*—who will make it ridiculous, who will have a dozen lovers, whose children will not be my children. No, no and no!"

"Seriously, Ludovic, you have seen Miss Waddington twice; you have talked to her, studied her. Do you honestly believe she is that type of woman? Answer me."

Ludovic frowned and moved uneasily. "Who knows?"

"No, and you know it. Why is your mother so keen? Because she recognizes a woman of her own character! Whatever you may do, Miss Waddington will be guided by her own self-respect. My boy—you have there one in a thousand, in a thousand! And if you reject this chance, what will you fall on later? Aha! Think of that!"

"In brief, you advise me to marry Miss Waddington, and in a short time—a respectable interval, your expression was—go back to the woman I love."

"Why, of course."

The young man took a long breath.

"I'll be equally frank. I will not pretend to any superior virtue. What you say is repugnant to me now. It offends me in every fiber. But it is possible you are right. It is possible that eventually I could

come to your point of view. Oh, well, let's admit it. Yes, undoubtedly—I would. But there is one thing you forget!"

"Madame Laleu?" said the Duke, smiling.

"Exactly. Madame Laleu is a devout Catholic. Already she has sinned against her traditions for her love of me. She does not say it, but I know that to her she is living a mortal sin, and that her whole life will be an expiation!"

THE old Duke opened wide his eyes.

"What an absurdity!"

"Never, when I am married in the eyes of the church to another woman, will she consent to see me again. That will be the end! I? Yes. She? Never!"

"My dear Vico," said the Duke, allowing his annoyance to show for the first time, "you are twenty-eight and blindly in love; I am a little older and have loved many times. Permit me to tell you, and I don't intend to be contradicted—that you are wrong, totally, absurdly wrong. Madame Laleu loved you once enough to sacrifice her prejudices. She will sacrifice them again when it is a question of your happiness and not hers. A woman who really loves will always sacrifice herself when the time comes. What she says now has nothing whatsoever to do with what she will do when it is a question of acts, nothing whatsoever."

The Prince, unconvinced, answered obstinately:

"I am not the child you think me. I am quite aware what my marriage will mean, and I am quite aware of what blood is in me. One loves once; one has many passions! I may have twenty mistresses, but this—this time is the best in life, my youth, my ideals! When it is over—" He sprang up, opening his arms and dropping them in a passionate, empty gesture. "I know my duty. I will meet it. But two years—these two years I will have!"

"You will not believe me."

"When it ends—it ends forever!"

He stood at the fireplace, his arm on the mantel, his body shaken with emotion. The old Duke laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Ah, my poor Vico, if only the *bon Dieu* would lift the veil a little and let us see ourselves as we will be at forty—what blunders we could avoid! Trust your old uncle who loves you, trust his experience! Everything will work out in the end."

Prince Ludovic covered the friendly hand with his own, pressed it affectionately, but without yielding a jot of his determination.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Has written a powerful story for an early issue, that bears the odd title "Tup." That happens to be the name by which the man in the tale is known, and so powerfully does he dominate the story that no other title seems quite so good for it.



Three generations say: "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"

Mother: (Pointing to Fels-Naptha advertisement in her favorite magazine). "Everything they say here about the extra help of Fels-Naptha is absolutely true. I've tried other soaps at different times—both old and new soaps—but none of them gave me as much real washing help as Fels-Naptha.

"Mrs. Dean—our new neighbor across the street—asked me recently how I got my clothes so white and fresh looking. She simply wouldn't believe there could be so much difference in soaps until I persuaded her to try Fels-Naptha. Now she uses Fels-Naptha for everything—all her washing and cleaning."

Grandmother: "My goodness, dear, you can't tell me anything new about Fels-Naptha! I remember when it first come out—thirty or more years ago. It proved quite a sensation.

"You see, they had found a way to combine good soap with naptha so that these two fine cleaners could work together. I used Fels-Naptha at first just for washing extra soiled pieces. I could hardly believe any soap could get out the dirt so easily and quickly without being hard on the clothes.

"When I found how really safe and helpful Fels-Naptha was, I began using it for all my cleaning, and I've used it ever since."

Granddaughter: "You and mother are certainly Fels-Naptha boosters. It is wonderful, though, isn't it? I don't know what I would do without it, especially for the children's clothes. I find it so much easier with Fels-Naptha to get them clean and sweet."

Millions of women say that for real downright washing value, making it easier to get clothes thoroughly and safely clean—for extra help that lightens the everyday cleaning jobs about the house—nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha is more than just naptha soap. It is a blending of good soap with plenty of dirt-loosening

naptha—two fine cleaners that work together and help each other. No wonder Fels-Naptha gives you extra help you would hardly expect from any other soap!

Buy a bar or two next time you are at the store. Or write Fels & Co., Philadelphia, for free sample.

© Fels & Co.



FELS-NAPHTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODO



How this Lather's Moisture softens the BEARD

MILLIONS of users wonder just how Williams Shaving Cream softens the beard so well—makes shaving so comfortable. Here's how:

First, Williams lifts the waterproof oil-film from the beard.

Next, its tremendous moisture saturates the beard bristles—softening them for smooth, easy shaving. It lubricates the skin—the razor just glides.

Send the coupon, or a postcard—for a week's trial tube of Williams—FREE. The large size tube sells for 35c; the double size tube costs 50c and holds twice as much.

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle FREE. Write Dept. 102.

Williams Shaving Cream



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 102, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

R. B.-9-27

"You may know much about women—I know profoundly the one woman I adore. *Mon oncle*, I am afraid!"

"Child again!"

"No, no. Afraid, horribly afraid!"

"You will consider what I have said?"

He shook his head.

"You are determined to go against the wishes of your mother?"

"Now? Yes, I am determined."

The Duke de Gondreville drew himself up, stern and peremptory.

"You speak of sacrifices. Have you considered the sacrifices that have been made for you? Do you know that your Aunt Angelique has renounced her life, her income, to hold together the home that belongs to you? Do you realize that she and your mother for ten years have economized, as little seamstresses economize, for you! That they scrimp in the very food they eat, that they buy nothing for their backs, that they use paper tapers to save a box of matches, that they have pledged their jewels, their private fortunes, pledged their heirlooms and the portraits of their ancestors, to pay the interest on our debts! There is only one thing can save the situation—you know what it is. And if an accident should happen to you? We should be sold out tomorrow, bag and baggage. Ah, you didn't think of that. Well, inform yourself tomorrow! Ludovic, listen: you will do your duty, because you are a good son, because you are a good soldier. No matter what the cost to you—you will do it. Don't answer me. Don't force me to speak any plainer. It is a question now of only one thing—your duty; and you will do it!"

"Have you anything more to say to me, *mon oncle*?"

"I have finished."

"You will permit me to retire?"

"Va!"

He bowed and went out gloomily. The Duke de Gondreville, frowning, not altogether satisfied, having concluded this highly moral exposition, departed hastily to face the reproaches of a certain young lady of the Variétés, who he knew would be in a devil of a temper for having been kept waiting over an hour.

Chapter Thirty-one

THERE are long periods in life when everything moves in lazy repetition, when each week resembles the next, when nothing happens, when it seems that nothing ever will happen, that existence has no change in sight, that no complications can come to disturb the satisfying routine which has been established. Then suddenly everything is accelerated; events crowd in; swift decisions are to be made, when hardly the time is given to make them, when everything is hurried, dramatic, intense.

So with Jean. The months of solitary struggle through which she had passed into a gradual readjustment had brought her to regard life as a measured evolution. In her imagination she could look ahead and perceive in the distance decisions to which she might logically and inevitably arrive. It was only her emotional nature which was susceptible to sudden and violent impulses. For the rest, her acts were always the result of long and hesitant deliberation. She had indeed arrived at the point where she had more than once contemplated the possibility of a marriage which, devoid of sentiment, would open up to her a life of varied interests and brilliant contacts. Day by day she returned to this idea, sometimes incredulously, sometimes in slow visualization, finding it necessary to accustom herself to the idea before seriously facing the decision which might confront her in a year, perhaps two years.

A month after her first dinner with the Princess de Sfax, Miss Fingall said to her out of a blue sky:

"Jean, if the Prince de Sfax should propose for your hand—" She stopped, smiled. "You are not ignorant of the situation. Can we discuss it frankly?"

"Oh, it isn't as serious as all that, is it?" responded Jean lightly, searching in the wrinkled face some indication of the true import of the situation, wondering if she had been sent as an emissary. Miss Fingall looked at her shrewdly, with a little amusement in her keen eyes.

"I give you credit, my dear, for having as much perception as any woman under the circumstances. So don't put on that innocent look. Well, have you made up your mind?"

"Who is proposing, the Prince or his mother?" said Jean, laughing.

"Now, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean I have seen the Prince de Sfax twenty times or more. He has been charming, interesting, friendly. But he doesn't give the impression of having come to any serious decision himself—oh, not at all."

A frown passed over the old lady's face. She considered a moment before replying:

"From his point of view, he is behaving correctly. You must understand that point of view. Often a Frenchman does not meet his intended until the marriage is decided on. Amusing, ridiculous, but it is so."

"Really?"

"All this is done to protect the young girl. So, my dear, I think what may seem to you indifference on the part of Prince Ludovic is simply an excess of sensibility; but the motive is one of respect toward you."

Jean shook her head.

"Frankly, I think it is more than that."

"You are mistaken."

"I don't think so."

"If I should tell you that within the next few days the Princess de Sfax will call on your cousin and seriously discuss the possibilities of such an alliance?"

"Is this true?"

Miss Fingall nodded. Jean looked up, a little disconcerted.

"Oh, but I—"

"No one is going to hurry your decision, my dear," said Miss Fingall quickly. "There are many things to be considered. We all realize that. But this cannot be such a surprise to you. Surely you understood."

"Yes, of course, but still—"

"But haven't you during all this time occasionally asked yourself the question, seriously considered the possibilities? Come!"

"Yes, I have."

Her surprise over, she looked at her friend thoughtfully and attentively.

"You wish to know what my answer would be? Very well. I should not say yes, and I should not say no."

"But you would consider—"

"I have considered, and I shall want a long time to consider it—months. Such a decision would not be easy for me to make. I would never make it impulsively, but I would not be frank if I did not admit to you that it is a possibility."

"Then let us leave it there."

MISS FINGALL, satisfied that the leaven was working, did not pursue the subject. But at the end of the day, as though it were an afterthought, she remarked:

"Your cousin Bettina seems to me to have been very successful in her marriage; I don't know a more delightful interior in Paris."

Jean, who was in a mischievous mood, began to laugh.

"And what better example could I have at the present time?"

Miss Fingall, who augured well of this mood, relaxed into a smile.



"I WAS SO TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION AND HEARTBURN that I could not sleep. My brother-in-law was eating Fleischmann's Yeast for indigestion and made me try it. I ate it regularly, three times a day. After a short time the whole condition was relieved. I no longer have any indigestion and I am now perfectly well."

MILDRED M. WILLIAMS, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



"I WAS MUCH TROUBLED WITH CONSTIPATION after returning from the World War. As a result, headaches and dizziness also besieged me. I learned of the wonderful benefits being obtained from Fleischmann's Yeast and began taking it regularly. Now my digestion is perfect and my constipation has entirely disappeared."

ARTHUR E. PRAY, New York City



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Theirs, the greatest wealth

Victims of stubborn present-day ills—
they gained new health, new ambition—
by eating one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. M-37, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"FOR TWO YEARS I WAS NEVER FREE FROM BOILS, pimples and blackheads. They broke out on my face, on my neck and on my back. Finally, a doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast, and I started in to take it at once. My face became clearer, my pimples disappeared and I have never had a boil since."

EUGENE BLACKMER, JR., Denver, Colo.

Old Pipe-Smoker Switches Back to Favorite Tobacco

Evidently, one way to appreciate a certain tobacco is to try another kind.

At least, that has been the experience of one veteran pipe-smoker. By switching temporarily to other tobacco he finally came back to his old-time favorite with a new appreciation and a vow never to change again.

Read this "signed confession":

Peoria, Ill.
Aug. 26, 1926

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Just a confession and an appreciation. A number of years ago I was a user of your Edgeworth smoking tobacco. But like some others, perhaps, I was led by alluring advertisements to change.

A few days ago I went into a drug store to get some tobacco, and on the case was the familiar can of Edgeworth. I bought it and since then I have enjoyed old-time comfort.

So my confession is that I made a mistake in changing to other brands, and my appreciation is such that Edgeworth will be my Smoke Pal while life lasts, which may not be long, for I have passed my "three score years and ten."

Very truly yours,

(signed) E. P. Fishburn



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 8-N S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 250 meters.]

"Eh, eh, you are getting very clever. But you mustn't mind if an old lady who is fond of you has set her heart on your making a success. They have told you stories about me, my dear? Oh, don't pretend; they've told you how I ran away at the age of twenty."

"Was it true?"

"Yes, my dear, and look where it left me. Eh, eh, if I told you the story of the twenty years after, it would be a fine moral lesson. There is the romantic age, like the mumps age and the measles age, but it burns out, my dear, as a fever burns out. And life remains. If you could only understand that!"

"I think I am trying to understand—"

"The big thing for a woman is her home, my dear! The atmosphere she has the opportunity to create about her—the thing that is secure. Children, friends, acquaintances are more important than a husband. Cynical? No, no, an old woman who has looked on life a long while is telling you the truth. Look beyond the man, be very sure what you want the man to bring you. Princess de Sfax—not a *déclassé* title! A great salon, my dear, a great stage—"

"I think I realize that."

"Yes, Jean, I think you do. I'm sure you do."

Miss Fingall kissed her on both cheeks and went out with shining eyes.

"In a month," she thought, very well pleased.

JEAN, in fact, was considering the subject with much more seriousness than she had been willing to admit to Miss Fingall. During this period many men had paid her attention, a few deeply in love, others simulating a passion to disguise their ambitious projects. Only the Prince de Sfax had never gone beyond the limits of a frank and agreeable friendship. He had been constantly in her company. They had ridden often together, gone to the opera and the theater, met often in society. Her first favorable impression had deepened. She saw at once that he was neither an idler, a dissipated man nor an egoist. Within certain limitations he was a delightful comrade. Beyond that, she had made no progress. He remained obstinately and persistently an acquaintance—nothing more. This strict formality puzzled her, amused her, removed from her any feeling of defensive caution. In the beginning she had ascribed his attitude to the clever assumption of a rôle. But she soon recognized her error.

"He likes me, but he is not in the least attracted," she acknowledged finally with a laugh. "Not very flattering, but it is so."

Had his attitude been different, she probably would have resented it. What had confused her at first she finally set down to a natural dislike of hypocrisy. She respected him because he made no pretense at an emotion which it was evident he did not feel. If such a marriage took place, it was clearly a matter of reciprocal interests, each maintaining the respect of the other by the loyalty of his attitude. Quite impersonal—but this impersonality more than anything else inclined her to this solution. In a way there would be in it no disloyalty to the man she had loved. Nothing that had belonged to him would be asked of her.

This loyalty to her memories affected Jean in a curious way. Several times, as she considered the future, the thought of Daggett had recurred to her. After Larrabee's marriage, she had seen Daggett a few times. He had been too clever to seek any intimacy from these meetings, adopting a waiting attitude, correct, devoted, persistent. He wrote her now each week, interesting, irreproachable letters, letters without a word of sentiment, but letters which could not be misconstrued. He had accepted the post of undersecretary in one of the great de-

partments of the national government. A career of service and brilliancy was open to him. A good type of educated young American, ambitious, serious, esteemed. Why not consider such a marriage, associate herself with her own traditions, her own kind, her own people? The trouble was that Daggett was too intimately associated with her unhappy memories. To recall him was to recall the things she had striven so desperately to bury, memories that only now she could feel she had at last lived down in a newly acquired peace of mind. Daggett, too, was the past, the past on which she had closed the door and turned the key.

Chapter Thirty-two

"I HAVE received a visit from the Princess de Sfax." Bettina came into her room a few days later, all excitement. "What, you are not thrilled?"

"I had expected it."

"Really? If you have made up your mind—you might have kept me informed!"

"I have made no decision," Jean answered soberly.

"Well, I have been asked how you would receive a formal demand for your hand."

"And you said what?"

"I said naturally that I could not speak for you. After which, we discussed rather intimate details. The French are exceedingly thorough." She considered a moment, studying her friend. "You are really interested, aren't you, Jean?"

"Yes, I think I am. That is very far from a decision, though."

"You like him, then?"

"Much more than I had expected," she admitted. "There are certain sides of his character that I respect and admire, that I could, I believe, have confidence in. He strikes me as a serious and loyal gentleman. This much is favorable. But I should wish to know him better, much better."

"But he has been paying court to you for weeks."

"No, my dear, he has not. We have never been on any other basis than a pleasant comradeship."

"Is it possible?"

"It is as I tell you. I like that in him." She said it shortly, with a vigorous movement of her head. "If he pretended to be in love with me, I should distrust him at once!"

Bettina began to laugh.

"You are a queer fish!"

"Mid-Victorian?"

"Worse, a hundred times worse!"

"Now, Bettina, be serious. I want to ask you a serious question." She sat down, and looking her in the eyes continued: "There will be a great many things I shall expect to ask you. But first: If you were in my place, would you accept?"

"If I were in your place, yes. But if I were you, Jean, I don't know."

"Why?"

"Question of temperament. Oh, I know what you are going to say. You are convinced that you have changed your point of view. I'm not sure, Jean, I'm not sure. Besides, there are a good many sides of life you don't know."

"As, for instance?"

"Standards differ, you know. There is much more tolerance of a man's life here, than with us."

"I wonder if it is any different," she said quickly. "What I have seen in New York, of the married set, makes me wonder if it isn't rather a question of which society is the more hypocritical."

"Possibly." Bettina hesitated. "I only want to make plain to you the probabilities. Frankly, I have no patience with the woman who marries for position over here, and then cries out when she discovers what



Happy and Safe on Firestones

The automobile is universally accepted as a big factor in the social side of family life. So women, more and more, are concerned with every aid that contributes to its safety and comfort.

Recognizing this aroused interest, and the vital importance of tire equipment, Firestone has left nothing undone to add unusual safety features to Gum-Dipped Tires. Firestone engineers have developed a tread with broad, safe road contact, and of remarkable non-skid qualities. In deep snow or slush, on frozen ruts or oily boulevard, you can trust

the tread to hold true and avoid danger of skid, slip or spin.

Your car, equipped with Gum-Dipped Tires, is easier to handle—responding more quickly to wheel and brake. Riding on Firestones you no longer dread the sudden stop, the impatient order to move on, the emergency turn in traffic. And all this means not only a safer ride but a far more enjoyable comfortable one, with confidence and peace of mind.

See your nearest Firestone Dealer. Let him explain the many advantages which these tires give.



MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER... *Harvey Firestone*

This digestive aid knows when to stop!



TO relieve after-dinner distress, many people take alkalis like soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it. And they get the relief they want, because these chemicals neutralize the acidity that usually causes indigestion, heart-burn and flatulence.

But the drawback to alkalis of this class is that they don't know when to "call it a day." After they overcome the hyperacidity, they keep right on working. Unless you know exactly the right amount to take, they are apt to alkalyze the contents of the stomach.

And that is a great handicap to normal digestion, for the stomach should be slightly acid (1-5 of 1 percent) properly to perform its work.

Gastrogen Tablets are free from this objection

The commendable thing about Gastrogen Tablets is that no matter how many you take, they do just one thing—neutralize the acidity that causes your discomfort. Then they stop. They can't possibly alkalyze your stomach. Any excess that you might take simply passes harmlessly and unchanged through the system.

So, next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try Gastrogen Tablets. They are mild, effective and 100 per cent harmless. They quickly quell digestive disturbance—within 15 to 20 minutes. They are aromatically pleasant to taste, and they are surprisingly good for sweetening the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets

GASTROGEN Tablets

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-27
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part,
send me your special introductory packet of
6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name _____

Address _____

she has got into. If she is unwilling to accept their standards, she has no business to marry over here."

"By this you mean, of course, that he has had his mistresses, and that I must not expect after marriage any long fidelity. Isn't that it?"

"Well, yes." Bettina was palpably embarrassed.

"I know all that. Now, let me answer you. A year ago, I suppose, I should have resented such a suggestion. What I have been through has made me examine conditions in society as a dispassionate observer trying to discover what is the surest basis of happiness. I have seen my friends make sudden romantic marriages, and in a year—or two years, or three—separate, disillusioned and bitter. If fidelity is the thing we are to insist on, there is certainly no guarantee that you will find it in a love marriage."

"And I thought I understood you!" Bettina sat down, staring at her in amazement.

"If it had been possible for me to marry Ted, if I had known as much as I do now, I would not have made my mistakes—if I had married him, I know that he would never have looked at another woman. There! Does that bring me back to your sentimental mid-Victorian ideal?"

"Possibly."

"To be serious: What am I seeking? My home, children! Bettina dear," she said suddenly, with a genuine burst of feeling, "if I did not long for children, I would never marry." And she laid a hand on her cousin's shoulder.

"Believe me, that is true! But since I am going to marry, I want an outlook that will make my life as interesting as possible. To be the Princess de Sfax is not simply a question of my vanity. I honestly think I have very little of that. It is the opportunity to live life fully, interestingly, among brilliant men and women. I regard this marriage frankly as my career. Do you understand?"

"Slowly, yes."

"What am I offering in exchange? My fortune, nothing more. I wish to consider this as absolutely devoid of sentiment as it is. Oh, I know most women would clothe their ambition under a pretense of romance, would demand a show of affection and simulate an affection they did not feel. That is repugnant to me, because it is the meanest sort of cheating—cheating yourself. Therefore, if I marry the Prince de Sfax, I shall stick to my bargain."

"That I am certain of."

"Oh, if he were a sensualist, a brute, or a mere fortune-hunter, I would not consider him for a moment. But that is not his character. Whatever he does in the future, I know he will always treat me with respect and deference as the head of his house, the mother of his children. There will never be any public humiliation. These things I intend to discuss frankly with him."

BETTINA bounded out of her chair.

"Good heavens, child, you won't!"

"Of course I will," she answered quietly. "I expect the fullest confidence. At the present moment he may be in love, probably has a mistress. I expect him to be just as honest with me as to his intentions as I shall be with him."

"Let me ask you one thing: You doubtless are convinced by what you have been telling me; but Jean, supposing later you find that you still have a heart, that your nature cannot be so easily suppressed as you think. What then?"

"I shall stick by my bargain, if he agrees to it, loyally, as you have done, Bettina." Bettina hesitated, on the point of dangerous confidence. At the end she said, shrugging her shoulders:

"Well, I see you are going to marry him!"

"It is possible."

JEAN knew now that the Prince Ludovic would declare himself, and she awaited his declaration without emotion, surprising herself with her own calm.

He came one afternoon in such a state of excitement that at once she guessed the object of his visit. There was a nervous tremor in the contact of his hand, a strange dilation of his feline eyes.

"Have you come to take me for a walk," she asked, looking at him intently, "or—"

"I—if you don't mind—suppose just a cup of tea first?"

"I believe he is really embarrassed," she thought, nodding to his request. "How extraordinary!"

She rang and gave directions, seating herself at the tea-table, but the Prince Ludovic had no sooner taken a chair than he was on his feet again, moving about the room.

"What has upset you?" she asked, amused.

"I? I am upset?"

"Why, you're like an animal in a cage."

"Yes, I am upset." He passed his hand abruptly over his forehead. "The things that are happening in France are enough to tear your heart open. You saw what happened in the *Chambre des Députés* today? This law to bring back traitors and *ambusques*, these insults to those who wear the uniform of a soldier! And we, we have to sit by, powerless, and see ourselves attacked in everything that is dear to us, our love of country, our religion, our homes."

"Why don't you go into politics?" she said, to divert his mind.

"I? What chance would I have?" He sat down abruptly and abruptly launched into a description of the political chaos of the country, speaking in jerky, interrupted sentences. When the conversation fell, she tried to revive it with discreet leading questions. He answered briefly. A certain embarrassment fell between them—long heavy intervals. Suddenly he put down his cup and rose to his feet, erect, formal, military.

"Mademoiselle, it is not proper that I should continue any longer without letting you know what my intentions are." He stopped, and she noticed that as he gathered himself together for the direct avowal his glance was set, avoiding the direct contact of her eyes. "I have the honor, the very great honor, mademoiselle, to ask you to be my wife."

"He is suffering," she thought. "There is some one else."

This realization was so swift that it stirred her to pity. She rose to her feet, looked at him very straight, and yielding to the communicated emotion, said impulsively:

"Prince, is this your own desire?" He drew back, so startled, that with a swift change of mood she put out her hand. "No. Don't answer me now! That was said on impulse. Permit me first to tell you that I am extremely sensible of the honor you have paid me. I can say to you at once that it is an offer that I shall consider with the respect that it deserves."

He bowed, perhaps to hide the expression on his face.

"For that I thank you, mademoiselle."

He said it so low that she could hardly hear him.

"And I wish to thank you," she said quietly, "for not having simulated any feeling you did not feel. It will take me a long time to make my decision; but it will be easier because there need be no pretense between us that it is anything but an alliance, on the basis of mutual interests."

He looked at her, astonished at so much firmness, frankness and dignity in a young girl.

"I am sorry that I asked you the question that I did," she continued, with her deep eyes set in seriousness, "because I have not yet reached the point where I have the right to ask that question."

3

Wonderful NEW ROUGE SHADES

by the creators of
Princess Pat English Tint



How you will love these new shades! What new opportunities for beauty they afford! Each shade an original—a surprise.

FOR instance, there is SQUAW. The very sound of the name makes you want to go right to the beauty counter to see "what in the world 'Squaw' can be."

SQUAW is that most glorious of all complexion tints—the glow of radiant, vibrant health. Squaw symbolizes the out o' doors girl. It is a *spirited* color. It suggests youthful vigor and eager, racing blood. It is a joyous color. Nature bestows it upon a favored few. It is such color as comes fleetingly after a brisk walk in chill weather.

SQUAW does for everyone what Nature does for the few. A deft application gives to your cheeks instantly the beautiful, zesty tints of perfect health. You'll love it.

And NITE—An Entirely New Rouge Expressly for Evening

The most beautiful rouges by day have always been a *compromise* by night. Artificial lighting changed them, stole their brilliance, made them harsh. Even the degree of light was a trial. The effect you achieved before a softly lighted mirror dulled, or paled, or changed in the glare of brilliant electric rays.

But now! Princess Pat NITE gives just the softest, most natural colors of the rose under any kind of artificial light. You may achieve the most delicate pink, the deep richness of true rose red, or any shade in between.

A most fascinating feature of NITE is its curious violet tinge by day—in the box. Then watch it as dusk falls and the lights go on. Gone utterly the strange violet hue—to give way to a lovely semblance of beautiful flesh tones hitherto inimitable. NITE will unquestionably be the rouge sensation of the year. And as it required two years to perfect NITE, the inevitable imitations will be long postponed.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, ILL.

Only if lipstick be used, is the utmost in beauty realized. Powder velvets the skin, rouge tints the cheeks adorably. But lips, pale by contrast, spoil the whole effect. Color them naturally, gloriously, saucily with Princess Pat Lip Stick. Keeps the lips soft, too.



No. 18 THEATRE, the Third New Shade

Here is perhaps the *daintiest* of all rouge shades. For the elaborate afternoon function, with your gowns of soft pastel and shimmering silks, for the times you crave artistic harmony, No. 18 THEATRE will charm you beyond measure.

This shade appeals especially to the woman who is subtle, who loves Worth frocks, who is sought by men of affairs, and is altogether lovely and sophisticated in her realm of culture and fashion.

You Really Need All These Shades

Nowadays one rouge can no more meet fashion's requirements, and the exactions of one's own moods, than a single frock. The smart woman of today realizes this new vogue and varies her rouge to suit the occasion and express her personality. And why not? 'Tis luxury without additional expense. For of course each rouge shade lasts its accustomed time. You merely have them all at once.

Follow the fashion. Secure the three new Princess Pat shades—and complete your happiness by possessing Princess Pat's already famous English Tint—Vivid—and new Medium.

So that you may know for yourself the Superiority of Princess Pat Rouge Shades, we will take pleasure in sending you one sample FREE.

Free

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Dept. 1202
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago.

Check the shade of which you want FREE sample.

☐ SQUAW ☐ NITE ☐ No. 18 THEATRE
☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ VIVID ☐ NEW MEDIUM

IMPORTANT: Additional samples 10c each. OR THINK—
for this coupon and 25c a beautiful Week End Set, full size, will
be sent you. Set contains the three new rouge shades and six (6)
other Princess Pat Preparations.

Your name (print)

Address

City State



Only strong, clean looking hair is healthy

Is your hair thick and strong?

PROTECT it from those two common ills—*dandruff* and *falling hair*. Either of them, unchecked, leads to baldness!

Yet you can restore your hair to health even if they have long been sapping its vigor, with this simple treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick daily care gives your hair new health and vigor. Dandruff infection disappears. Invigorated scalp circulation feeds the hair to new growth. Your hair is worth the trouble.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in any drug or department store today. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

"Mademoiselle, I assure you," he said in a low voice, "it is my own decision."

She raised a hand to check him.

"I have a great respect for you, Prince. I must have. This respect for each other, confidence in each other, is the one basis on which we must meet, isn't it?"

"I don't quite understand."

"If it comes to a decision, monsieur, I shall expect to give you the reasons in my own life that are inclining me to a *mariage de raison*, and I shall expect complete frankness from you."

He stared at her, started to reply, and stopped.

"I am a young girl, monsieur," she said, smiling, "but my life has been a sad one, and in order that it may have a time of calm and happiness, I have had to accustom myself to looking on the world as it is. When we talk things over, you need not fear; you can talk to me as you would to another man."

"You understand, mademoiselle," he blurted out, very much embarrassed, "how strange, how contrary to my traditions—"

"Monsieur, you are not simply seeking a fortune, or I a title. I have utterly misjudged you if that were so. We both earnestly desire to maintain a great respect and a great deference for each other, don't we? If we marry, it is as good friends, each with his eyes open in perfect loyalty."

"What you say, mademoiselle," he said solemnly, "only increases the estimation I have always had for your character. You may ask me any question you desire."

AFTER he had left, she was surprised at the feeling of calm which possessed her. She still looked forward to a long period of self-examination, but she had a curious intuition that the definite step had been taken, and that every other step which would logically follow would but depend on what had been implied that afternoon. For the first time she felt a settled peace instead of the restlessness which had dominated her so long, that feeling of being unplaced, groping. This was the crowning act which terminated victoriously the long fight back to readjustment, the taking-up of life again with the determination to win from it a new vitality and significance.

"What ages have passed since the last year!" she thought as she went to her room to be alone. "I wonder if anyone would recognize me now."

She took up an old-fashioned mirror, the gift of Ted, and the act recalled him to her memory. She remained a moment thoughtful. But no disturbing revulsion came. She remembered the long years of their romance with a pensive tenderness. It had been the good time. She was glad she had had that. Happiness remembered, to which she would return in the secret paths of her imagination! She wondered calmly what had become of him. Readjustment too. Everyone readjusted himself. Life must go on, lived out somehow. He was a brave spirit. Happy in his way too. He had such a bubbling love of life, that in the end, of course, it had reasserted itself. Kitty? Why should she not have changed too, for the better—now that she had what she had always craved, money and security?

"Dreve of Virginia"

There's one of the most engaging personages that has appeared in the magazines in a long time—a creation of James Francis Dwyer. Another episode in his adventurous life abroad will be described in an early issue.

Quite a difference from the little waif, desperately resolved to find her place, with no one to help her. Conditions had made her; conditions would soften her, bring out all the gentleness and charm that was in her. She hoped they were happy, both happy.

That she could think of them with such tranquillity showed her how much she had won. Tranquillity—a great tranquillity at last!

Then abruptly, in the confident calm of her new outlook, without warning one night she looked across the maze of dancers at Ciro's and saw a Ted she did not know, staring gauntly over at her.

Chapter Thirty-three

WHEN Jean without forewarning, utterly unprepared, looked up and saw out of the nondescript mass, out of the gray weeks and months of the past, the startled face of Ted Larrabee staring at her, she had a feeling as though every drop of blood had rushed from her heart. Her hand went convulsively to her throat, and her hand was cold and moist. A great wave of emotion caught her, flung her upward, receded, left her weak and panic-stricken. Gone in a twinkling was all the flimsy structure of her new philosophy, at the first imperious beating of her heart! Mercifully, a swarm of dancers rushed in between them. She saw Bettina's glance set on her in surprise. She closed her eyes, drew a big breath and steadied herself.

Some one, one of the young *attachés* in the party, was asking her to dance.

"In a moment. The next one. I'm not quite ready."

Fortunately there were a dozen in the party. Several got up, pushing back their chairs, joining the dancers. Bettina in passing caught her hand.

"What's happened?"

"Pay no attention."

"You are ill."

"No. Don't notice me."

Her eyes went irresistibly to meet Ted's, and meeting them, held fast, heedless of everything. He did not bow; she did not smile. Nothing so trivial, nothing so futile. Later on, time enough for deceptions. Later on they would greet each other, affect surprise, murmur lip-phrases. Now only a swift illuminating moment of stark verity, each looking across the barrier of time, searching, questioning, demanding answer. It was as though her voice had gone to him, saying:

"Ted, Ted, what have you become?"

"You see. And you?" his look replied.

"You are different, dreadfully different."

Then, as though his lips were at her ear:

"I have not forgotten."

"I think I can never forget."

It passed between them impetuously, fiercely, completely understood. She saw his glance go down to the table, his lips working in the old familiar way they used to do when he was fighting for control. His hands came up in a taut grip, and across the room she knew how tensely his whitening fingers were straining and twisting.

"He is unhappy. He still loves me."

Two thoughts, filling her being with terror and a swift cruel ecstasy, sending every vein pulsing. Then a quick compassionate tenderness rose, the maternal craving in her for the boy in him. Changed—oh, dreadfully changed! He was sitting apart from his group, gloomily unconcerned, bored—resentful. How well she knew the stubborn look in his eyes, the look of being dragged out to do the thing he did not want to do! The boyish quality gone, the face set in sternness, gaunt lines about the eyes and mouth, a face writ in suffering.

He rose and threaded his way through the dancers, seeking the opportunity of confusion

"Broke" ~ but Worth

\$79,100.00



© 1927 M. L. I. Co.

DAD earns \$50 a week. He has just paid the rent, the grocery bill and the milk bill. He says he is "broke but happy". He has his wife, his children and his comfortable little home. He feels far from rich, but in reality he and his family are worth a small fortune.

Because they have good health, this typical American family represents \$79,100 of the nation's wealth.

As a useful American, Dad, at 30, can figure himself as actually worth \$31,000 today—for that is the present value of his future earnings less his personal expenses. Dad is one of thousands who are earning \$50 a week—an average Dad. If Dad is frequently sick or if he dies young, he will be worth less than \$31,000. With better-than-average health and longer life, he should be worth a great deal more. His family will be better protected, better nourished and given a greater chance for future success if Dad keeps well.

Mother's contribution to the family

wealth—her time and energy, love and devotion—can never be measured in money. But at a very conservative estimate, the money value of her services must be at least half that of Dad's—\$15,500.

That rosy-cheeked, four-months-old baby boy is worth \$9,500 this minute, while big Brother, seven, and little Sister, five, are worth \$16,000 and \$7,100 each as future productive citizens.

But their fortunes are locked up in their own bodies. They will reach the full measure of their wealth only by keeping healthy and fit for their daily work—otherwise their fortunes will shrink.

Let Dad—every dad from coast to coast—learn how to use the great discoveries of modern medical science to prevent disease and prolong the lives of his children, his wife and himself.

And if he thinks that he is "broke", let him find out what he really is worth in dollars and cents to himself, to his family, and to his country.

Contrasted with the total material wealth of the country in 1922—railroads, buildings, land, mines, etc.—which amounted to 321 billion dollars, the economic value of the lives of the entire population was 1500 billions. More than six billion dollars were lost last year because of needless deaths.

With these tremendous values in mind the importance of health and welfare work becomes apparent.

Seventeen years ago the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company instituted a health and nursing service for policyholders. More than 20 millions of dollars were expended in this campaign. During this period, the mortality rate of policyholders declined more than 30 per cent and the accumulated saving which can be ascribed to welfare work, has totalled the amazing sum of 43 millions of dollars.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Value of Human Life at all Ages". It tells what you are worth, also the potential worth of each member of your family.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

to bridge over the difficult moment. He was before her, looking down, his hand gathering hers up into it. Her heart seemed to stop. She tried to smile, couldn't, looked away, looked down.

"It is good to see you, Jean," he said at last.

"Kitty is here?"

"She is dancing."

"I thought you were—"

"We have been here three days only."

No questions. Of what use? All had been said between them in the first long look. He was in torment, and he loved her as he had always loved her. She had no right to that knowledge—but she knew.

"Tell me one thing before the others come," he said, looking into her face. "I heard—they told me you were engaged." He waited a moment and said almost inaudibly: "Is that true?"

She met his eyes, without flinching, bravely, all inhibitions forgot.

"No. No, of course not."

Never. The thing was now unthinkable!

"Ah!"

He drew a long breath, and something almost like a smile shone in his eyes.

"It is very good to see you."

The next moment Kitty was rushing over. "Jean darling! You! What a joy! How perfectly wonderful!"

Kitty, triumphant, fascinating, voluble, embracing her rapturously, while her husband stood by looking down with a strange smile.

"Where are you? Who are you staying with? Countess Kittery? Of course! I had heard! Darling, how good to see you again! I have odds to tell you."

"How well you look."

"Nothing but dressmakers, my dear. Just think of running in on you like this—almost the first night! How romantic, isn't it, Ted dear? Now you will enjoy yourself. I leave him to you, Jean. He's gotten to be a dreadful old bear. Ferocious, my dear. Oh, I don't mind—we're an old married couple long ago! We must see lots and lots of each other!"

She was gone back in the arms of her waiting partner.

"Who is with you?"

She said it to say something.

"Well—" He hesitated, answered finally:

"The usual crowd—some sort of a count, an Englishwoman and her lover, a couple of dancing men—you know."

BETTINA returned. Jean introduced him, saw the swift divining query in her cousin's eyes, and the impulsive liking following swiftly on the comprehension.

"Will you dance with me?"

She hesitated, knew she shouldn't, rose, surrendered to his arm, followed him. She was happy, intoxicated, heedless. She had ceased to think, to reason or to question; she knew that it was wrong, that she was hurting him, hurting herself, but didn't care—happy, hungrily happy. Her eyelids were heavy; her breath came slowly, deliciously, filling her whole being with a poignant fragrance. The narcotic rhythm of violins was surging through her mind, driving out all other conscious thoughts, sweeping away all inhibitions, loosing the old denied emotions, longing and cravings, the cruel hungers. Forbidden fruit, bitter and sweet, to be paid for in anguish and starvation tomorrow! But what of that, of the price? The moment was hers, complete, possessive, imperious.

"I don't care," she said to herself defiantly. "I want this, I want this!"

"Jean, I'm sorry."

She opened her eyes, looked up into the torture in his glance.

"I just can't," he said incoherently. He stopped, took her back to her seat, avoided her eyes, bowed and left. She saw him

sit down, a moment of pretense, rise and disappear.

"What have I done!" She felt a swift pain gripping her heart, had visions of his storming through the night, with the old wild desire to drown memories in a befuddled brain. Then again Kitty's voice:

"What have you done with Ted, my dear?"

"I?" She looked up into the sharp flaming look, dissembled. "Where is he?"

"Gone home. I ought to be terribly jealous. I'm not," she laughed. "Well, he's still in love with you—in case you don't know it. . . . Heavens, Jean, don't look so shocked."

A flush of anger. "Really, I think your remark quite unnecessary."

Kitty, opening her eyes, making a comical grimace with her mouth, vastly amused, patronizing.

"How antiquated you are, Jean! But I don't care in the least. If poor old Ted can get a thrill out of dancing with an old flame, why, bless his heart, let him do it! All there is in life is thrills, isn't there?"

"She is jealous. She has not forgiven me, and she is trying to wound me," Jean thought. But her pride aroused, she answered lightly: "Kitty, you're as big a goose as ever. When will you dine with us? You are the happiest-looking person in the world."

"Yes." She gave her a sharp look and a funny, twisted little smile. "Yes, of course."

Fortunately the introduction to Bettina cut short the conversation. They made a rendezvous for tea on the morrow.

"I must not dislike her. She is right. I am wrong," Jean thought. There was so much she wanted to know that only Kitty could tell her. Her conscience reproached her. She must hold to the old friendship. Besides, she had promised it.

"**MAY** I ask them to dinner?" Jean inquired of Bettina.

"What, that little devil?" said Bettina, astonished.

"The situation was difficult. You've guessed it, of course."

Bettina nodded.

"I like the bear. He's so gruff and shaggy and simple-hearted."

"Funny you should say that. That was my pet name—Teddy Bear."

"It's a real bear now," said Bettina sharply. "I shouldn't care to try its patience too far."

"Do you mind if I go home quietly?"

All of a sudden she felt weak, dispirited.

"Do you want to go now?"

"No, not just now."

While Kitty was present, she could not retreat; the comedy must be played out. She danced feverishly, smiling with a set smile, her eyes watching the woman who was his wife. A different Kitty. Very much a woman of the world—new assurance, versed in the art of provocation, careless of how she showed it, flirting outrageously, for a special reason, perhaps. A new charm, reckless, daring, but an undeniable charm. The men she danced with were visibly subjugated.

Kitty went at last, impatient to scour Montmartre, to visit half a dozen places in vogue. The fictitious gayety left Jean; she sat down, giving a little tired look at Bettina, who understandingly maneuvered her into the car. . . .

At three o'clock when Bettina came home, Jean was lying inertly, her great eyes open, staring at the patterned shadows on the ceiling.

"Poor child!"

Bettina drew her cool hand over the hot forehead, leaned over and kissed the swollen eyes.

"I have cried my heart out, like a child.

I never cry." She turned and fixed her eyes on her cousin. "And I made him do it!" she said solemnly.

Chapter Thirty-four

KITTY arrived the next afternoon. She came in lightly, her eyes sparkling, her nose peeping out from under a rakish hat. The abrupt, tomboy movements had given way to a sinuous, undulating charm. Kitty, who once arrived tumbling and romping about the room, sliding riotously over polished floors, in a confusion of disarranged skirts, now came up to her daintily, with a grace that was conscious. A bit patronizing, a touch of malice in the eyes for the friend who was still a girl.

"Tried to make Ted come," she drawled after the first effusions, "but he went off growling. I shall never break him in socially. And now, darling, tell me all about it!"

Jean affected ignorance.

"About what?"

"The Prince. I hear he is frightfully attractive. Oh, don't be a sly puss. Everything is known over here."

"So it's the Prince de Sfax now, is it?"

Kitty looked at her suspiciously.

"What? Nothing definite?"

"Are you disappointed?" said Jean, laughing.

"It sounded too wonderful! Really?"

Seriously, nothing?"

"Seriously, nothing."

They had gone arm in arm into the garden, where the children ran up and then stopped uncertainly at the sight of a stranger.

"Oh, you beautiful children!"

Kitty was down on her knees, smiling, holding out her arms. Jean watched her, a little amused at her swift dramatization.

"She doesn't care for children at all," she thought. But the children, won by her prettiness, her inviting smile and charming ways, yielded to her seductions and surrendered instantly. Kitty played with the toys, a great woolly dog and a tumbling Chinaman, asked them their names, took them in her arms, and having won them, was satisfied.

"Run along now, my dears," Jean said, smiling. "You can come back later."

"Adorable children! Wonder if I had one how it would look." Kitty settled languorously into a chaise-longue and agitated the tip of her little gray slipper, contemplating it a thoughtful moment. "Jean, do you suppose it's possible we can be friends again?"

"I wonder if you really want to be."

"That's so like you." She laughed nervously. "You are so disconcertingly direct. You do impress me with your grand manner. You always did. Of course I want to go back." She sat up solemnly. "You make me furious at times. But I always have looked up to you. Besides, there are moments when you get dreadfully sort of alone—and new friends can't help."

Kitty had come to win her, and the realization put Jean on her guard.

"You have always been like a sister to me. Nothing can change that."

Again Kitty contemplated her slipper.

"I was hoping you were going to marry."

"Why?"

"Because Ted doesn't want you to."

"Really, Kitty, that's too outrageous!"

"What's the use of pretending—you know and I know; he doesn't. But Jean, I really was crazy about him when I married him. Now? Funny world!"

"You don't look as though your heart were breaking," said Jean, summoning up a smile. The conversation was painful to her; yet she had an overwhelming curiosity to know more.



WHAT DID THE DENTISTS SAY?

In the sensible care of beauty and health, authorities now insist on the importance of protecting The Danger Line from acids

For years E. R. Squibb & Sons have issued warning that the line where gums and teeth meet is in reality The Danger Line. That acids forming in the crevices along The Danger Line—particularly between the teeth—strike the most treacherous blow to your teeth and gums.

However, because of the confusion caused by dozens of conflicting theories—and because we believed the public should receive confirmation on a question of such importance—we decided to bring the matter before the only real existing authority, the dental profession itself. So we went to one of the greatest dental clinics in the world—where every year more than 100,000 treatments are given. We also asked practicing dentists everywhere to state the result of their experience. From both sources we obtained almost unanimous agreement on the following facts:

- (1) *Acids are the most frequent cause of decay and gum infection.*
- (2) *The most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line—especially at that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.*
- (3) *The best product known to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gum tissues is Milk of Magnesia.*

Isn't it logical, then, that Squibb's Dental Cream, because it contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form, will definitely

© 1927

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

help prevent the danger that menaces your teeth and gums?

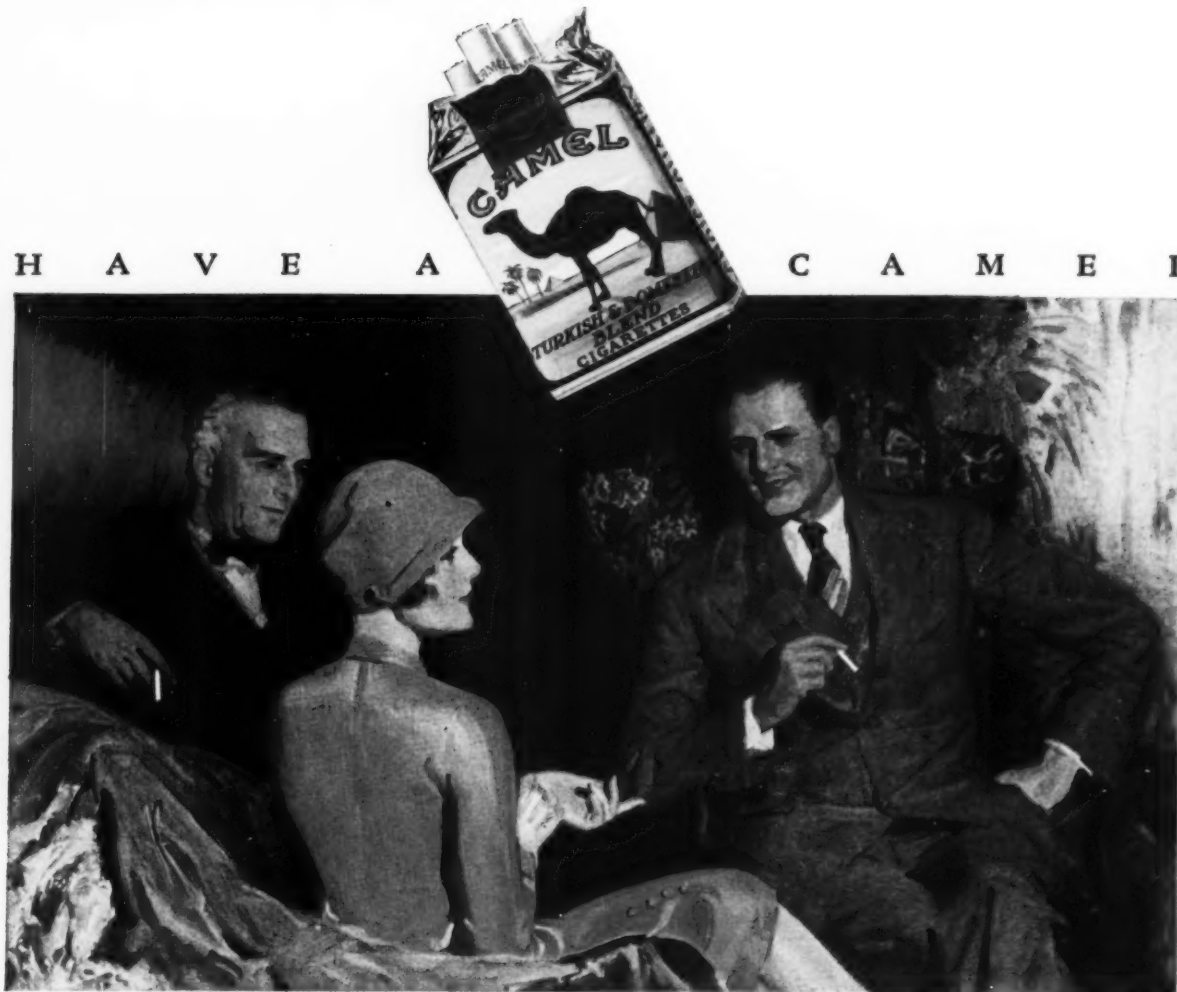
Squibb's Dental Cream goes even further. Other tooth pastes may contain Milk of Magnesia and still not combine the other ingredients necessary to clean and care for your teeth and gums properly.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans thoroughly, beautifully and safely. It relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums. You can safely use it to brush the gums—which dentists say is very necessary—for it contains no grit. It will not harm the most delicate gum tissue.

Each time you use Squibb's Dental Cream tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There they not only neutralize these acids, but remain to give protection long afterwards.

Squibb's Dental Cream is on sale at all druggists—40c a large tube.

H A V E A C A M E L



Smoking refreshment that never ends

WHY is it that the enjoyment of Camels never fails? That you can light them all day and far into the night with never a loss of smoothness, mildness and incomparable fragrance? It's simply a question of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. Camels are given an expert blending found in no other cigarette.

First thing in the morning. Late at night. Before or after breakfast, lunch or dinner. Light Camels as liberally as you choose, one after the other, as often as you desire the cheering comfort of a

cigarette. You will get always the refreshing thrill of smoking pleasure.

Camel perfection has resulted in a demand that has never been known before or since. There has never been cigarette popularity that could compare with Camel's. Each year, millions of experienced smokers, who are willing to pay any price for quality, find in Camels every good thing ever wanted in a cigarette.

Here's a smoke invitation that's leading millions to an entirely new conception of cigarette contentment and satisfaction—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Kitty laughed.

"I take things lightly—luckily. Oh, it's all amusing. Funny, when Ted was rambling in the gutter, I adored him. Thrilling! Now, my dear, all he's interested in is books, and the most dreadful lot of high-brows you ever saw. If he'd only go on a spree and smash things! Honestly, it bores me. Good Lord, I'm young! I've got to live! Heavens, if you would only get him out of this rut, I'd turn him over to you tomorrow!"

"I wonder why you are saying these things to me," said Jean, staring at her.

Kitty shrugged her shoulders.

"Thought it would give you some satisfaction."

Before Jean could reply, Bettina came up, and the conversation veered off dangerous waters. Kitty, after a moment's estimation of the Countess, chatted of trivialities. When she rose to go, she held out her arms to Jean, and embraced her effusively.

"Beware of that young person," said Bettina.

"There's nothing very bad or very good in Kitty. That's the trouble." Jean meditated a moment. "She never has really suffered in her life. She skims the surface of things. She wants to be happy and doesn't know how."

"A pretty face, money, appetites and no inhibitions. I can see her progress."

Jean defended her half-heartedly. Why had Kitty come? Jealous or only curious? What surprised her in herself was a sudden impulse toward her old friend, the longing to forgive and forget, to cling to something in the past that had not been entirely washed away.

A FEW days later the Larrabees came to dinner. She sat beside Ted. An hour before, she had been in a panic. She found herself in an inexplicable mood of levity, an instinctive attitude of defense.

"Ted, I'm supposed to scold you!"

He was perplexed at her lightness.

"How so?"

"Kitty has been complaining of you!"

He looked at her in surprise, and then down the table, where Kitty as usual was bringing her lively eyes into play.

"Well?"

The reluctance she felt in him drove her on recklessly.

"Too much husband, forgotten how to play, dreadfully serious! I believe you are even addicted to reading books!"

"I see."

"Reformed character, Ted? Women are inconsistent, aren't they?"

"Kitty has had nothing to do with it," he said curtly.

She felt an impending moment of seriousness, and nervously tried to evade it.

"Tell me about your trip."

"I'm looking at things a little differently," he said, ignoring her lead.

"What are you going to do?" she said rapidly. "Take an apartment? You will love Paris. . . . You aren't listening. Whom are you looking at? Oh, the Countess de Sezonsac. I don't wonder."

"If you want to know if I am happy, why don't you ask me?"

Her heart stood still.

"Please, Ted," she said in a low voice.

"For heaven's sake, don't try to make conversation between us two. I just simply can't. Look here!"

Obediently she raised her eyes to his.

"I can handle the situation," he said quietly. "But after what has been between us, Jinny, we aren't to meet again like this. Don't you care to know how things have turned out?"

She shook her head, but her eyes asked questions.

"Let me talk to you some day alone?"

"No."

"You are probably right. I am smiling because I mustn't look too serious. I didn't want to come tonight. I guess you know why. Tell me what you want, while we have the chance. Are we going to see each other, or is this your way of ending things?"

She hesitated a long moment, studied his face, frowned. And though she hadn't spoken, he answered:

"Yes, I knew you would say that, Jinny. Well, my ideas are clearer now. I don't fool myself any more. I don't believe in this eternally sacrificing yourself for another! Life is too precious. Everyone nowadays is going straight for his own happiness, even if it means smashing up things—everyone except you and me." He broke off disjointedly. "Lots of things I would like to ask you."

She shook her head.

"A lot can be understood without saying anything."

HE dug a fork into the roll by his plate, played with it a moment, shrugged his shoulders and looked at her with a smile.

"Have you been to Cannes? You must go, you know—Monte Carlo's quite second chop. The gambling-rooms are fascinating. All the scandals of the world gravitate there, ex-kings, ex-princes, grand dukes, black-legs, adventurers. Nothing like the democracy of the gambling-rooms."

"What do you want to ask me?" she said abruptly.

He stopped, frowned.

"No, I won't talk to you like this. You've got to see me sometime. I'm where I am because you asked me to go through with it—for no other reason but to hold your respect. You owe me something. Good heavens, Jinny, when two people have loved each other as we have, has everything got to end? Can't we save anything out of it? Have we got to meet as strangers, almost as antagonists?"

"Not strangers, Ted!"

"Jinny," he said impulsively, "whatever you do, don't marry if you don't really care. You may think you know what it means. You don't. You can't. No one can! I wish to God I felt sure you wouldn't."

She did not answer, silent, wondering.

"Now, as to Kitty and myself. I'm telling you now because you probably won't see me again. There is about as much real companionship between us as between you and that butler. I have no illusions; I have served as a stepping-stone. When she gets ready—good-by! Meanwhile there are certain rules I've laid down so long as she bears my name. Afterward—" He shrugged his shoulders. "No, I can't talk to you like this. It's too grotesque! You and I, sitting here—playing at things we aren't! Don't look like that, Jinny. It's rotten enough as it is."

He turned, and after a moment she took up the conversation with her neighbor. After dinner Ted deliberately avoided her. She went to her room heavy-hearted and dispirited.

Chapter Thirty-five

JEAN had refused to see Larrabee. Yet after all, was it not an evasion? Sooner or later in Paris she knew they would come face to face, inevitably must meet.

The thought of him obsessed her. No need to be told what she knew, the emptiness and the tragedy of his marriage. She saw the change it had wrought in him. There was a new authority about him now, fashioned out of conflict. He was graver, sterner. No indecision. This was the man at last.

Could she see him again? Could she trust herself, knowing that he was another

woman's, even though that woman no longer cared? Kitty didn't care—contemptuously didn't care.

They would divorce inevitably, the day when it suited Kitty to go the way of a caprice. . . .

Paris, that in its earlier contacts had brought to Jean its salutary healing, its feeling of impersonality, the sensation of her own relative importance against the background of great currents of life and history, all at once this Paris troubled Jean profoundly—Paris of the spring, of the leaf and the flowers, Paris of ebullient joy and laughter, Paris of lovers. Wherever she went, she felt youth and love in the air, frankly displayed: working-girls laughing into the eyes of their companions, flowers in their hair; coquetry of thrumming May nights, scent of hidden budding along the avenues, lure of soft lights, pink and amber; garlanded electricity in the air, disquieting and insidious.

The spring was riotously in, and she was not a part of it. The contrast of the frank happiness of simple lives oppressed her with a sense of her own loneliness, as day after day she wandered under the unfolding green of shaded avenues, fleeing the thing she wanted, seeking what she had fled from.

"JINNY!" At last! She heard his voice, felt his presence at her back, closed her eyes. He came eagerly to her side.

"I knew some day I would find you!"

"It had to be."

She had been returning along the Seine. He joined her. She fell naturally into his step, walked silently, happily. She dared not look into his waiting eyes, afraid to show him too much. She turned, and leaning on the low stone wall, pointed out the fishermen on the *quai* below, said irrelevantly, to hide the light she knew was shining in her eyes:

"I must see one of them catch something!"

"Do they? I've waited for years."

"There! No—only a false alarm."

"Do you mind my coming on you like this? I've watched for you every day."

She shook her head.

"It had to happen."

He took up eagerly.

"Steal away with me for a few hours. Jump in a boat and run out into the country, somewhere, anywhere. Will you, Jinny?"

She reflected a moment, straightened up and slipped her hand under his arm. They went in silence down the stone steps, past the eternal fishermen, toward the float.

"Do you suppose we could peep into their baskets? What do you suppose they catch?"

Larrabee put the question in French. A portly fellow in yellow checks and flowing red tie, smiled and opened his bag.

"Why, they're nothing but minnows!"

"Minnows that can be eaten. *Merci bien, monsieur.* Good luck."

They climbed onto the float. Their boat far below the bridge was plowing across the current. She turned again to the fishermen, lazily flicking their lines. A childish thought flashed into her mind.

Frederick O'Brien

He's the man, you remember, who wrote that amazingly fascinating book, "White Shadows in the South Seas." Well, he's taking up the writing of short stories against the tropical background that he knows so well. One of them will appear in an early issue, under the title—

"The Emeralds of Bogotá"

New LOW RUG PRICES



"AMAZING!"

— and to think that this beautiful rug was made from your old carpets, rugs and clothing!

Sent FREE
Mail Coupon To-day
for Beautiful Book on
Rugs and Decorating

Tells how to SAVE HALF on your new rugs. No matter where you live, write for this unusual book. All the fashionable new shades and patterns are illustrated in rooms arranged by experts. Hundreds of useful suggestions.

Your OLD RUGS
Carpets and Clothing
Pay 1/2 the Cost

The materials in all kinds of old carpets, rugs and clothing are reclaimed like new by the Patented Olson Process—dyed any color you choose—and woven into up-to-date rugs that rival high grade domestic rugs in beauty and texture. The materials reclaimed by this process defy detection. Every rug is woven SEAMLESS and REVERSIBLE with the same deep, smooth nap on both sides to give double wear. Any size. YOUR CHOICE: Taupe, Blue, Brown, Mole, Mahogany, Moss, Mulberry, Teal-de-Negre, Rose, etc.

Free Trial We guarantee to satisfy you, or pay you for your materials. We Pay Freight, Express, or Parcel Post from all states as explained in catalog. Every order shipped in ONE WEEK.

OLSON RUG CO.

Dept. H-43, Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.



**for
FREE
RUG
BOOK**

TEAR OUT AND MAIL

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. H-43 Chicago, Ill.

Please mail to me, FREE, your new book in colors, "Beauty and Harmony in the Home," your New Low Prices and your Free Trial Offer.

Name _____

Street (R. F. D.) _____

Town _____

State _____

NOTE—To those writing promptly we will include, FREE, the wonderful new Olson Color Guides for home decorating.

We will be glad to mail a catalog, FREE, to any one of your friends if you will write her name and address in the margin.

"If they catch one before the boat arrives, everything will come out all right." Superstition. When and how?

The low, scudding boat came fussily up the river. The four fishermen, lazy as shadows, continued to flick their poles.

"How absurd I am!" she thought, laughing inwardly. "What a strange idea! How old am I, really?"

"By Jove, he has caught one!" cried Ted. A diminutive silver sparkle flitting through the air.

"Really? You're sure?"

"Absolutely!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

She laughed, absurdly happy, as she followed him over the teetering gangway.

"Where do you want to sit?"

"In the bow, of course! Don't you remember?"

He looked at her, not catching her meaning at once. Then a light broke on him.

"Oh, on the steamer coming back from Europe when we were youngsters!"

"No, I've changed my mind; let's sit here."

IN the bow a girl and boy were leaning over the railing watching the spray. She stared at them, caught an answering look in his eyes and smiled.

"How long ago was it?"

"Ten years, almost."

"You were the shaggiest thing."

"And you—" He stopped. "You were just as you are now, thinking your own thoughts and keeping them to yourself."

"I have changed more than you think."

"Tell me some things."

She checked him with an uplifted hand.

"Nothing serious, not now. Perhaps later. Do you know what we are going to do, Teddy Bear?"

"What?"

"Run up the river until the impulse seizes us to jump off and explore. Then we're going to find some funny little old inn, tuck napkins under our chins and behave like a couple of ridiculous children. No, don't try to understand, but please say yes."

"It's yes—and I understand."

"All right then. Nothing serious!"

"Nothing!"

The river smiled beneath them; the roofs of Paris flitted backward at their sides, under one bridge and out toward another, the Trocadero behind, the empty upward flight of the Eiffel Tower impending above them.

"It's all so beautiful," she murmured.

Barges, with nervous impudent dogs, acclaimed their passing. Color everywhere, blue blouses and red handkerchiefs. Gray stallions swaying against giant loads. Above, lazy fluffy clouds piling up against the blue—Paris in leaf, Paris in flower.

"What a lark!"

"Never been on the river?"

"Never. Where are they all going?"

"Picnicking, of course. They'll camp out in the woods; the old fellow in shirt-sleeves will lie on his back puffing at his pipe, and the mother will delve into the lunch-basket."

"It's like a fairy basket, isn't it? Imagine the good things that must be in it!"

"Shall I ask him?"

"Will he mind? I'm awfully curious."

Larrabee struck up a conversation. In a moment they were chatting gayly, the delectable contents of the basket, including two bottles of wine, displayed with pride.

"They'll know just the place for us."

A consultation with great difference of opinion, but Monsieur's authority prevailing. Descend at the next bridge and wind through the woods, a few kilometers, to the Trois Pigeons, ask for poulet marengo, a merlan frité and the little wine of Anjou!

They thanked them, laughing, and descended with many waves of the hands.

"Good luck, monsieur et madame."

"And don't forget the little wine of Anjou!"

They lost their way, found it again and arrived at the Trois Pigeons in time to lunch on the terrace, with Paris glowing in the sunlight, across the forests.

"There's Montmartre and the Sacre Cœur."

"What's that way off to the right?"

"Notre Dame."

"Saint Sulpice, rather."

"And the gold dome of the Invalides. How clear everything is!"

A buxom waitress with comprehending eyes.

"Monsieur et madame would like to order?"

Then a glance at the left hand, bare of wedding ring—lovers, of course; still, with Americans, one never knew—fiancées perhaps. The tall monsieur very much in love, evidently. . . .

At the table. Paper cloths and gravel underfoot, apéritifs and daintily arranged hors d'œuvres. Paris in the distance, Paris left behind, other things left behind.

"What am I thinking of?" she asked herself indolently. Nothing. No definite resolves. Escape, a lark, unpremeditated impulses.

Larrabee, sensing her mood, keyed up himself, laughing, joking, ten years dropped away, engaged everyone in conversation, the proprietor, the bustling little wife come down from behind her counter, the group of laborers at the next table, the two couples snuggling side by side, arm in arm. He pretended a birthday, ordered champagne for the crowd, had the proprietress down for her glass too, toasted the Trois Pigeons, the poulet marengo, old comradeship, Lafayette! Monsieur le Propriétaire, not to be outdone, produced the liqueurs.

'Chic types, les Américains!'

"HOW funny they were! I don't know when I've laughed so hard."

Back into the woods, under heavy darkened foliage, slanting shafts of sunlight ahead through the trees.

"A good day," he said grimly.

She assented with her eyes, looked dreamily down the long green vistas, as though looking down the future, wondered, felt the passage of a cloud across the sunlight, was silent.

"All the rest doesn't seem real," he continued.

She had an impulse to take his arm, stepping close to him as others were doing, hesitated and moved a little away.

"Talk to me, Ted."

"Yes."

Then a silence.

"What are you going to do?"

"Stick it out. There are complications."

She looked up at him with a little timidity. The old balance had been changed. She felt his superior strength and gloried in it.

"You are so much more real now, Ted."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"I'm quite proud of you."

Another silence, and then he burst out:

"If I've stuck, it's because I didn't want you to think me a quitter. It's a mess, but it's not my fault, Jinny."

"I know that." She spoke impulsively. Then a need of justification. "Ted, I believed she loved you."

"You and I were both too young," he said quietly. "We didn't think so, but there is a lot in life, the workings out of life, that was beyond us. You thought Kitty and I could make a go of our marriage by trying to make the best of it. But it is deeper than that. You thought Kitty loved me. Well, she doesn't. She only loved me for what I could bring her."

"I'm afraid that's true."

"Well, there are lots like her. It's a realis-



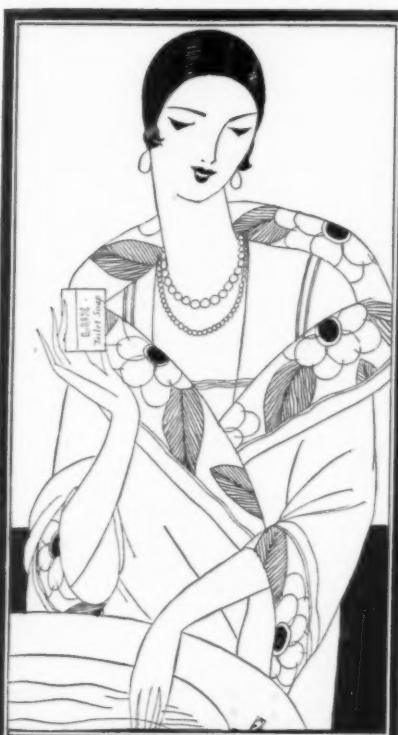
Made by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps

*From beauty-wise France . . .
the Gift of a Smooth Skin*

THE country that understands women—France! For centuries the whole world has looked to that beauty-wise land for fine toilet soaps!

Small wonder that women wrote us, "Oh please make a soap as exquisite for our skin as fine French soap but not nearly, nearly as costly."

It was because France knew that her incomparable powders, perfumes, cosmetics, lose their magic if the skin itself is not smooth and exquisite, that years ago she developed her famous method of making fine toilet soap. And—because the makers of Lux are the world's largest



makers of soap—we were able to make "a soap as adorable as French soap but not so costly."

We made Lux Toilet Soap—we made it by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps. Quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

The famous French method makes Lux Toilet Soap the firm fine-textured cake that your fingers recognize as true *savon de toilette*. Makes the creamy, bubbling lather, that even hard water can't quell, caress your skin—giving it the same satin-smooth feeling you used to adore after costly imported soap. Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way!

France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement! Ten cents for a cake of Lux Toilet Soap—generous, long lasting, delicately fragrant! Wherever toilet soap is sold you will find this *savon de toilette* for all the family. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Safe and gentle—such fragrant cleansing

*Yesterday 50c for a fine French soap
Today the same luxury for just 10c.*

Such a dear delight to have a luxurious personal soap without extravagance! Not one qualm of conscience—but the whole family using it freely for toilet and bath!

For Face, Hands & Bath



Instant dancing lather—ample, refreshing

LUX TOILET SOAP



Soothes, heals, refreshes your skin!

First aid for UNSEEN NICKS

NO skin is perfectly smooth! Viewed through the microscope there are hundreds of tiny irregularities. These are bound to be roughened by even the sharpest razor.

That is why your skin smarts after shaving.

To overcome this, the tiny cuts must be healed at once. A dash of Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin brings a rush of healing circulation—"first aid" to all those tiny nicks. The quick tingling shows how effective it is! Then, the next second, you feel a smooth, refreshing coolness.

Pinaud's disinfects, too, and protects the skin against chapping.

Get Pinaud's Lilac today at any drug or department store. Or send for a sample, **FREE**—Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

[Lilas de France]

FREE—TRIAL SIZE BOTTLE

PINAUD Incorporated Dept. J-101
90 Fifth Ave., New York

Send free sample bottle of Pinaud's Lilac to

Name _____

Address _____

tic society we live in. Young girls are not often carried away. They know definitely what they want, and that's all they're in love with. I don't think many of them even take the trouble to delude themselves."

"You know I think Kitty did?"

"Perhaps, for Kitty always wants to justify herself. You see, Jinny," he said with a sudden warmth, "you and I were doomed. We were given, God help us, a heart and a conscience. We're not playing the game as the rest are playing it. That's why we are the ones who get battered. We're not living in our day."

"You are dreadfully bitter, Ted, aren't you?" she replied, thinking over what he had said.

"It is all so unnecessary. That's the hard part of it. But you won't change."

She looked up at him swiftly, and then down with a sharp sudden breath.

"What a farce it all is! What two little fools we were, two young fools, playing at chivalry, honor, trying to dramatize life. Life is such a cheat, Jean. We throw our lives away for something we believe in, something we find out later to be false. Then we have to grin and bear it. Would I do what I did over again? Not now!"

He turned suddenly. "Would you?"

She was not ready for the question.

"Don't ask me."

"I am asking you," he said stubbornly. "Was it worth it? If there's a ghost of a chance of happiness for us, you've got to face the truth. You and I were real, and we gave up everything for what—for some one who plays with life like a careless child. We gave up a reality for a sham! You were wrong, Jinny. Sacrificing one life to another doesn't work out. I suppose you expected me to go under?"

"He always was incoherent when he was wrought up," she thought with a little feeling of tenderness at her old Ted come back.

"I was afraid, yes."

"You asked me what I'm going to do," he said, jumping to another thought. "Just wait. It won't be long. Kitty will attend to that!"

"Ted!"

"She's behaving now, because she's afraid of me—and she's no coward, either. There have been scenes. One row after another. Just hell! She is free to go—any time—but while she stays, my name's not going to be dragged in the mud!"

"Ted!"

AT the touch of her hand, he stopped, clenched his fists, drew a long breath and flung open his arms.

"What a life!" he exclaimed.

"Ted," she asked slowly, "why don't you divorce?"

He stopped, looked at her amazed.

"You say that?"

Her lip trembled a little, but her eyes shone as she looked at him.

"You've gone through enough, Ted. Even I see that. I don't want you to suffer any more."

"I never thought you'd see it this way."

"This is different, and where there is no love on either side and no one to be hurt—"

"You don't know the worst," he said between his teeth.

"What?"

"There's going to be a child. . . . Don't stand there looking like that, Jinny. For heaven's sake, let's keep walking. Yes, think of it, a child to come out of this! Now you understand. No matter what she does, I've got to stick. It's only decent. Afterward, that'll take care of itself."

He looked at her, walking with set gaze at his side.

"Don't tell me you would have married me if—if it had been otherwise. For God's sake, Jean, lie to me, anything but that!"

"I can't lie to you, Ted. I would have."

There was a long silence.

"When is it to be?" asked Jean finally.

"Soon—two or three months."

"What!" She stopped, amazed. "But then—how can she do the things she's doing?"

"Out every night, dancing until three or four in the morning. That's Kitty! She'll do what she takes it into her head to do."

An inexplicable maternal instinct in Jean:

"Ted, she must take care of herself!"

"No one can make her do anything!"

THEY came again to the Seine and the boat-landing, stood reluctantly. How far away the morning was now!

"I'd rather not," she said, questioning him with her eyes. "Can't we—is there a train?"

A taxi returning from a distant errand was rolling up a cloud of dust. He hailed it, opened the door. They got in, sat silently, sat staring, sat drawn apart.

She began to cry silently, great tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Jean, dear, don't!"

"I can't help it. It's all so cruel. There's no meaning to it!"

"We don't get much of the breaks in life, do we?" Ted remarked.

All at once, as she sat there, her shoulder touched his in the swaying motion of the cab. She felt him turn suddenly, impending near her, put her hand to her throat, turned, and the next moment was in his arms.

He took her tenderly, drew her to him. Their lips met almost in a sigh, their cheeks wet with their mingled tears. He drew her closer, his arms tightening over her yielding body. Suddenly a great wave of passion swept down and blotted them together.

"Ted, Ted, it's no use. I can't help it!"

"I want you so!"

"I don't care—nothing matters. Kiss me."

Her arms held him to her; her hands played over his cheek, in his hair, caressing, fiercely possessive. Her eyes opened on his shining above her, closed, opened, could not close again.

"I love you so!"

Faint, dizzy, clinging to the hungry moment, on fire, deliciously hurt one moment—her moment at last, withholding nothing, shaken by great tremendous waves that left her weak, trembling, avidly returning to his lips to deeper oblivion. . . .

They were back in Paris, nearing home before they realized it.

"Ted dear, what are we going to do?"

He caught her a last time, his lips on her lips in the poignant agony of farewell, drew her unwilling arms from him, laid her back in a corner.

"Jinny, get hold of yourself—you must!"

She lay so still that he was frightened; he took her hands, gripped them, called her name.

She sat up, looked at him, and began to shiver.

"Don't. You make me feel like a brute!"

She grew quiet, looked at him, smiled.

"Don't spoil it, Ted. I'm glad."

He studied her face anxiously, apprehensive of the reaction which would come.

"Give me my purse, dear, and my vanity-case."

"Jinny, don't hold this against me."

She looked into his eyes, a sudden glory in her look.

"Thank God for just the moment!"

A week later came her letter. He had known it would come, dreaded it, opened it with a feeling of despair.

"Ted dear, I am going to marry the Prince de Sfax. I had to tell you myself, before it comes out in the papers. I wonder if you'll understand. I can't explain. Forgive me, dear!"

"Jinny."

The next installment brings the real crisis in the lives of these children of divorce. Be sure to read it—in our forthcoming March issue.



Youthful Beauty Instantly

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Specialiste en Beauté

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toilettries—Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—*instantly*.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety—delicately perfumed—spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break—and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value easily 75c.



Tear off now! You may forget

*Youthful Beauty
- instantly*

Pompeian
Beauty Powder and Bloom

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet, Pompeian Laboratories
2700 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred)
for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name _____

Street _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Powder shade _____

Medium rouge sent unless another shade requested



Had you, MADAME,
given up hope for
a powder not coarse
that really clings?



Neither coarse and sticky nor light and flyaway, Fioret Face Powder clings to the nose and cheek in a most endearing fashion.

Soft and fine, this new powder gives to the complexion an effect that is suave and lovely.

Fluffed lightly on, it veils imperfections of the skin—flatters its smoothness—and establishes the most pleasant relations between yourself and mirrors met by chance.

And there is still another joy which Fioret powder gives to the smart women who wear it—the aesthetic joy of the subtle odeur, "Jouis" with which it is scented.

Do not postpone, Madame, the pleasure that this new and delightful powder can give. Seek today the charm of Fioret. You may buy the beautiful green and gold box with its exquisite contents in most good drug and department stores. Its price is only \$1. Fioret, Inc., Paris; 677 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Poudre de
FIORET



DOUBLE HANDCUFFS

(Continued from page 55)

police, and we are helpless. The woman so victimized will never make an official complaint and tell what happened."

"Just so—the frightened woman's need of silence is the bandit's ace of trumps. Through whom did the proposition of Mrs. Winthrop's bandit reach her?"

"Felix Templeton."

"Felix Templeton!" Clifford whistled softly. "That lawyer is the man of all men to act as this bandit's agent—or the agent of such a big business as we believe to exist!"

"And how I'd like to land that slick criminal lawyer!" exclaimed General Thorne in a burst of professional exasperation. "There's no doubt of his secret criminal participation in many of the shady cases he's beaten in court with his infernal shrewdness. I've been after him for years, and so has the District Attorney's office. But he's too clever for us—he laughs at us—has even with mock courtesy offered to help us run down evidence against himself."

"His colossal confidence in his cleverness may some day prompt his daring to reach too far, and that will be your chance. Does Templeton's letter bring Mrs. Winthrop's situation up to the present?"

"Yes. There you have the case that Judge Foster and I want you to handle. Do you see any way out of this affair?"

"There's a very obvious way," was Clifford's prompt reply. "Mrs. Winthrop is primarily an intended victim of blackmail; the banditry was no more than a basis for the blackmail. The only safe and permanent and possibly happy solution to a blackmail case must be founded upon a frank admission of the alleged facts by the threatened side, and belief, or acceptance, or forgiveness, by the other side. Otherwise the victim lives in constant terror of exposure and probably has to pay again and again. All this is doubly true when dealing with such a past-master of legal scoundrelism as Templeton. Why should not our first move in this affair be to call in Mr. Winthrop and in the best possible way put Mrs. Winthrop's experience before him?"

MARGERIE had swung galvanically up from among the green pillows. "No—no—no!" she gasped wildly. "You mustn't tell Jeff. He's crazy against Harold Gates—he'll not forgive—he'll believe the very worst—it will end everything!"

"Theoretically you are right, Clifford," said Judge Foster, "but Margerie is right according to the hard facts represented by Jeff. As I have said, there is no one so furiously unforgiving, so fiercely reactionary, as some of these flag-wavers of the new freedom when their primitive emotions are first aroused. If Jeff Winthrop hears this story, he'll not accept any explanation or extenuation we might offer; he'll be the crazy, unappeasable, primitive husband demanding separation or divorce. Am I right about Jeff Winthrop, General Thorne?"

"That's just how Jeff will react."

"It will be my job to defend Margerie if there is a suit for divorce," continued Judge Foster, "—and I ask you, Clifford, on the basis of Margerie's own story, where is the chance of a successful defense? Also it would be pointed out at a trial that Margerie's conduct at the Gray Goose was in exact accord with her flaming youth's creed of the ego's full right to act on the ego's urge—and that would be a mighty effective point. I'd be hopelessly up against it! And even this is not the whole of the situation. When Margerie's doctor examined her the other day after this collapse, he gave her the first news that she is going to have a baby."

"And I've wanted a baby so!" came in

sobs from the green pillows. "And it's Jeff's baby! Jeff's and mine! But if Jeff is told that story, he'll say—he'll say—"

"He'll deny paternity," Judge Foster completed for her. "He'll say Harold Gates is the father, and he's crazy enough to start another of these paternity suits that will be dragging its scandal through the courts for years. I tell you, Clifford, we've got to keep this thing from Jeff!"

"Then just what do you want me to do?"

"Act as Margerie's agent, her protecting friend, in dealing with Felix Templeton. Of course I could pay Templeton the money demanded, but we want the silence we pay for, and I wouldn't know how to secure a guarantee of silence. You're more experienced in such matters and can handle the deal in a way to insure continued secrecy for Margerie."

"You mean," demanded Clifford, "that I am to make the catching of the bandit leader and the recovery of the jewels, without paying for them, entirely secondary objects?"

"Yes—and less than secondary. We don't want you even to think of such objects. The jewels we are willing to buy back, and the bandit leader we do not wish to catch—for the bandit, if caught, would make all this story public."

AT these words, so narrowly confining his activity, Clifford revolted sharply. "Judge Foster, such orders amount to handcuffs locked upon me! General Thorne, do you also agree to a bargain with crime which leaves criminals with guaranteed safety for themselves and all their loot, and leaves their victims insecure and their real problems still unsolved?"

"I don't like it any more than you do, Clifford; but I also am handcuffed. And in his way so is Judge Foster. Margerie will make no official complaint. She will give me no description of the bandit leader; she was so frightened, she says, that all she remembers of the bandits is that all three wore handkerchiefs for masks. Even if we caught the bandits, and she could identify them, she wouldn't do it."

"The saving of this marriage, if that is possible," continued Judge Foster, "the bringing of the wife and husband together, in happiness and understanding—that's your job, Clifford—just that and nothing else; and I hope you'll not refuse to do this for Mrs. Winthrop."

Clifford hesitated a moment. "If I try to do that," he responded, "I must very definitely reserve the right to do it in my own way." He did not add the other reservations that were already rising in his mind.

"In your own way, certainly." Judge Foster leaned over and fondly kissed Margerie's pale young face. "Clifford," he said, gently smoothing the face with his wrinkled hand, "we've got to look out for these flaming apostles of individual liberty until they've learned to be just a bit liberal toward each other—take care of these sun-soaring archangels, whose wings are melting, until they can land safely on their own feet. Some day Margerie, here, is going to be a fine, sane woman, Clifford—and I want you to see her safe through this dizzy fall back to mother earth."

"Please do, Mr. Clifford!" she begged feverishly, seizing his hand. "I suppose I've been as great a fool as Judge Foster says. But that night at the Gray Goose Inn—though I can't deny anything—I had no thought of going up to that room—at least not while I was conscious. I never thought of Harold Gates in that way. Honest! Oh, if I ever get clear of this affair," she sobbed on, "I'm going to try to be a good mother to my baby—and a good wife to Jeff! That's what I want most of all to be!"

Please save me, Mr. Clifford—and I think you'll be saving all of us!"

Agonized sincerity was in the voice and the streaming violet eyes. Clifford did not know how much of truth there was in Judge Foster's affectionate indictment of the extremists of modern youth; he did not consider himself competent to sit upon the jury that is forever trying the case of the new generation. And he could not know how guilty Margerie Winthrop had really been that night at the Gray Goose Inn. Only of this much was he certain: if repentance absolves from sin and makes one as new, then Margerie Winthrop was certainly reborn into a different woman and Clifford's heart went out to her.

"If my best can save you I'll save you—and all of you," Clifford assured her, pressing the hand that feverishly clutched his.

BEFORE Clifford left Margerie Winthrop, his rebellious reservations were shaping into a definite purpose. He would go ahead with the plan of money-settlement as ordered, yes; but behind that surface plan there was also going to be working a second plan, as yet unformed, based on his own ideas of untangling the affairs of the Winthrops. That unformed plan demanded that the bandit chief should not triumph and retain his liberty—that Mrs. Winthrop should not pay a fortune for her own jewels—that the Winthrops should be reunited upon a basis of frankness and understanding, with no feared skeletons to be dragged from closets and destroy their future.

Clifford recognized that even had he not been manacled by Judge Foster's handcuffs, here was another of those situations which the usual detective methods could not hope to solve and bring to a happy ending. There was crime here, to be sure; but the problem confronting him was basically a problem in complex and contradictory human natures, a mystery of changing personalities who had no understanding of the springs of their own being. Therefore the only method that contained hope was a study of the characters involved in the situation: Margerie Winthrop, Jeff Winthrop, Harold Gates, Arline Sinclair, Felix Templeton—possibly even the unknown bandit leader.

This study of his further characters began the very moment Clifford stepped out of the Winthrop residence into Park Avenue, when a slender young man who had been pacing the sidewalk halted aggressively before him and blocked his way.

"I know who you are—a damned detective!" he savagely exploded point-blank at Clifford. "What the hell business has a detective got in my house?"

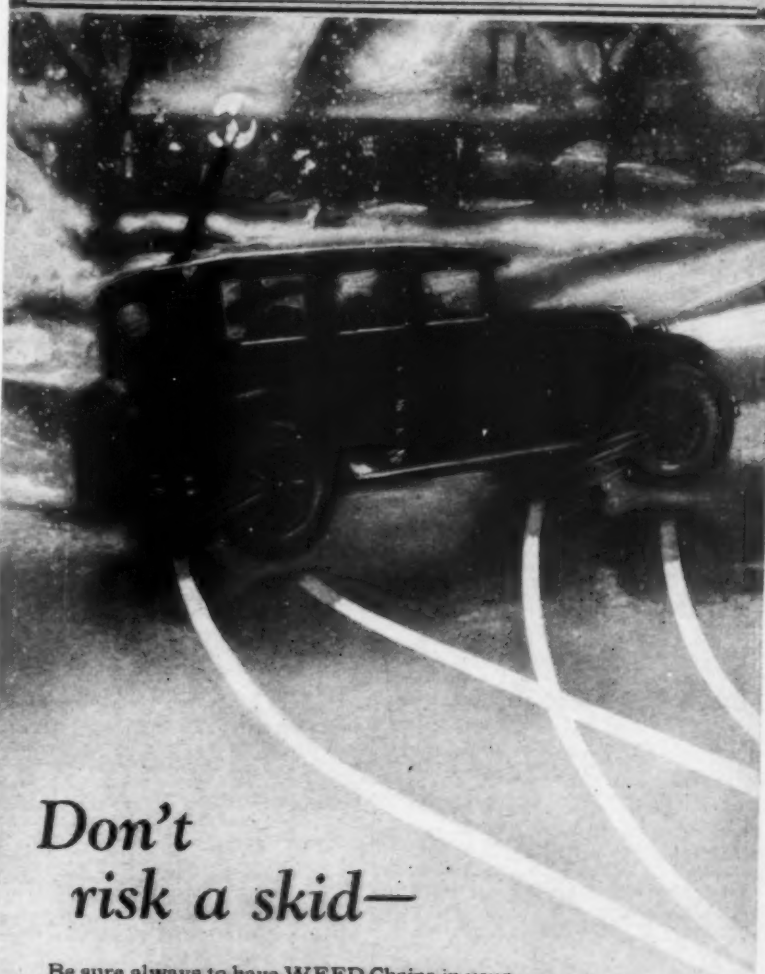
"Jeff, Jeff, control yourself," urged General Thorne, and Judge Foster laid an appeasing hand on the young man's arm.

"I'm controlling myself all right, for I know exactly what I'm doing! Mr. Detective, is it some scandal about my wife that brings you here?"

"Jefferson!" cried Judge Foster in stern rebuke. "If you must be angry at some one, don't pick on a stranger; be angry at your two best friends, General Thorne and myself. We brought Mr. Clifford to visit Margerie to see if he could not make some practical suggestion that would bring you two mad young fools together."

"A detective as a marriage-mender—I don't believe it!" he retorted furiously. "I had word that all three of you were with Margerie, and I've been waiting for you to come out to say my say to all of you. Listen, Judge Foster, General Thorne—and you too, Mr. Detective, since you're butting into my affairs: I've heard rumors that Margerie and Harold Gates have been a lot too much together. If there has been any such intimacy as has been hinted at, then instead of Mr. Clifford bringing Margerie

There can be no compromise with safety



Don't risk a skid—

Be sure always to have WEED Chains in your car. Put them on when roads are slippery, or deep in snow, or muddy. It takes such a little time compared with a lay-up for repairs. It saves the car from skidding, or becoming stalled, just at the season when you need it most.

You can buy WEED Chains at garages, automobile accessory and hardware stores. Just tell the dealer the size and type of your tires—he has the size of WEED Chains to fit them correctly.



Use

WEED CHAINS

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario

District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, New York,
Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco

Makers of WEED Bumpers and WEED Levelizers





Beautify your skin intelligently

Science declares the
value of soap

"YOU cannot be clean without a good soap. The ideal soap is one which aids the secretions, removing just enough to take away the dirt, and yet leaving enough of the oil to make the skin soft and flexible."

This quotation from a recent article by a prominent physician and health commissioner well describes the action of Resinol Soap, and it is the Resinol ingredients which make this result possible. Any soap will clean the skin, but Resinol Soap goes a step further—it soothes as it cleanses.

To an exquisitely pure, scientifically balanced, toilet soap, have been added the Resinol properties which to thousands of people are synonymous with clearness, softness and beauty of skin. In the lather of Resinol Soap these properties are carried deep into the pores. That is why skins bathed with this soap are thoroughly cleansed—yet seldom troubled with dryness, smarting, stinging and redness.

Buy a cake from your druggist or toilet goods dealer today. Its distinctive, refreshing fragrance, and rich color will reveal at once the presence of the Resinol ingredients, and a week's use will prove their beneficial effect.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

Mail this coupon today

Dept. 6-A, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name

Street

City..... State.....

and me together, we're going to be a damned sight farther apart! That's final! Good-by!"

He turned abruptly and strode away down Park Avenue.

"That's Templeton's work," surmised Clifford. "He's having Mrs. Winthrop watched, and he certainly picked the most effective messenger to deliver a prompt reminder of how delicately balanced is Mrs. Winthrop's danger."

"Undoubtedly a touch of Templeton's genius," agreed Judge Foster. "From this specimen of Jeff's behavior you could never imagine what a simple, generous and lovable fellow he really is. There walks your big danger and big problem, Clifford—Jefferson Winthrop."

Clifford nodded, and speculatively watched the angrily striding figure that his plans must regard as erratic human dynamite. After parting from his two old friends, he began seriously to ponder that problem which was never to be absent from his mind during the days to come: By what means could such an extravagant egoist with such a violent temper be so subdued that it would be possible for him to understand and forgive?

FROM the Winthrop home Clifford made for the office of Felix Templeton, first choice of politicians in trouble, of big criminals who could pay big fees, of chorus-girl wives seeking the best financial settlement from millionaire husbands. His office was high up in a Times Square skyscraper, very appropriately looking down upon his domain of theaters and night-clubs that supplied him a princely revenue which flowed to him through his knowledge of how to levy tax on human folly. He and Clifford had often met along Broadway.

"Glad to see you, Clifford," Templeton greeted him with easy welcome that had an undertone of challenging mockery. Clifford had an instant sense that, though young Winthrop might be his greatest problem, his greatest clash was to be with the smiling lawyer before him—a commandingly tall, carefully tailored man of fifty who looked a very young forty, with black penetrating eyes that gazed audaciously from a lean, darkly handsome face. "Sit down. I was just a bit surprised, Clifford, when Mrs. Winthrop telephoned me a little while ago that you were to handle negotiations for her. A bit out of a detective's line, isn't it?"

"Undoubtedly—since I'm not supposed to detect anything, but just arrange a settlement."

"If Mrs. Winthrop wanted a detective for such a purpose, I'll say she couldn't do better than the famous Robert Clifford. With what point shall we open our proceedings?"

Clifford sought to give the impression of having no purpose here beyond carrying out Judge Foster's orders. But his greater purpose was the further study of this important character, his hope that Templeton might make some betraying slip about the bandit leader. So every instant he watched the other.

"Suppose, Templeton," he replied, "that we open our proceedings with a discussion of terms. The price you ask seems excessively high for a woman to pay for her own jewels—almost three times their actual value. Surely you'll give us a more reasonable figure?"

"I admit, Clifford, that the price seems outrageously high. But unfortunately I am not the principal in this affair. I am only the agent of my client, and as such I am merely communicating my client's lowest terms. His reasoning seems to be that he believes he is selling Mrs. Winthrop not only jewels but also a certain other commodity of far higher value to her."



It glistens!

IT ISN'T a task to keep the toilet bowl as clean, white and shining as new. It's easy to remove those unsightly stains, marks and incrustations. Use Sani-Flush. See the bowl glisten with cleanliness!

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. That's all. Simple, isn't it?

And Sani-Flush really cleans. Gets down into the hidden trap where a brush never can reach. Banishes foul odors too. Harmless to plumbing connections. It's an easy, pleasant task to use Sani-Flush. Saves time. Keep it handy in the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

OWN a Typewriter

Big Typewriter Bargain!

Own your own Underwood Model 51 Why take less when our rebuilt plan brings this ace of all writing machines at a big saving and on easy monthly terms!

\$3 and it's yours

Don't buy a typewriter until after a free trial of this one! We give you a quick course in touch writing. Good! Clear, here and now, for our special offer, we'll send catalog and new, valuable, Free-writing Manual. Free Address SHEPARD-WARD MFG. CO. 2222 Shepard Bldg., Chicago



Five changes of light from "bright" to "out" as easy as turning down a gas light.

Simple construction. Simply screw plug in socket and insert bulb.

Turn down your electric light! Here is the ideal night light; the perfect bathroom light; the indispensable nursery light. Needed in every room. Lasts a life-time. Nothing to get out of order. Costs light bills. Sold by electrical, hardware, drug and department stores. Price \$1.25

WIRT COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

DIM-A-LITE

Templeton raised a right hand as if to cut off an interruption; a curious right hand it was, with a jagged welt of a red scar across the palm and a twisted little finger—said to be the record of a fee he had received out of a pistol barrel in one case he had tried out of court.

"Understand me, Clifford," he continued soberly, "I thoroughly disapprove of my client and all his conduct in this affair. But my clients are of every sort, as you know, and my censure will not alter their natures for the better—and in this case would not change the man's demands one jot. Besides, I feel I am also acting in Mrs. Winthrop's interest, trying to secure her the quiet settlement she must surely want."

Clifford knew the man was lying, that behind this air of sober concern was a taunting laugh; and he knew that the actor in Templeton hoped that he knew this for acting.

"I appreciate your benevolent spirit, Templeton," Clifford responded dryly. "If Mrs. Winthrop pays, what guarantee can you give that she will get this article of higher value she is paying for—silence?"

"My dear Clifford, I have quietly settled more scandals out of court, kept more skeletons decently locked up in family closets, than any other lawyer in New York City. When I settle such a case, it stays settled. My record in such matters is Mrs. Winthrop's best guarantee."

"We are mainly concerned with your client, the bandit leader. He controls the situation, and his is the guarantee we want. In view of the large amount to be paid, and the great issue at stake, I feel that we are justified in asking for some binding personal guarantee from him."

"You mean you'd like to meet him—have some counter-hold on him?" Templeton smiled sardonically. "Nothing doing, Clifford. I'm the nearest you can get to this man, and you must accept my personal guarantee. I have my own ways of exerting pressure on such people, and the man will do exactly as I order."

"Your personal guarantee also covers the silence of the other bandits?"

"Most certainly."

"Also the silence of Harold Gates?"

"I have nothing to do with Gates. He was Mrs. Winthrop's companion; he is her very old friend; he is a gentleman—these facts should guarantee his silence."

"Then to sum up your position, Templeton—we must pay over the money, and in return can have from you as a safeguard nothing beyond your personal word?"

"Exactly, Clifford. Nothing but my word."

"You and I may have to take up this subject of guarantee again; certainly the guarantee must come up at the time of settlement, if there is a settlement. Just to cover every angle of the case, Templeton, what happens if Mrs. Winthrop decides, because your personal word is insufficient or for some other reason, that she is not justified in making the demanded payment?"

"In that event, Clifford, my client disposes of Mrs. Winthrop's jewels as best he can, and all the details of the scene at the Gray Goose Inn he passes on to Mrs. Winthrop's husband. In fact, I am obligated to my client to present this information myself in convincing fashion to Mr. Winthrop, and since I believe in being prepared for war, I have a very adequate letter to him all ready to fire in case you decide to fight. You know Mr. Winthrop?"

"I've just barely met him."

TEMPLETON again smiled his half-lidded smile of cynical mastery. "I know him very well," he drawled softly, "or at least as well as you can know a man from meeting him around the night-clubs. If you have heard him theorize upon his variety of the



Accept 10 Days' Proof

Let us prove that the claims millions of men make for this unique shaving cream are justified

GENTLEMEN:

Pullman car arguments never have yet proved a point.

That's why we make no claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream other than the fact that millions of men, once wedded to rival preparations, have shifted to this new creation.

Hence—that it is worth a trial. So we send 10-day tubes for that purpose. Will you accept one as a courtesy to us?

60 years of soap study stand behind Palmolive Shaving Cream. 130 formulas were developed and discarded before we found the right one. All our experience as the makers of Palmolive Soap, the world's

leading toilet soap, are embraced in this creation.

5 new factors

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1276, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.) 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

"Fortify for Fire Fighting"

IMPROVED
Pyrene
TRADE MARK
FIRE
EXTINGUISHER



PYRENE earned its leadership years ago by developing a supremely efficient fire-fighting liquid—*Pyrene* Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented)—and then placing it in a perfect container for accurately shooting it at the very base of the flames.

An Improved *Pyrene* Fire Extinguisher is a fast worker and a fire killer.

A child can operate it easily, accurately and with sure results.

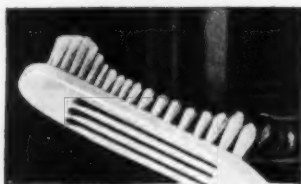
It is always ready for that unforeseen emergency.

Kills Fire Saves Life

Pyrene Manufacturing Co.
Newark, N. J.

Caution: Use only *Pyrene* Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with *Pyrene* Fire Extinguishers.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 8-16.



Dry, firm—live— every morning

THE most faithful brushing is not enough—if your tooth brush is damp, oversoft—"dead"—every time you use it.

The Pebecco Tooth Brush—ventilated—is never moist, weak—because it dries quickly. Its firm, "live" bristles clean between your teeth, stimulate your gums. And its two tufts reach every part of your teeth. All druggists. Made only by Pebecco, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

PEBECO
VENTILATED
Tooth Brush

new freedom, I advise you not to accept his liberal words as a forecast that he will be liberal-minded in his attitude in this little affair. If he gets my letter, Jefferson Winthrop is going to make a noise like a very old-fashioned husband, and following it will be an explosion that will blow his whole world apart."

Templeton might have been lying in other matters, but as Clifford knew only too well, he most certainly was not lying in his prediction of Jeff Winthrop's probable reaction.

"To avoid such an explosion—that's why we're paying you a quarter of a million," Clifford had decided that, whatever might develop from his hidden plan, this hidden plan as well as his surface plan required that the money should actually be paid over. "A quarter of a million, Templeton, is a very large sum to raise in cash, and even so rich a woman as Mrs. Winthrop must have time for banking arrangements. She will need at least five days."

Mrs. Winthrop did not need a day. This was an invention on Clifford's part to gain time for his secret measures.

"My client will be reasonable and give the requested five days."

"Then here's another detail, Templeton. At the time of payment Mrs. Winthrop must identify the jewels. This affair has so prostrated her that her doctor will not allow her to leave her bed, so we must necessarily request that the settlement take place at the Winthrop home. Naturally you may bring with you whatever guard you desire to protect the jewels."

To this request also Templeton acceded. Clifford stood up.

"Then I believe this is all for the present, Templeton—perhaps all until you hear from me that we are ready for you with the money."

"Not quite all, Clifford." The mockery in Templeton's brilliant eyes changed swiftly into grim menace. "A few words of warning. You are a very clever detective, and I admire your cleverness—when it is exercised on other people. But try any of your clever detective tricks in this case, try to locate and identify my client, try anything but the settlement of this affair along the lines set down—and I instantly put my letter in the hands of the husband. I'm going to have you watched by my own detectives, Clifford, and at your first suspicious move, I act. I've promised my client to protect his interests and safety in every way, and I'm going to do so. So watch your step, Clifford, and keep in the very middle of the road!"

"I'll watch my step most carefully, Templeton," he said quietly, and with no touch in his voice of the double meaning which was actually in his words; and very quietly he went out.

CLIFFORD left Templeton's office fuming, with the exasperated sense that the lawyer's insolent warning had snapped on him a second pair of handcuffs. "I'm double handcuffed!" he exclaimed to General Thorne later, when telling of this scene. But the immediate effect of Templeton's warning and his attitude of challenging, mocking mastery was to rouse all of Clifford's fighting spirit.

He now made for the office of Harold Gates, next in his case of characters to be studied. From the very first he had conceived of Gates as the actor who might somehow represent the element of hope in the secret drama he intended shaping. Even while listening to the story of Mrs. Winthrop's guilty misadventure with Gates, Clifford had privately decided that he was going to test out the theory that Mrs. Winthrop might be innocent. If she was guiltless, the victim of a trick, then the logic of the situation demanded that Gates be also a victim of the trick or else a party to it. The latter

seemed more probable, and Clifford was tentatively casting Gates for a villain's or subvillain's or near-villain's rôle before he even was admitted to Gates' office and for the first time saw the man.

While Clifford briefly outlined the culminating phase of the Gray Goose affair, he swiftly scrutinized Gates, trying to read his essential quality. Harold Gates was perhaps thirty, was flawlessly dressed in a conservative smartness, had a white patrician face and a slender, lithe body whose admirable balance of dignity and grace explained his reputation as the most desirable dancing-partner a woman could have on excursions to the night-clubs. It was at once apparent why he was a popular clubman, well-liked sportsman, and sought-after bachelor by every ambitious hostess who would make her affairs a success. He was the broken son of a broker who had lost almost his all just before his death, and the young man's chief inheritance was reported to be his father's ill-luck in speculation. Judge Foster had told Clifford that Gates had been in very rough financial water.

Ordinarily Gates was a man of poise and self-control, and he tried to maintain this poise while listening to Clifford. The detective had quickly decided that here was a case that might respond to bullying; he would harry and insult the other, handle him with all possible roughness, to see if he could not disturb that poise and learn what might be behind it.

"Now, listen, Gates—I'm going to talk straight-from-the-shoulder business with you!" Clifford exploded without warning, eyes boring accusingly into the young broker. "You're in this mess just as deep as Mrs. Winthrop—deeper, since you led her into it; and any man with one drop of chivalry in his system would lift all responsibility from the lady and do his damndest to clear up the mess. My first business with you, Gates, is to tell you, as the second party concerned, that I have advised Mrs. Winthrop that the best method of settlement is to tell Templeton to go to hell and not give him one dime to hush up his bandit client. That puts it all up to you; now, what are you going to do to save the lady?"

GATES' marked whiteness became more white; his poise seemed to be cracking like a glaze. "But—but refusing that demand," he stammered huskily, "that's just inviting catastrophe for Mrs. Winthrop! There'll be scandal—and—and her husband will demand a divorce!"

"Naming you as co-respondent!" Clifford savagely shot back at him. "That's what you probably see as the real catastrophe! Of course, if there is a divorce-suit, the yellow papers will play up the woman, and of course she will get the official blame rendered by the court's verdict; but all decent persons are in their hearts going to place the real blame on Harold Gates of the fine manners and the fine old name, and are going to think of him as playing very much the part of a dirty yellow dog! A bachelor who leads a very young wife, his friend since she was a child, into a situation where she has to face the music alone—oh, it's a sweet love-hero you're going to make before all the world!"

Gates flinched at the hammer-blows of Clifford's words, and ran a nervous tongue between dry twitching lips.

"And get this, Gates," Clifford drove on at him: "I'm going to do my damndest from now on to strip all the gallant airs from you and show you up before the public as a yellow dog. I'm out to protect Mrs. Winthrop, to lighten the blame for her as much as I can—and the surest way to divert blame from her is to direct blame upon you, where the blame belongs. I'm going to turn the popular and respected

Harold Gates into the most despicable man that ever appeared as co-respondent in a New York divorce trial!"

These blows also visibly went home, but Gates ventured no protest against Clifford's violent attack.

"All the same," he got out with difficulty, "I think it would be much better if—if the bandit were paid what he asks."

"All right, we'll talk payment, then," Clifford harshly snapped him up. "That's my second business with you, Gates. As a matter of fact, against my advice, Mrs. Winthrop favors paying the bandit. I'm out right now on the business of arranging for the money. I think you should pay the quarter-million yourself, since you got the lady in the trouble; but Mrs. Winthrop won't hear of this. So we'll compromise; you certainly can do no less than come across with one-half of the bandit's price of silence. I'm here to get your check for a hundred and twenty-five thousand, Gates, and I want that check certified."

"What!" gasped the young broker, taken yet further aback at this abrupt demand. "Why—why, I haven't a fraction of that much money in all the world!"

"Come across, damn you! Don't shift everything upon the woman!"

"I tell you I haven't got the money!"

"You damned piker! You're not only a cad, and a scoundrel, and a yellow cur—but also a cheap piker who won't even go fifty-fifty with a woman in the cost of his love adventure! I wish I could show you up before all the world as I shall certainly show you up before Mrs. Winthrop and your friends General Thorne and Judge Foster!"

"I haven't got the money," the other repeated in a husky whisper.

DEEP into him Clifford glared for a long moment. Then on his face there slowly dawned understanding.

"So that's it, Gates!" he exclaimed. "Great God—that explains everything! What a dumb-bell I was not to see it all before!"

"See what? What are you talking about?"

"Very pretty, Gates—very pretty!" Clifford drawled scathingly. "Judge Foster told me you were devilishly hard up. A man who has done what you have already done, and who has the attitude toward a woman you've just now shown, has proved he'll stoop to any measure. You were in desperate financial straits, and it must have seemed to you a very clever and safe and swift device, Gates, by which to mend your broken fortunes. Just how much wages did you pay your three hired bandits, and how much are you paying Templeton as his collection fee?"

Gates came galvanically to his feet. "You suggest that I—that I—" He almost strangled on his words.

"Of course. You needed the money; you're the one man who could have staged all this—every detail fits in perfectly. And with that easy quarter of a million—"

"It's a lie!" exploded Gates. "It's all a damned preposterous lie!"

"If you're not the hidden man yourself, then you know who the man is. Come clean, Gates!"

"You don't get a thing out of me—not a thing!" Gates panted fiercely, rigidly on his guard. "I don't know a thing—not a thing—and you might as well stop trying to third-degree me!"

The two men stood with embattled glares. Whatever Gates might know and be hiding, Clifford recognized that at this time he possessed no power by which any word could be forced from Gates' lips. So, since it could serve him no further, Clifford dropped his hectoring manner.

"All right, Gates. Though don't be surprised if some day I arrest you. You are leaving everything up to Mrs. Winthrop,

\$2,000 a year extra —with CORONA



You can own this latest model Corona

It's the finest Corona ever built—made by the world's pioneer manufacturers of portable typewriters.

A sturdy, dependable writing machine with full width (ten inch) carriage, twelve yard, two color, self-reversing ribbon, variable line spacer, everything you expect in an office machine. Yet it is compact, portable, easy to carry with you wherever you go.

Standard Keyboard

Corona has the four-row standard keyboard used in all offices and taught in business schools. If you are accustomed to using a large machine, you will be at home on Corona. If you have never used a typewriter before, you'll find that it is easy to learn with Corona.

Buy a Corona on easy terms

A small deposit puts Corona in your home and then you can pay on easy, monthly terms just like rent. Your Corona dealer will gladly accept a used typewriter, any standard make, as part payment. You need not wait another day. Just look up Corona in your phone book and the dealer will send you one for free examination.



WITH no special training as a writer, this man is making \$2000 a year extra income in his spare time, writing articles and stories with Corona. Many people have this talent for writing. Few ever develop it.

Nearly all successful writers own Coronas. They tell us that Corona makes writing easy—that it actually helps them think more clearly, write more vividly. Corona can be carried anywhere, yet it will do the heaviest kind of work. Its amazing durability has been proved by the experience of nearly a million users.

Let Corona help you develop your earning capacity. Mail the coupon now. That's the first step. Our free instruction book for writers will show you just how to begin. The coupon will bring you this useful book without charge or obligation.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc.

Sales offices in principal cities of the world

Established 1903

Also manufacturers of the L C Smith Typewriter, the ball-bearing office machine

This valuable book is free if you mail the coupon at once.



L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc.
214 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N.Y.

Without obligation please send me a free copy of The Writer's Guide—and complete information about Corona.

Name.....

Address.....

Do you own a typewriter? What make?
Would you like to know its trade-in value?



Don't carry a germ-laden throat home!

Fight sore throat All Day Long

—not just a gargle
night and morning

"ONLY a sore throat," you say.
"I'll gargle when I get home."

You can pay dearly for such a delay! To cure sore throat you should start to treat it instantly. And you should make your treatment *continuous*.

Unchecked, millions of germs breed every hour in an infected throat. Soon you are on the way to gripe, influenza, or a bad case of tonsilitis!

Don't run this risk! Don't rely on a mere gargle night and morning.

Formamint checks the sore throat germs by keeping the throat continuously bathed in an antiseptic of proved germicidal power. Yet Formamint is perfectly harmless to the delicate tissues of the throat.

At the very first sign of sore throat dissolve one of these pleasant-tasting tablets slowly in your mouth. Do this at intervals throughout the day—every hour or so to *treat* sore throat; every two or three hours to help *prevent* it.

Carry a bottle of Formamint Tablets with you and take one the moment you are exposed to disease in crowded street cars, stores, theatres, etc. All druggists. Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. N-1, N.Y.C.

DOCTORS ENDORSE IT



Formamint

THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

and it seems her only course is to pay the bandit's full amount. But I'm hoping you are not so devoted to the dodging of all responsibility that you'll not at least call on Mrs. Winthrop if she should want to see you in regard to any detail of this business."

"If Mrs. Winthrop sends word, I'll come," was the stiff response.

As Clifford left Gates, he weighed the results of this interview. He was now convinced of the correctness of his original deduction that Gates was no mere fellow-sufferer with Mrs. Winthrop. Was Gates indeed the villain, the bandit-chief—rather, the man behind the figurehead leader? Was he subvillain or near-villain? Or was he victim-villain? He was one of these—certainly a man who had so quailed under fire had no innocent conscience; but which of these he was, only the future could disclose.

LAST on Clifford's list of characters was Arline Sinclair, and at a quarter past eleven that evening Clifford was sitting at his ease in the dressing-room of that gay musical-comedy star. She was not yet thirty and looked a wise and ageless twenty; she was now suing her third husband for divorce; she had been the "other woman" in more than one sensational divorce suit. "One of our most active and popular correspondents," a friendly dramatic critic had once dared say of her. Clifford, who liked her very much, had found her frank and generous, and had not concerned himself with her opinions upon the subject of husbands, whether her own or those of other women.

"Arline," he remarked, "I'm told you've been playing around pretty regularly with Jefferson Winthrop. He's part of my present job. If you don't mind, I wish you'd give me the low-down on what's doing between you two."

"Nothing for you to be jealous about, Bob. We're mighty good friends; that's all—dance a lot together, but it's all just boy-and-girl stuff."

"Just what do you make of Winthrop, Arline?"

"I like him a lot!" was her prompt reply. "Just now he's filled with crazy ideas, but some day he's going to be as fine as they come. I wish I could do something that would help that boy find himself!"

"That's exactly what I came here to ask you to do. How far would you be willing to go?"

"The limit!"

"Even if what I asked you to do might result in your putting yourself in wrong with him?"

"Sure! See here, Bob," she accused suspiciously, "that sounds as if you were up to tricks."

"Perhaps I am."

"What's doing?" she demanded. "Where do I come in?"

"I'm not wholly certain myself," he confessed. "But I have the beginning of an idea, and I'll lay the whole idea before you in a day or so, after it has developed, if it does develop. I'm told, Arline, that you also used to play around a lot with Harold Gates."

"I still do. See him every day or so."

"What do you think of him?"

"I've always liked him. This last year he's had something troubling him bad; it may be money, and it may be something worse. I hoped it might make some difference when that girl fell for him."

"Girl!" Clifford cried sharply. "What girl?" "That was a bad slip; he asked me not to tell. It's mighty little I know about her, only what he's said; according to his ravings, she's a dear, simple, trusting young thing from the innocent provinces—and for his own reasons he's wanted to keep the affair under cover. Tremendously in love, Harold is, or I'm no judge."

WHEN Clifford left Arline, his mind was all upon this unknown girl. She was an entirely unexpected element,—might be a valuable element,—and he wanted definite information concerning her. But he had reached the very limit of the activities he dared undertake in his own person or through his own office. Still, he could act through others. The next morning he told his good friend Detective Sergeant Jimmy Kelly of this girl and asked that Gates be shadowed. Within a dozen hours Jimmy Kelly was back with his report.

He had followed Gates, located the girl and talked with a switchboard operator. The girl was living very unobtrusively in a little apartment far uptown as "Mrs. Harold." Gates was "Mr. Harold" and was home only for occasional and very brief stays.

Jimmy had called on the girl, had talked with her and tripped her into telling the truth. She was really Mrs. Harold Gates, for there had been a real marriage only two or three weeks before. And you could take Jimmy's word for it—Mrs. Gates was as nice as your mother was when your mother was a girl!

Clifford now had all the clues to his characters that his manacled circumstances would let him hope to get. So he closeted his handcuffed body, and for the next three days he let his unhandcuffed mind trail his every clue down to its every possible meaning. With the help of his character-clues he studied his characters in all their possible hidden relations to each other—and gradually, out of the medley, bit by bit, there was reconstructed in his mind a plausible and coherent outline of what might be the true story concealed behind this story of woman's folly, jewel-banditry and blackmail.

But this story was only a theory; and if true, how force it out of its hiding-place behind the accepted story? He reviewed and weighed his characters' various weaknesses—their possible reactions to various stimuli, the various ways he might set character against character; and presently he sifted out the chaff and combined the best of his winnowing into the plan for a human situation which, if his characters reacted according to his appraisal of them, he believed would force the truth out into the open, would clear away all mystery and suspicion and misunderstanding.

AT the hour appointed for the settlement, Clifford, Judge Foster, General Thorne and Harold Gates sat in Mrs. Winthrop's bedroom waiting Templeton's arrival. From her high-heaped apple-green pillows the pallid Margerie Winthrop gazed in feverish suspense from one to another of these four actors in the coming last scene of her domestic drama. On Judge Foster's person was the required quarter of a million, and all else was in readiness for the specified business of the afternoon.

This specified business was causing Clifford no concern. But beneath his reassuring manner of grave confidence was palpitant

HARVEY FERGUSON

The famous author of "Hot Saturday," "Captive Hill" and other novels has written the greatest story of his brilliant career for this magazine. It will be published in an early issue.

wonderment as to how his plan beneath this appointed plan was going to work out. It now seemed that never before had he had a case in which he had been compelled to work within such severe limitations and with so little material that he knew to be substantial. Not since his first hour in this bedroom had he so sharply felt the handicap of his handcuffs.

Promptly at two o'clock Templeton was admitted, debonair, confident, cynically masterful, although his right arm was in a sling and was evidently giving him pain. Behind him were three powerful men who were obviously from a detective agency.

"Clifford, what's the idea of the crowd?" he demanded sharply at sight of the three other men. "You said nothing about this being a convention—and a convention headed by the Commissioner of Police!"

"General Thorne is not here in the capacity of Commissioner of Police," Clifford explained. "He is very properly here *in loco parentis* to Mrs. Winthrop—you yourself know that he was formerly her guardian. Judge Foster is here as her attorney and her financial agent. Both are fully acquainted with the situation. Mr. Gates, at Mrs. Winthrop's request, is here as the other victim of the misadventure. You may let your three guards remain and so make the delegation four to four—that is, if you wish these men to know the secrets of your private business. I can assure you, however, that no violence will be attempted upon your person, or upon the value you brought or upon the value you take away."

Templeton hesitated a moment. "Wait for me out in front in the street; I'll be with you in a couple of minutes," he ordered. When the door had closed upon the guards, he advanced toward the other men who stood around a table which had been placed near the foot of Margerie Winthrop's bed. "Shall we proceed to business?" he demanded crisply. "You have the money, and in cash?"

"Exactly as promised," replied Clifford. "Let Mrs. Winthrop identify her jewels, and you then get your client's money."

"First let me see the money," countered Templeton.

"Show him the money," said Clifford to Judge Foster, and the latter produced from various pockets three packages of new thousand-dollar bills. "Count the notes before him, Judge—and you, Mr. Templeton, watch him and verify the count."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand—correct," said Templeton when Judge Foster had added the last crisp bill to the stack of bank-notes upon the table.

"And now, Templeton," continued Clifford, "let Mrs. Winthrop identify the jewels and make sure none is missing. That done, the money on the table is yours."

Clumsily Templeton's left hand reached for an inner pocket. "A little accident," he explained casually, with a nod at the right arm in a sling. "A dead starter—an attempt to crank the car—and the customary broken wrist."

He drew out a large purse of plain black leather, and this he held out to Mrs. Winthrop. "That's just as your jewels were turned over to me."

MARGERIE WINTHROP clutched at the purse and frantically unfastened its clasp. From its wide mouth pearls, diamonds and emeralds cascaded upon the coverlet.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh!" And feverishly she made an inventory. "They're all here!" she cried. "They're all here! Oh, thank God—it's all over—it's all over!" She caught the jewels up in her two hands, and buried her face among them, choking and sobbing in the wild hysteria of her ended suspense.



Our national propensity to COLDS

This common trouble can be traced, quite often, to the susceptibility induced by Auto-Intoxication.

OF all diseases to which flesh is heir, colds are the most costly in lost time and in impaired health. And yet taken care of in time, a cold is not a trouble difficult to defeat.

Local treatments are good for cold effects—but a good rule with colds is to get at the source of the trouble.

Usually the real cause of a cold can be traced to stoppage of waste products in the intestines. For when waste products are not promptly eliminated they start to ferment and to set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood—producing a form of self-poisoning called Auto-Intoxication which weakens our bodily powers of resistance.

Auto-Intoxication renders us easy prey for the germs of colds. It takes some part of health, some portion of vitality from nearly everyone.

Don't take a chance with colds. At the first sign of a "stuffed up," congested condition—correct the stop-

page—clear out the intestines of poison-producing wastes.

For this, there is no better helper than Sal Hepatica, a prompt-acting, palatable, effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica attacks a cold by getting at the cause—it rids the system quickly of waste products and bathes away the intestinal poisons that lower resistance to disease.

Sal Hepatica aids in keeping the blood stream free of self-poisoning and in condition to destroy the germs of colds. You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.



To learn more about self-poisoning and its relation to colds and to other common ills, mail coupon today for our new booklet on Auto-Intoxication.

Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-27
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



"Mother, My Head Feels Hot"

Then's the time for a Tycos Fever Thermometer. It will tell you whether it is a slight cold or something more serious, calling for the services of a physician. The first indication of many childhood sicknesses is a rise in temperature. Early knowledge of disease leads to quick recovery, if immediate preventative measures are taken. By all means include a

Tycos Fever Thermometer

in your medicine chest. They are the same reliable fever thermometers carried by physicians everywhere. On sale at the druggists.

Tycos Instrument Companies
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.
Canadian Plant
Tycos Bldg., Toronto
Manufacturing Distributors
In Great Britain
Short & Mason, Ltd.,
London

GORHAM
SILVER POLISH
CREAM
CAKE
CLOTHS POWDER

Made by the largest manufacturers of
Sterling Silverware in the World.

1858

1927

Spencerian



— No. 42 —
The Smooth-Writing Favorite

**Fine, Medium, Stub, Dome,
and Broad-Edge points.**
**A Perfect Point for Every
Person. — — — Used by
discriminating penmen +
Sold by dealers everywhere.**

[Written with the new Spencerian Series—
the Frances Moore Broad-Edge Pen.]

Enclosed find 15 cents for 10 popular
pen points and a **WORLD ATLAS**
printed in colors.

Spencerian Pen Company 349 Broadway, New York

B-2

"You may now take your money, Templeton," said Clifford.

With his awkward left hand Templeton carefully stuffed the quarter of a million dollars about his person, then bowed to Mrs. Winthrop and gave the four men a smile edged with caustic triumph. "Since our business is completed, I wish you all a very good afternoon."

"Just a moment, Templeton," Clifford checked him.

He had now come to his plan beneath the plan. He had to be an actor at the first, and he hoped he was going to act well the part he had conceived for himself.

"You will recall, Templeton, that in our conversation I stressed the point of a proper guarantee of silence. Your personal guarantee was all you offered, and I alone have heard it. Since Mrs. Winthrop is paying so much for this guarantee of silence, I think she should hear your guarantee and hear it in the presence of witnesses."

"Certainly. I guarantee the permanent silence of the bandit leader and his associates."

"But even if you control them, there remains another source of danger—Harold Gates!" Clifford whirled on the young man and sank a gripping hand into his shoulder. "How about you, Gates?" he demanded harshly. "What guarantee do we have of your silence?"

"Why—why—" stammered Gates, "you should know I'd be the last man to make public a scandal in which I had involved a woman."

"That does not mean you might not privately try to bleed the woman again!" Clifford savagely struck back at him, trying to rush the other off his balance with the speed and violence of his attack. "I was beginning to get your number the other day, Gates—and now I've fully got it! General Thorne, Judge Foster, Mrs. Winthrop—this dear friend of yours, Gates, was behind that plot at the Gray Goose Inn! For that affair was a plot. That bandit leader was Gates' hireling; the bandit turned his loot over to Gates—and Gates is the unknown man that Templeton is representing!"

"That's—that's a lie!" gasped Gates. "I told you the other day it was all a lie!"

"Clifford," fiercely snapped out Templeton, "I've warned you what would happen if you tried to pry into the identity of the bandit! You go too far—and I can still tell the husband!"

"Please stop, Mr. Clifford!" frantically cried Margerie Winthrop. "I have my jewels—I'm satisfied just as things are!"

"I've got to protect your future security, Mrs. Winthrop," retorted Clifford, "and Gates, here, is your great danger!—General Thorne, Judge Foster," he savagely drove on, "don't you see that this affair has been altogether too perfect and too smooth-working not to have been carefully planned in advance? That Gates, hard up and knowing how things stood between Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, lured the unsuspecting Mrs. Winthrop into this compromising situation for the benefit of his pocketbook? Bandit, blackmailer, blackguard that he is!"

"You can't call me—" hoarsely began Gates.

"Clifford, by God, Jeff Winthrop—" began Templeton.

"Shut up, both of you!" thundered Clifford. "I don't trust this blackguard of a Gates even after he's been paid his quarter of a million. Mrs. Winthrop, General, Judge, that's what this man is that you've liked and trusted—a dirty blackguard—and a scoundrel as slimy as he is will bleed this woman he tricked as often as he can! We're going to be guaranteed the protection against this scoundrel that we've paid for, and we're going to get our guarantee right now!"

CLIFFORD swiftly crossed and opened the sitting-room door. "Will you please come in."

There entered a young woman of hardly more than twenty, with a flowerlike, trusting face. Her wide blue eyes went straight to Gates in bewildered adoration.

"Dollie!" exclaimed Gates in amazement.

"Here I am, Harold," she said. "But I don't know why you sent for me to come here."

"I never sent for you!" he cried.

"It was I who sent for you, using Harold Gates' name," explained Clifford. "Mrs. Winthrop, General Thorne, Judge Foster, since Mr. Gates seems not quite himself, it falls on me to perform his duty. Permit me to present Mrs. Harold Gates, his secret bride of some three weeks."

"Harold—you never told me you were married!" exclaimed Mrs. Winthrop.

"I was waiting until this matter was cleared up before announcing it," Gates replied huskily.

"A very pretty affair for a brand-new husband to be involved in!" Clifford remarked with cutting irony. "Mrs. Gates, I sent for you because there is a story here that should deeply interest a new wife."

"I've already confessed my part in this story to her," Gates put in quickly, "and she's forgiven me."

"I guess that stops your little plan, Clifford, whatever it was!" exclaimed Templeton.

"I imagined you had already confessed to this story, Gates—on advice of Templeton, your counsel," retorted Clifford. "So the story that I thought might interest your wife is an altogether different story."

He turned to the sitting-room door, which had remained open. "Will you please come in, Arline," he called.

Arline Sinclair came in smiling and bowing as though making her stage entrance before a friendly audience. "Good afternoon, everybody," the little comédienne chirped breezily. "So, little girl, you're married to Harold Gates? Congratulations! Harold, if you had only told me you were married, the thing would never have happened. What's the matter, Tempy? You look as if you were sick abed with a hang-nail. Please may I sit down?"

"What the hell are you butting in here for, Arline?" fiercely asked Templeton.

THE little actress took her time in placing herself effectively in the big chair Clifford set forth for her. "Ask Mr. Clifford, Tempy. I'm here because he ordered me to come, and I'm not going to incriminate myself by answering any questions I don't have to answer."

"Clifford, what has Arline Sinclair to do with our business?"

"Suppose, Templeton, we all ask Gates that question," suggested Clifford.

All eyes turned waitingly upon the so-recent bridegroom, who made no attempt to answer the question thus referred to him. He had gone a ghastly white, and his staring eyes were shifting wildly from Arline Sinclair to his wife.

"I think I better tell you, Harold," spoke up the little comédienne, "that Mr. Clifford was the man who broke in and that he knows everything."

His acknowledgment of this was to give her a shrinking look of sick aversion.

"Since Mr. Gates seems so indisposed, perhaps after all I'd better answer his question for him," put in Clifford. "Mr. Gates, shall I speak in the presence of Mrs. Gates, or would you prefer that she withdraw?"

"Have you—have you told her anything?" asked Gates.

"As yet not a thing."

"Dollie," breathed the dry-lipped husband, "won't you please wait outside? I'll—I'll join you in just a few minutes."

"But Harold—what is all this?"

"It may be nothing to trouble you, Mrs. Gates," said Clifford. "If it is a matter of real concern, I'll call you. But for the present it will be better for both you and your husband if you wait in the next room."

She gave her husband a frightened, searching glance, then slipped silently out and closed the door. Clifford wheeled instantly upon the husband.

"Here is the whole lay-out, Gates," he began mercilessly. "I was engaged by Miss Sinclair's husband to get evidence for a divorce. He suspected you. I certainly got the evidence, and the evidence does not consist merely of the testimony of the eye-witnesses to what they saw. I have an additional witness. Remember the explosion and flare which so startled you?"

Gates made no answer, but it was plain that he remembered.

"That was the flashlight of my hidden camera. Here is my photographic witness."

FROM a pocket Clifford drew an unmounted photograph, which he unfolded and held aloft so that all might see but none might desperately snatch. In all its intimate and damning essentials it was the duplicate of the scene at the Gray Goose Inn, with the exception that in the photograph the woman in guilty disarray and dismay was that popular co-respondent Arline Sinclair.

"Harold Gates!" breathed Margerie Winthrop, staring in horror at the partner of her own misadventure. "Twice—and you married only three weeks!"

"It does look rather bad for you, Harold," confessed Arline Sinclair. And then to Clifford, with a graceful, defiant shrug: "I guess you've got me—but I should worry over being co-respondent in one more divorce-suit. It means acres of publicity, and I can sure use the publicity in my business."

"But I didn't know—I didn't intend—" Gates began wildly, but was cut off by Clifford. All of Clifford's previous fury was mildness compared to his scathing fury of the present moment; his words landed on Gates like fists hammering his face.

"You didn't intend—the plea of every man who's caught! All you people here who considered him a friend, look at him now for what he really is—bandit, black-mailer, traitor to a woman friend—Don Juan, Casanova, the devil's own libertine, unable to be faithful to his new wife for a day, hardly!" Beneath the impact of these word-blows Gates staggered back into a chair, but Clifford followed him up and mercilessly thrust the photograph into his face and shook it. "Your wife may have accepted your explanation of your escapade with Mrs. Winthrop," he shouted, "but you can make up no explanation which will bring her to forgive you this second offense of the same kind!"

"See here, Clifford," Templeton put in, "I ask you again what does all this business have to do with Mrs. Winthrop's affair?"

"I've already answered that, Templeton. I must guarantee Mrs. Winthrop security from future demands of the bandit chief. Gates is that chief. If I get him to confess before these witnesses that he is the real leader, then I've tied him up, and Mrs. Winthrop is forever safe from him." Again Clifford shelled the prostrate young husband with blasting words. "And by heaven, Gates, if you do not confess that you are the chief, and confess at once, I'll call in your wife and give her this picture and the whole story that goes with it!"

"No! No! No!" burst explosively from Gates. The tortured young man swayed to his feet, his white face twisted with agony. "I can't stand all that—I can't stand it!" he panted. "If—if I confess, Mr.

Supremely happy because yours is The smiling MOUTH of YOUTH



Where the six
tiny mouth glands
must be reached

With most of us, the important little mouth glands are slowing up from our very earliest years. Too soon soft foods deprive the teeth and gums of their protection.

The numbers show where the mouth glands are, three on each side. They should be working day and night, producing the fluids that neutralize the acids of decay. Pebeco restores these fluids to cleanse and purify, even where the toothbrush cannot reach.

The Charm of Youth is Yours

How thrilling to be popular, admired—even envied—for your gaily flashing smiles, your piquant adorable mouth! You feel so happily confident.

MOST important are the six little glands in your mouth! As long as they vigorously supply the natural fluids that prevent decay, your white teeth stay sound.

But chewing, the exercise that keeps them active, youthful, is not given by our soft modern diet. The mouth glands begin to slow up.

Especially to correct this Pebeco was prepared. As you brush your teeth with Pebeco you can taste its important salty ingredient that revives the tiny mouth glands.

Made only by Pebeco, Inc. A Division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

FREE OFFER

Send coupon today
for generous tube

PEBECO
keeps the
Mouth Glands
young



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. R-1,
Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large-size tube of
Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name

Street

City State

THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER FEB. 1930

Clifford—can you keep this second story—I swear I didn't intend getting into that affair; I remember so little about it that I must have been drunk—can you keep the second story from my wife?"

"Tell all the truth, Gates, and I guarantee that no hurt will come to you because of this story from your wife, or Arline Sinclair's husband, or anyone else."

"Then I'll confess—"

"Shut up, Gates!" Templeton shouted.

"Templeton, I'm not going to bear this thing any longer—all this is worse than anything you can do to me! Mr. Clifford—Margerie—" He faced the girl in the bed, who was now sitting stark upright, staring eyes fixed on him. "Margerie," he gulped hoarsely, in agonized shame, "I've been the—scoundrel to you Mr. Clifford has said. Only not the way you all think. Margerie, nothing really happened that night at the Gray Goose—nothing on your part that you don't remember. Understand?"

"I tell you to shut up, Gates," thundered Templeton, lunging at the other, "or—"

Clifford caught the lawyer's left wrist and held him back by a twisting grip. "You keep still, Templeton—Gates is going to finish his confession."

"Say any more, Gates, and you know what's coming to you!" cried Templeton.

"I—I don't understand, Harold," replied the dazed Margerie Winthrop. "What—what do you mean?"

NOW that Gates had begun to confess, his confession came with a panting rush. "It was all a plot, Margerie—everything was planned carefully in advance, as Mr. Clifford said. Only I was not the leader who planned it—I was just acting on orders, orders I was afraid not to obey. Just before we left the Purple Peacock, I put something in your drink that had been given me for that purpose—I don't know what it was except that it was some kind of knockout drops whose effect wore off in two or three hours. You were doped, Margerie. I half-carried you to that room at the Gray Goose, where everything had been made ready. We all waited until you had recovered enough to be conscious, and then the bandits broke in. The idea was to make you appear guilty and make you think yourself guilty—but I swear, Margerie, you were not guilty of a thing beyond riding out to the Gray Goose for an hour of dancing!"

"Harold, Harold!" breathed Margerie Winthrop in awed amazement. And then in sobbing relief: "Thank God—thank God! Oh, Jeff, if you only knew the truth!"

"Well, go on, Gates," Clifford ordered. "There's a lot more to tell if you want me to be easy with you. Who gave you your orders?"

"Templeton."

"That's a lie!" Templeton choked out.

"Templeton has a way of finding out things about people and then making them do as he orders," the suffering Gates panted on. "About me he learned—oh, it doesn't matter now exactly what it was, except that

I made a bad slip about money, and I was guilty, and ever since I've had to take his orders, or be exposed and go to prison."

"Keep right on with it!" urged the inexorable Clifford. "If Templeton has had you trapped, he's used you more than merely this one time."

"Many times!" cried the miserable Gates. "He's made me give him information about rich friends who might have secret family trouble—particularly where the women had jewels. He made me tell all I knew about Margerie and Jeff Winthrop. And he's forced me to help out in several jewel-plots very much like this one. It was terrible—I loathed myself! But I kept saying to myself that the people weren't really hurt; they were frightened and had to pay money, but I thought they could afford that better than I could afford exposure and prison!"

"And when Templeton did not have a rich woman with jewels involved in a real folly," pursued Clifford, "then he manufactured a folly which looked real and was just as profitable as though real?"

"Of course! Just as he did with Margerie Winthrop. He's used many other people just as he has me—and that Gray Goose Inn is one of his regular traps—and he has many other traps!"

"And that night at the Gray Goose," Clifford pressed on, "Templeton himself was the masked bandit leader?"

"Of course Templeton was. Hadn't I said that before?"

"His story is all a lie!" furiously cried Templeton. "A lie made up to evade his own guilt! If there was a plot in this case, Clifford, Gates was its leader, for I now admit what you a few minutes ago were claiming—that he is the client I have been representing!"

Clifford ignored Templeton's denunciation. "General Thorne," he remarked with grim slowness, "as you see, Templeton has developed a great business. The safest criminal business in all the world, this method of collecting ransom on helpless women's folly—so Templeton believed."

"Monstrous!" breathed General Thorne.

"I deny everything!" cried Templeton. "On the face of it, what you say is preposterous. If I were the head of such a criminal enterprise, I'd never jeopardize my own safety by playing the part of bandit."

"That's exactly what you would do," retorted Clifford. "A hundred thousand in jewels, with a quarter of a million as their ransom—foolish to trust such a fortune to a subordinate who might walk off with the loot! Better to handle it yourself with a couple of supers, and have the whole quarter million. Safe enough, too, since you believed no one would dare betray you. That's just how you reasoned, Templeton—but at last your self-confidence led you to take too great a risk!"

Templeton laughed with a mocking defiance directed at them all. "Just a pipe-dream! But even if it were all so, you couldn't touch me. You've only one witness, Gates—it's my word against his—and my word has more weight than that of any self-admitted liar, betrayer of women and tool of bandits!"

THE man's insolent sense of security was too much for Clifford, and a savage fury swept away all his self-control—or so it seemed.

"Then, by heaven, you'll get your punishment right here—the beating of your life!" cried Clifford, seizing the left wrist of the injured man and striking him cruelly across the mouth with his open palm. He caught Templeton's handsome nose. "And if I don't twist off your damned beak—"

But he did not. Templeton let out a roar of pain and rage, and his bandaged hand came out of its sling and swung viciously for Clifford's jaw. Clifford saw the

punch coming and caught it on the top of his head; even so, the solid blow jarred him. Instantly he seized the wrist of the bandaged right hand.

"I thought so, Templeton—a perfectly good hand, and I made you prove it to me!" Clifford exclaimed exultantly.

"What's that—what's that?" cried General Thorne.

"A fake injury to hide his hand—I guessed it from the start. Why should he want to hide it? General, Judge Foster, Gates, help hold him while I take off his bandage."

The three closed in on Templeton, who fought madly, but to no avail. Clifford unwound the bandage, then applied himself to unclenching the hand which had convulsively closed into a fist. Templeton struggled more desperately, but inexorably Clifford forced the fingers to unclench, and then held the opened hand aloft, the palm toward Margerie Winthrop.

"Look at this hand, Mrs. Winthrop," Clifford cried out. "Have you ever seen it before?"

Margerie Winthrop stared at the hand with its twisted little finger and its welt of a red scar across the palm.

"The bandit's hand!" she gasped involuntarily. "The hand that reached at me like a claw and took off my jewelry!"

Clifford swung grimly about on Templeton. "After all, we do have another witness. Two of them, in fact: Mrs. Winthrop and your own hand. That hand is the only one of its kind; better evidence than fingerprints."

Clifford released the hand and turned to General Thorne: "I think that gives you a very complete case against the greatest of the jewel-bandits, General—with yourself as one of the witnesses to his taking the blackmail money. And that money, Judge Foster, you will get back for Mrs. Winthrop after it has served as evidence."

BUT even at that Templeton did not yield. He played what from the start he had considered his ace of trumps.

"You do not dare touch me," he coolly defied them. "All of you have as your chief concern the happiness of Mrs. and Mr. Winthrop together. Arrest me, and you make this story public. In spite of all explanations, Jeff Winthrop will believe the worst—he will believe all explanations, the lies invented by two guilty people to save themselves—and he will go out to smash everything. You all know very well that Jeff Winthrop will do exactly this."

"Yes, yes—Mr. Templeton is right," whispered Margerie Winthrop. "Jeff won't believe a thing—so—so, after all, we don't dare tell him a thing!"

"You are right about how Jeff will take it," General Thorne admitted gravely.

"They are right about Jeff, and that means we're forced to let Templeton off," agreed Judge Foster. "You've just done a great piece of work, Clifford—but the Winthrop case is still almost exactly as it was in the beginning."

"All because the husband won't believe—is that how you sum it up, Judge Foster?" queried Clifford.

"Exactly. Jeff Winthrop, with his wild temper and wilder jealousy, has been our great danger and problem from the very start—and he is still that danger and problem."

"And so, Clifford," put in Templeton mockingly, "that lets me out, and you're not so clever as you thought you were!"

"Judge Foster, all of you," Clifford quietly addressed them, "I took this case on the basis of trying to save the Winthrop marriage and save it permanently. At our first interview I said the only hope of an abiding happiness in such a case was in stating the alleged misconduct and seeking

LEO CRANE

For almost twenty years Leo Crane has been resident agent among the Navajo and Hopi Indians, and a year ago he published a book on these bronzed friends of the Painted Desert that has been accepted as an authoritative work. And now he's set himself to translating his experiences and adventures into fiction. The first of the stories will appear in an early issue.

She doesn't fear the dangerous age

... although 4 out of 5 are victims of Pyorrhea

What a remarkable woman! She seems to have captured eternal youth with all its charm. While others seek refuge in the shadows, she welcomes sunlight, for she has nothing to hide. Her beauty blooms triumphant over time. . . . To her, the dangerous age of 40 means nothing more than another wonderful year to live. She is safeguarded against that sworn enemy of good health and beauty—Pyorrhea.

If allowed to pursue its course Pyorrhea's poison creeps through the system, ravaging health, leaving in its wake such diseases as rheumatism, neuritis, and anemia. It takes as its victims 4 out of 5 after 40 (thousands younger).

Don't Wait for Warning Signs

The warning signs of Pyorrhea are plain. First the gums bleed. Then if neglected, they recede from the teeth which loosen in

their sockets. But do not wait until this damage is done. Provide safe protection against this insidious enemy. Use Forhan's for the gums regularly, morning and night. And go to your dentist for a thorough examination at least twice a year.

Forhan's for the Gums prevents Pyorrhea or checks its course. It is prepared from the time-tested formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for fifteen years a Pyorrhea specialist. It keeps the gum tissue strong and protects the teeth from acids which cause decay.

See that you and your family use Forhan's, morning and night. This scientific dentifrice costs a few cents more than ordinary toothpastes. It is worth more, much more. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. It protects precious health. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
MORE THAN A TOOTH-PASTE
.. IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

**No embarrassing
give-away**



Forhan's New Antiseptic has no lasting tell-tale odor of its own. It keeps you safe from whispering tongues. Pleasant, refreshing. Try it and you'll always use it.





Variety in Frocks and Fragrances

WHAT a monotonous world it would be if all frocks were always alike! And how the same perfume, used continuously, would pall upon one's innate taste for occasional variety!

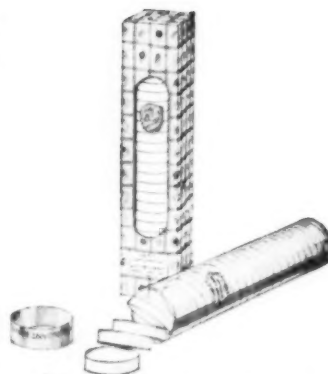
But Houbigant has created many different odeurs — each with its own delightful individuality . . . One may wear exotic Subtilité with deep, rich colours and metal brocades; Mon Boudoir with furs and lustrous satin; Le Temps des Lilas with pastel shades. Quelques Fleurs goes well with smart street frocks, while Le Parfum Ideal completes the charm of slender evening things . . . Thus these fragrances by Houbigant harmonize with the spirit of the mode.

If you are a connoisseur of perfumes, you will be interested in the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper". We would like to send it to you, with sachets perfumed with five Houbigant odeurs. Please write for them. HOUBIGANT, Inc., 539 W. 45th Street, New York

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

NEW YORK — CHICAGO — CLEVELAND — SAN FRANCISCO — MONTREAL



Bath fragrance in a new form—effervescent tablets in the odeurs FOUGÈRE ROYALE, LE PARFUM IDEAL, LA ROSE FRANCE, and QUELQUES FLEURS. Vial of twenty-five—\$1.75.



HOUBIGANT FACE POWDER—fine as a mist, downy-soft; adhering to the skin with the perfume of SUBTILITÉ, MON BOUDOIR, LE TEMPS DES LILAS, QUELQUES FLEURS, or LE PARFUM IDEAL. Five true tones—\$1.50.



QUELQUES FLEURS Skin Lotion—to keep the skin fine-textured, fair and velvety. This lotion removes blemishes, tones the tissues, and assures a better complexion—\$1.00.



DUSTING POWDER—a luxurious, clinging powder for use after bath; delicately perfumed with LE PARFUM IDEAL, MON BOUDOIR, SUBTILITÉ, QUELQUES FLEURS or LE TEMPS DES LILAS; with large flat puff—\$1.50.



Little purse-size flacons of Houbigant fragrances enable one to know the charm of each individual odour; quarter-ounces—QUELQUES FLEURS, LE PARFUM IDEAL, LE TEMPS DES LILAS—\$1.00, SUBTILITÉ or MON BOUDOIR—\$1.25. LA ROSE FRANCE or QUELQUES VIOLETTES—\$1.

Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only

forgiveness or belief. To get Jeff Winthrop to believe has been one of my chief efforts. He is waiting in the next room, and we will now see if he believes our story."

"Oh, don't have him in!" frantically besought Margerie Winthrop. "Don't—don't—please don't!"

"If he comes, Clifford, I'll show him that letter I told you about!" snapped Templeton. "I have a carbon with me!"

"Come in, Winthrop," was Clifford's reply to this threat.

THROUGH the sitting-room door stepped Jefferson Winthrop. That eruptive young individualist was pale and strangely quiet—to several in the room his was the quiet that precedes passion's all-destructive storm.

His eyes furtively went first to Arline Sinclair, then hastily shifted to Clifford.

"Winthrop, you've stood outside and heard all that we have said?" Clifford asked.

"Yes."

"Jeff Winthrop, you heard all that and yet said nothing?" exclaimed the astounded Judge Foster. "What could keep you silent?"

"Mr. Clifford ordered me to be silent."

"But you would not have been silent if you had heard the truth, instead of the lying explanations of the two guilty parties!" cried Templeton, jerking a paper from an inner pocket. "There is a carbon of a letter to yourself that gives you a true account of that love-scene at the Gray Goose—read it!"

Winthrop hesitated. "Take it and read it," said Clifford.

Winthrop obeyed. A deep hush fell on the room. All except Clifford stared in breathless tenseness at Jeff Winthrop while he read Templeton's damning and inflammatory version of the episode—Margerie Winthrop shrinking back in her bed in the extremity of terror, her very life almost flowing from her. To them the next moment held the climax of this long scene, and that climax was to be an eruption of devastating fury.

But that expected climax was an anticlimax. Jeff Winthrop looked quietly up from the letter and his eyes apprehensively and pleadingly sought his wife's.

"Just—just tell me what you want me to believe, Margerie," he breathed huskily.

"Jeff!" she gasped, stupefied by such words from him. "I—I don't understand!"

"I'll believe exactly what you want me to believe, Margerie."

"Jeff—you mean that?" she cried incredulously.

She saw that he did.

"Jeff dear, I didn't intend to do anything wrong—and Harold Gates says that I really didn't."

"I believe that, Margerie. But even if what this letter says were true, it wouldn't make much difference to me—not if you still love me as I love you."

"Why—Jefferson Winthrop!"

"Because, you see, Marjorie, there's something just as bad I want to confess—and I'm hoping you'll forgive—"

"I don't want to hear it!" she interrupted wildly, stretching out her arms to him. "Oh, Jeff—Jeff—Jeff!"

He plunged to his knees beside the bed. The others turned from this sight.

"Clifford," ejaculated Judge Foster, "how in the name of God did you get Jeff Winthrop into a mood like that?"

"One of the surest ways to get an obstinate person to understand, or forgive, a given situation, is for that person to be involved in the identical situation and have the person suffer the thing for himself." From a pocket Clifford drew a second flashlight photograph, unfolded it and held it aloft. "This is the situation that has made

it so easy for Jeff Winthrop to understand his wife's situation."

This photograph was also a version of the scene at the Gray Goose, and was a duplicate of the compromising photograph he had shown a little before, except that in this picture the man with Arline Sinclair was Jeff Winthrop.

"No wonder Jeff is willing to forgive!" exclaimed Judge Foster.

"Let your wife see this picture, Winthrop," said Clifford, handing it to the husband. "And listen, Winthrop—you too, Gates—listen, all of you—for we're now all going to come clean together."

"Almost from the beginning I thought I saw through Templeton's scheme: to dope Mrs. Winthrop, involve her with Gates, and do it so adroitly that she believed herself guilty. It was a clever frame-up. I wondered if this same frame-up, which had been used as the basis of a crime, might not be used as the basis of the solution of that crime. I decided it was worth trying; so I borrowed Templeton's idea and with Miss Sinclair's kind assistance I used it on Gates and then on Winthrop."

"You mean my being with Arline Sinclair—that way—was just a frame-up?" exclaimed Jeff Winthrop, and Gates cried out to the same effect.

"It was an exact duplicate of Mrs. Winthrop's situation in both cases, and you both are just as innocent as she is."

"So, I'm not so terrible as you boys thought, am I, Jeff and Harold?" smilingly put in Arline Sinclair. "I just followed Mr. Clifford's stage directions—about slipping the dope into your drink and all the rest. And you needn't worry about my husband—we've patched things up beautifully—and it was my Billy himself who staged those two scenes and shot the two pictures."

"Then—then—may I go to my wife, Mr. Clifford?" gulped Harold Gates.

"Yes—and I hope you and your wife will

PALL MALL Cigarettes *** Their quality never changes! *** The same inimitable blend of rich Turkish tobaccos *** The same appeal to good taste *** and the same famous red box.

PALL MALL
SPECIALS
20 for 30¢

REGULARS (cork tip)
A shilling in London
A quarter here

KINGS (super size)
cork and plain
10 for 50¢

IN THE FAMOUS RED BOX

be happy. I don't know what your old trouble is, Gates; but come and see me tomorrow. It will be strange if General Thorne, Judge Foster and I together can't help you iron it out."

"Thanks, Mr. Clifford; you—you seem to have pulled us all out of our mess," Gates mumbled fervently, and vanished from the room. Arline Sinclair, her rôle played out, smiled on all and followed him.

"General Thorne, Judge Foster," continued Clifford, "since the Winthrops believe each other, you now have no reason to fear the publicity that will follow Templeton's arrest and trial. In anticipation of this outcome, General, I have taken the liberty to have Detective Sergeant Kelly and some of your men in waiting. —Come in, Jimmy."

The next moment Templeton, now sickly white with the realization of his vast overturning, was being led from the room in handcuffs.

"And you yourself handcuffed, Clifford—double handcuffed!" marveled General Thorne, watching the exit of the fallen lawyer. "And yet you've landed the greatest of all the bandit-blackmailers! Amazing—simply amazing!"

"Yes," agreed Judge Foster in his affectionate growl. "But not so amazing as bringing these two young idiots together and making them behave like human beings. Just look at them, Clifford—they're the best part of your job!"

Clifford looked. The two were close in the embrace of those regaining a paradise they had considered lost, and were wildly sobbing out broken, meaningless words that held all the meaning of love's world. Perhaps Judge Foster was right, but Clifford made no reply. Instead he slipped an arm through an arm of each old friend and led them tiptoeing out, and left the reunited pair alone with their love and their vows of tolerance.

THE ROAD TO UNDERSTANDING

ISOLATION is the enemy of understanding. The isolated nation, sunk in itself, is a stagnant pool breeding petty hatreds and magnifying imaginary grievances against strange neighbors. The individual who shuts himself within the narrow borders of his own routine, his own community, entrenched behind the barriers of his limited experience and his prejudices, cuts himself off from free and broad understanding of his fellow beings.

The attitude of such an individual toward the citizens of a different country, state or nation is apt to be similar to the one expressed by the familiar jingle toward the legendary Doctor Fell:

"The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,—
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

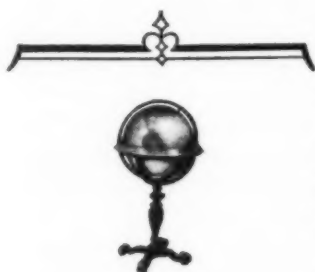
Thousands of anecdotes, more or less humorous, have been built around the innate distrust of the farmer for the "city fellow" and the indifference of the urban citizen toward the country lad. The redoubtable old lady in "Tom Sawyer," typified only a slightly exaggerated slant of the provincial mind when she bristled indignantly at the suggestion that she would be considered a "foreigner" by the natives of other countries. Not a bit of it! In London, or Constantinople, or the remote regions of China, she would still look on the inhabitants as "foreigners," and, as such, distrust or scorn them.

In by-gone days travel was a slow and difficult business, to be undertaken only under the urge of necessity. Then it was almost impossible for the average person to gain a first-hand knowledge of countries other than his own, or even of remotest sections of his own country. To a dweller on the Eastern Seaboard, the Far West was almost a legendary country. To a citizen of the Middle West, a journey to Europe loomed as a well-nigh impossible feat. It was inevitable that national and sectional prejudice should have arisen, creating mutual distrust and even suspicion between "Doctor Fells" who disliked each other simply because they did not know each other.

Today, with the highways of modern travel criss-crossing continents and oceans, there is no excuse for the narrow-minded individual who would measure the world by his own yardstick and look on everything "different" or "foreign" as undesirable. The facilities are at hand, and every year, more and more people are taking advantage of the varied and tempting opportunities to combine rest and recreation with one of the richest forms of self-development. And with a wider knowledge of other communities, other nations, they can bring to the problems of their own country and community a more tempered judgment, a more balanced outlook, gained through travel, the great road to understanding.



NEW BELGIUM, NORTH AMERICA *as seen by an ambitious prince*



A Rand McNally Globe is the best of all geography teachers and a handy reference map of the places you read about. It makes an ornament of rare interest in the home. The patented slanted horizon makes it easy to read. Obtainable at leading booksellers' and stationers'. Write for descriptive booklet, "A World of Romance."

*Rand McNally Maps
for every purpose*

School Maps Climatic Maps
Auto Road Maps Economic Maps
Political Maps Linguistic Maps
Commercial Maps Historical Maps
Radio Maps Mileage Maps
Population Maps City Guide Maps
Special Maps to order

THERE was once an ambitious prince who had owned and lost a choice portion of that territory now known as the United States of America.

He hoped some day to regain it. And while wresting actual possession out of the hands of the powerful English might be a difficult matter, nothing could prevent him from making a map of what his heart desired.

This, therefore, he had done, labeling it New Netherlands, or in Latin, Nova Belgica.

It was easy enough in those days. Existing maps were collected and compared and the various renderings adapted to the maker's fancy.

One put Lake Champlain here and the Hudson River there, with the Connecticut River running almost anywhere in between. A capricious curlicue did nicely for Cape Cod.

The result was decorative indeed, as you can see from the above. But it

is hardly to be recommended as a guide for the traveler of today.

Much more exacting are the demands upon the modern map maker.

He must be accurate to the fraction of a mile. His sizes, positions, distances and proportions must be precisely right, or the map is unreliable, therefore worthless.

It is principally as America's largest and most successful map-making house that Rand McNally & Company have won their widespread reputation.

This implies a habit of meticulous care, of scrupulous accuracy down to the smallest detail. It implies singularly high standards in all Rand McNally & Company's greatly varied activities.

Rand McNally Maps, Globes and Atlases are always scientific, accurate, up to date. Obtainable at leading booksellers', stationers', or direct.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY *Map Headquarters*

Dept. L-2

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

Washington

270 Madison Avenue, New York

San Francisco

Los Angeles



hawaii

Home of Year 'Round Sports

There are famous golf courses today where the ancient Hawaiian chiefs played Maika—a kind of bowls. With marvelous skill, a small lava stone disc was bowled between two upright sticks. The best Maika players were said to bowl over 150 yards.

FIVE days beyond the Golden Gate, the Hawaiian Islands lift their crests of misty jade above a sparkling sea. Five nights away, the orange moon floods Manoa Valley with its spell—the long combers creaming on Wai-kiki's bar race shoreward.

Here every sport is at its best—swimming in limpid waters, golf, tennis, polo, horseback riding, motoring through scenery that is unmatched anywhere on earth.

Go now to Hawaii or the South Seas. Go now and let the memory of at least one happy voyage to "the loveliest spot on earth" remain as a treasured memory forever in your heart.

Every Wednesday one of the famous Matson fleet leaves the Golden Gate with new adventurers to this land of high romance. (Wonderful all-inclusive tours \$270, up!)

The new Matson Liner MALOLO (Flying Fish) will make her maiden trip in May, 1937. All the comfort, luxury and scientific refinements found in the finest hotels are embodied in this palatial ship.

The ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, erected at a cost of over \$3,500,000, takes rank among the most delightful hotels in the world. Opening February 1, '37.

Matson Navigation Company



Matson Navigation Co.,
239 Market St., San Francisco

Please send literature on a
trip to Hawaii. ☐ Check here

Here is 4¢ in stamps to cover mailing literature especially prepared for use in schools. ☐ Check here

Name

Address

A MAN'S CASTLE

(Continued from page 39)

It was even deeper than that, as I discovered a few days later when Remsen brought his tall young son to the club for luncheon. They were going out to see the polo match together afterward. The boy was just old enough to be admitted as a visitor. We of the House Committee have to be very strict about these matters. A club like ours shall not be turned into an infants' asylum so long as I am on the Committee.

I was there when they came in, and it touched me to see how frankly awed and impressed the youngster was by the comfort and completeness, I may even say luxury, of the place. He was not afraid to show his naive and pleased curiosity in every detail—when his name was written in the guest-book, and when he found, there in the office, his father's name in one of the rows of letter-boxes. There was none of that nauseating attempt at sophistication which always spoils whatever charm youth may possess for me. The only quality that makes youth tolerable is youthfulness.

I lunched with them. So did two or three others who were going out to see the match. I think my old friend wanted to show off this tall, handsome son of his. But Rem had none of the smiling condescension fathers so often assume, nor that noisy jocularity which, I am sure, offends youth even more.

We seem to be raising a race of giants nowadays—those of my contemporaries. I mean to say, who go in for having children. But there was no awkward blushing self-consciousness on the part of the boy. As I look back upon it now, the mutual attitude of this father and son was casual but considerate attention. That was their outward and visible manner. But I, who have no children, never wanted any, and am therefore in a better position to maintain a perspective on these matters, could see that this parent, under his well-bred reserve, was so proud of his youngster that he was trying to conceal it. And the boy fairly worshiped his father. It must give a man a queer sensation to have something of that sort for his own.

I HAVE made allusions to our letter-boxes. I must now do so again. In addition to those lettered A, B, C, and so forth, which are for common use and are not locked, there are, as at all well-appointed clubs, a goodly number of private boxes, marked by the members' names, besides those for the Committee on Admissions, the House Committee, and so on.

Some of the members use their mail-boxes as small-sized temporary safe-deposits and keep therein documents they may have been working on up in the quiet alcoves of our mellow-toned library, or memoranda or tobacco-pouches; or even, at times, though I am happy to say my committee has put a stop to this, they have been used to hold a flask. One member has kept a piece of wedding-cake in his box for forty years. Sentiment? I don't know. Probably carelessness. He wouldn't dare eat it now. He is too old, even if the cake were not.

These letter-boxes are ranged along one wall of the room, conveniently adjacent to a long desklike arrangement similar to those used by bookkeepers, where one may sort out one's letters. It also holds telegraph, cable and radiograph blanks. At one end is a rack containing in its various divisions bank checks which, for the convenience of members, are already filled out in various amounts from ten to one hundred dollars, so that one need only write in the name of one's banker and add one's signature in order to obtain cash from one

Mardi at Gras New Orleans



See it On Your Way to California

ALL the gorgeous revelry of France and old Madrid, joyous, carefree and colorful—a tale from the Arabian Nights which comes to life each year in America's most fascinating city.

Street parades and festivities February 24th to March 1st. Also many balls are given during February. See them on your way to California via

SUNSET LIMITED

A splendid, de luxe daily train New Orleans to Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Francisco. Stopovers at New Orleans allowed on all tickets via Sunset Route.

Club Car, Observation Car and latest type Dining and Sleeping Cars. Convenient service for the 120-mile motor side trip over the famous Apache Trail and for the marvelous Carrizo Gorge.

For information and literature address

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

New York	Chicago
165 Broadway	33 W. Jackson Blvd.
New Orleans	Houston
Pan Am. Bank Bldg.	So. Pacific Bldg.
Los Angeles	San Francisco
Pacific Electric Bldg.	Southern Pacific Bldg.

Sunset Route



SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

of the attendants behind the counter about five feet away. Across the room are railroad guides, city directories and social registers for the leading towns in the country.

I recall so well the pleasure I had in watching Cranston's interested young eyes when I took pains to point out all these advantages. He ejaculated, "Gosh!" boyishly, but seemed slightly amused, reminding me of his father.

I do not wish to be vainglorious, but I think I may say that our committee provides for our members as any organization of its sort in the world. And I speak from the point of view of one who, though he belongs to but few clubs (all of them of the best, however), has had the honor of being introduced as a visitor at many of the leading clubs in London and on the Continent.

Because I am a bachelor and live at the club, I have one of these private letter-boxes. Such of my personal mail as does not come to my office, I receive here, though I sometimes send downstairs for it when I am breakfasting in bed. Remsen Cole had a home of his own—several of them, in fact. The personal mail he got out of his lock-box at the club was of a sort which he did not want to arrive at his office, much less at his home.

I know this because one day he turned to me when we both happened to be looking for letters and said: "Don't go away, Willie. I want to speak to you."

I took out my letters and slammed the little glass door shut, leaving the key in the lock. He took out his letters and slammed his little glass door shut too, but he removed the key and pocketed it. He stood there staring at a letter and seemed to forget my presence until I said: "Did you want to see me? This is my hour for a golf lesson up on the roof."

Remsen ignored me for a moment. "Oh, yes," he said, and absently folded up his letter. He then led me out into the hall and pointed to a seat by the fireplace where I had stood on the night when I witnessed his unprecedented entrance to the club.

"Sorry," I said, "but I'll be late."

He was taking one of two duplicate keys off his key-ring. "Willie," he said, "if anything ever happens to me, I want you to open my mail-box and destroy the contents. Here's a key. Keep it some place where you won't lose it."

"Very well," I said, "I won't lose it." And I hurried on up to the roof, where the professional told me what was the matter with my stance. That evening I fastened a tag on the key, marked it with a private sign, put it in my strong-box and made a record of it in my card-catalogue, where I keep my memoranda of many things, such as the names, addresses and brief descriptions of new acquaintances I meet at dinners, on steamers or abroad.

SHOULD I ever have a son (God forbid!) I probably would fail as a father. I think all parents are failures. At best, they are mere amateur parents. By the time they have learned their profession and are fit to qualify as experts, they are old and out of a job.

But there are two lessons I would impress upon my children, if I had any, as soon as they could read and write. First, never put anything in handwriting which you are not willing to have the whole world see. Second, never keep anything written to you which you are not also willing to have the whole world see. For, once you have committed yourself on paper, your writings may prove to be as imperishable as William Shakespeare's. Those of my friends who are fathers train their children to have a proper contempt for anonymous communications, but they seldom instruct their young as to the disposition of communica-



Everyman and The New Education

Human nature has never been so inquiring, so eager to know the world, as in this day of its swift and progressive life.

In recent years a new educational impulse has formulated a new educational system—more flexible, more individual and pleasurable, more vital and effective than any hitherto known. It is that self-cultural system which does not stop with books and classrooms, schools and colleges but points to the world as a great book of which they who never stir from home read only a page.

Until a few years ago Travel was geared in cost and comfort largely for the rich in purse and leisure.

With the advent of modern ships and the manifest human desire to explore the world, the Cunard Company determined to bring Travel within the reach of all.

Readjusting the accommodations on their ships and revising their rates, they established two new services, the

Cunard Cabin

and the

Cunard Tourist Third Cabin

What is designated as the *Cunard Cabin Service* provides ship accommodations of a quality and comfort undreamed of a few years ago. By this refined service the traveller can sail to Europe and return, for as little as \$290.

Cunard Tourist Third Cabin—presents nothing short of a modern revolution aboard ships; this service provides excellent accommodations in spotlessly clean, comfortable, well-ventilated cabins for student groups, educators, artists, literary workers, business-men and women; the cost of the round trip is from \$170.—\$190.

The greatest benefits and pleasures of travel do not always obtain when thousands hurry abroad at the same time. It were better if the European travel season began earlier and ended later. Our long experience and observation impels us to urge the prudent traveller, seeking a comfortable visit abroad, to take a spring or fall voyage—before mid-June or after mid-July.

For full information apply to your local Steamship Agent or

CUNARD

and ANCHOR Lines

25 Broadway, New York

ATLANTA BALTIMORE BOSTON CHICAGO CLEVELAND DETROIT
MINNEAPOLIS NEW ORLEANS PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME. ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE WASHINGTON

Carry your funds in CUNARD TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES—the Universal Currency



Entrances to the Kamaga Shrine at Nara

\$600 to Honolulu Yokohama and return

Including meals and first cabin accommodations on a magnificent President Liner

GO TO JAPAN in the springtime. A wonderful adventure in a land of unusual charm.

See snow-crowned Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, as your ship enters Yokohama's harbor. Easily accessible from this port are Kamakura, shrine of the Great Buddha, and Tokyo, capital of the Empire.

Visit the lovely interior country—rare gardens, old temples with bronze bells, unique architecture.

Japan is ancient in history, modern in present day practices. Here are contrasted most vividly East and West.

You may visit Honolulu en route to Yokohama and return the same way. Or, if you like, return direct from Japan to Seattle via the American Mail Line.

Enjoy the rare comfort of great, oil-burning President Liners. Large, outside rooms. Spacious decks for rest or exercise. Luxurious public rooms. A cuisine that is famous the world over.

There is a sailing every Saturday from San Francisco for the Orient. From Japan the service extends to China, Manila and Round the World.

For complete information communicate with any ticket or tourist agent or

Dollar Steamship Line

25 and 32 Broadway New York 112 West Adams Street Chicago, Ill.
604 Fifth Ave. New York 101 Bourse Building Philadelphia, Pa.
177 State Street Boston, Mass. 514 West Sixth Street Los Angeles, Calif.
1519 Railroad Avenue South, Seattle, Wash.

Hugh Mackenzie, G. P. A., Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco, Calif.

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



tions which are not anonymous. This is something I have never been able to understand.

I HAD been dining out. I think it was at the Hargraves'. Indeed, I know it was, because Billy had ordered up from his excellent cellar a few of his last remaining bottles of Corton Charlemagne 1915, a noble vintage. I am very fond of white wine. I had come back to the club feeling at peace with the world and wearing my new fur coat open, with the black ribbon which holds my *pinces-nos* crossing my shirt-front.

I saw Remsen Cole sitting on a sofa near the fireplace. He too had been dining out, but in very different society. His legs were sprawled out in front of him; his chin was on his chest; and—he was very tight. I hurried on by, hoping to reach the elevator around the corner before he looked up, but I was too late. He had seen me and came after me, calling my name. He almost shouted it. It was most embarrassing. Other members were about. This wouldn't do. I took him by the arm and led him down the passage in the direction of the theater-booth, now dark and deserted.

He then began to tell me about his "new girl," as he phrased it. He put his arm around my shoulders so that I could not get away. I was more than bored: I was annoyed. He was quite maudlin and objectionable. The new one was about nineteen, it appeared, and she loved him to death, he said. He grinned and seemed very proud of himself.

"Oh, shut up," I said; "you're drunk."
"Well, if you don't believe me, just look at this." He brought a letter out of his pocket.

"I'm afraid I'm not interested, Rem," I remarked, and again tried to leave. But again he pursued me. "Wait a minute, Willie. Don't go away mad. You think they just work me for money. Nothing of the sort. She's crazy about me. They all get crazy about me."

At that point some members were approaching from the direction of the billiard-room and I considered it my duty, both to my friend and my club, to quiet him. "Come upstairs and tell me all about it. Don't make a fool of yourself here."

"All right," he said; "just as good old Willie says."

I hurried him into the elevator. He is the kind who never staggers. In fact, he looks preternaturally grave and dignified when intoxicated. None of the members had noticed us. Fortunately, while the elevator shot up to my floor, he slept, standing, so that there was nothing for the servants to gossip about.

I took him to my room, seated him and telephoned downstairs for some coffee. Meanwhile he kept on muttering eulogies of his "little girl."

"I see," said I, "very interesting."
"She's a little darling," he said, "and Lord, how she loves me! Just read this."
"No, thanks," I said.

He then began to tell me what good friends we used to be. With that, he forgot about his "little girl" and told me what a wonderful woman his wife was, and cried copiously. It was rather horrible.

The letter fell from his hand, and that reminded him. He picked it up and demanded that I read it, and seemed so angry and indignant when I shook my head, that to humor him, I complied. No use in reproducing it here. You can read it any day, or one enough like it, in the yellow newspaper accounts of divorce-cases and trials for breach-of-promise. A semi-illiterate letter in which my formerly intimate friend was addressed as "Dear darling daddy," with allusions to love and the next meeting. There were entrancing epithets such

as "jazz baby" and "old sugar daddy." I did not mind that so much as I did the vulgar and polluting use of that tender phrase, "my sweetheart," a term which has different connotations and sacred memories.

"Now, isn't that a nice letter from my new little girl?"

"Oh, beautiful!" I said. "How many have you got?"

"Oh, I get one almost every day."

"Where are they?"

"Down in my lock-box."

"Burn them up."

He looked at me with drunken indignation. "Burn those letters up? Not on your life!"

He raised the letter to his lips and kissed it. I turned my face away. I thought of his wife and his boy—of the boy, somehow, more than his mother.

After a while the coffee got in its work and I called a cab and took him home. He seemed perfectly sober when he bade me good night at the door and thanked me for my kindness. The next day he apologized. "I don't remember much of it, Willie," he said, "but excuse me for boring you."

"Have you destroyed the contents of your letter-box?"

He seemed taken aback. "Oh, did I show you her letters? I must have been drunker than I thought I was. I'm sorry. She's an agreeable kid, but not what you'd call educated."

"Here's your key," I said.

"What's the matter, Willie?"

"I don't care for the responsibility."

"No responsibility unless something should happen to me. In that case, I'm sure you'd be willing to do that much for me for old-times' sake."

"Clean out the mess in your letter-box," I said. "Get rid of it once for all, and of any other letters of that sort that come. Tear them up as soon as you've read them. That's a far safer bet than relying on me or anyone else to do the job after you're dead." I gave him a long lecture, and although he seemed amused at me, he finally agreed and thanked me. He was treating me with more respect nowadays than when, as undergraduates together, I looked up to him with awe as one of the "greatest men on the campus." I think he was feeling the defection of other friends.

"Of course you're right," he said, "but somehow those ignorant, naive letters of hers please me. She's a darling, this one."

A FEW days later, as I was getting my mail, I happened to glance at his box, which was near my own. I saw through the little glass door that it was empty, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

I think it happened on Wednesday. . . . No, it must have been Thursday, because that is my Turkish bath day, and I recall now that I had to break my fixed habit and did not get down to our baths in the basement at all, because of the sad occurrence I am about to record.

It is also my custom, after breakfasting upstairs, to step into the office and see if there are any important communications in the House Committee box before walking down to business—another excellent habit of mine which had to be abandoned on this crowded day. For, upon bestowing my usual glance upon the bulletin board as I was about to pass out of the room, I saw, pinned with a thumb-tack to the cork background, the customary white card with a quarter-inch border of black, announcing the death of a member. I had not expected it to be poor old Rem, and I confess I was quite shaken. That is why I took a taxi to my place of business not far downtown.

So poor old Rem was gone! An ancient phrase flashed through my mind—"the pace that kills." It was too swift for him. He had not trained for it in his youth.



Oceans of desert wild flowers—San Bernardino County.

Plan Now for *This* Summer —Make It the Best Ever

"Are the golf clubs in?—did you get my brown bag?—Here's the TAXI! The trunks have gone, haven't they?—Come on, boys, we've only half an hour for the train!"

"A'boar-r-d-d"—Well, we're off. And let me tell you, we're going to have a lot of fun! Wait till you see that country! Mountains running right down to the beaches, lovely little valleys, motor roads—five thousand miles of them, smooth as boulevards—and through scenery such as you have never seen! Boys and girls, you're GOING somewhere!

"Warm at night, did you ask? You'll sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten all summer in Southern California,—I'll almost promise that. U. S. Weather Bureau shows the average mean temperatures for fifty years in a central city there. Look at them—50 Junes, 66 degrees; 50 Julys, 70; 50 Augusts, 71; 50 Septembers, 69. Humidity is always low.

"And yet, no rain to spoil your games, motor trips, mountain hikes, picnics, horse-

back rides, or whatever else you think of doing.

"Golf courses of the finest; cool, blue lakes a mile high in the mountains; Old Missions in ruins that make you think of Europe; a great desert like Sahara; moving picture bands in the costumes of the world—there, in fact, because almost the entire world is typified in Southern California."

Come now or this summer. There is no better time. Come via Los Angeles and San Diego, return by way of Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. See the Great Pacific Coast in one memorable trip.

Special low-cost, round trip fares on all railroads from May 15th to October 31st.

Railroad ticket agents everywhere can give you details,—tell you all about it. Ask them.

Or mail coupon below to us.

Southern California

All-Year Vacation Land Supreme

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. 2-1, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Diego

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

The city of Los Angeles, with a population of well over a million, is the largest city on the Pacific Coast and is the hub of one of the country's richest agricultural communities.

The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone:

Value of Agricultural and Live Stock Products (1929), \$85,012,744; Value of Citrus Products (1929), \$23,241,903; Oil Production (1929), 140,000,000 bbls.; Harbor Imports (1929), 4,196,177 tons; Harbor Exports (1929), 16,154,166 tons; total Harbor Tonnage, 20,310,743.

A producing season of 365 days a year permitting year 'round crops.



Right now.. plan your trip to Europe

PREPARE for a happy realization of a long-to-be-remembered vacation. Write for United States Lines illustrated booklets describing the services offered you, the luxurious liners, and unsurpassed cuisine of your own splendid ships:

S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON

Swift, steady, beautiful—a luxurious home on the sea. First, second and third class to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

S. S. LEVIATHAN

Flagship of the Fleet and most famous ship in the world. First, second, third class to Cherbourg and Southampton.

S. S. REPUBLIC

The largest cabin ship of the fleet. Cabin and third class to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING and S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

The fastest cabin ships on the North Atlantic. Also third class; to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

[TOURIST THIRD CABIN ACCOMMODATIONS ON ALL SHIPS IN SEASON.]

Get complete information from your local steamship agent or write to the address below

United States Lines

45 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

Chart of Rates

FIRST CLASS	CABIN CLASS
S. S. LEVIATHAN \$ 290* and up	S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING and
S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON \$ 231* and up	S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT \$ 145 and up
*Summer rates effective April 1st Rates are much lower NOW	S. S. REPUBLIC \$ 140 and up
SECOND CLASS	THIRD CLASS
S. S. LEVIATHAN \$ 147.50 and up	From \$ 85.
S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON \$ 136.25 and up	Tourist Third Class in season \$ 95 up

But that was not exactly the way of it, as I learned immediately upon entering my office. A man was there waiting to see me—a stranger, a former acquaintance of Rem's. I would hardly have said a friend, but I must confess that, despite his being a most ordinary person, he had acted the part of a true friend to Remsen Cole in his last hours. I learned later that he was a professional gambler and race-track tout.

THIS person, it seems, had been with Cole the previous evening. It does not matter where. The point is that Rem had died suddenly and most inappropriately in a house that was not his own and was not meant for dying purposes at all. Worse than that, he had not died what is called a natural death. He had encountered there a woman named Mary. That was the only name by which my informant knew her—Mary. She, for some reason unknown to him, had, without a word, picked up a beer-bottle and bashed Rem over the head with it. There was no outcry. When the other denizens of this haunt of the underworld came in, the woman named Mary had gone, and Rem's male associate stated that the swell guy had fainted.

This acquaintance, this really good friend of Rem's and of mine now too, had, with the aid of others, succeeded in getting what was left of Remsen Cole into a taxicab, one walking on either side, holding his arms over their shoulders. The driver and any chance passers-by, upon observing this not unusual transit from the doorstep to the curb, had doubtless smiled, if the sight registered upon them at all. The crumpled-up figure which was being dragged into the cab would merely suggest a man dead drunk, not a man dead.

In this taxicab the body was taken through the gayly lighted purlieus of Broadway and up the more dignified brilliance of Fifth Avenue, and so to the house that had once been Remsen's happy home. Here it was deposited in the vestibule, the door-bell was rung and his Samaritans fled. And this was the kindest thing they could have done under the circumstances.

"But why," I asked my caller, "have you come to me?"

The reply was: "Here's the bird's pocket-book. With them visiting-cards I found this piece of paper. It says to call you up in case of accident." He handed me the open pocketbook. I saw a rather thick assortment of yellow bills.

I was impressed by the man's honesty. "I see," said I, "and I thank you." I gave him my hand.

The stranger arose. "Sure," he said "that's all right. But it's up to you to do the rest. You gotta handle the doctors and newspaper boys. Here's my phone-number if you need me. Good guy, that friend of yours. He always treated me white."

I may say at once that I was eminently successful both with the family physician and the newspapers. We gave out the statement which appeared in the obituary notice in the afternoon editions, that Mr. Remsen Cole had died of heart-failure at his doorstep upon returning from his club. The doctor and I between us had decided that our friend, when his heart collapsed, had fallen and struck his head against an Italian marble bench there in the vestibule.

I had dropped everything else and had called at the house immediately. Mrs. Cole was still in the South, but had been summoned home. The offer of my not inexperienced aid in making the final arrangements was gratefully accepted by the family.

That must be my excuse for failing even to think of Rem's letter-box until after the funeral.

SO far as I could make out through the glass door, there was only one letter there, lying face down, waiting for my dead

Announcing —

A New Feature in COOK'S Annual Summer Cruise

to the

Mediterranean and EUROPE

by specially chartered

a. s. CALIFORNIA

of the Cunard and Anchor Lines

From New York June 30;
back in New York Sept. 1, 1927

The itinerary includes Madeira, Spain, Greece, Constantinople, the Holy Land, Egypt, Naples, Rome, Monaco, Paris, London, returning to New York via Havre, Southampton.

This—our Sixth Annual Summer Cruise—presents a new and attractive feature in the form of Overland Tours—during the cruise—to Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine, France and England; rejoining the "California" at Havre or Southampton.

MODERATE RATES

Make Your Reservations Early!

Send for descriptive guide book

THOS. COOK & SON

NEW YORK

585 Fifth Ave. 253 Broadway
Philadelphia Boston Chicago
St. Louis San Francisco
Portland, Ore. Los Angeles
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

Lazy Folks

Laziness is a natural vice. It gets one nowhere—except in the "dumps" to the dumps! Traveling nowadays requires so little energy that even lazy folks are looking over the world from Pullmans and steamship rails. They are traveling as they never traveled before the present era of economical transportation and comfortable traveling. Write to any of our travel advertisers that you want to know the cost of going and coming and what you will see when you go. They'll send you full information without cost or obligation.

friend. But one would be quite enough, I knew, and reproached myself for returning Rem's key.

After another week of considerable anxiety and some remorse, I consulted my fellow-committeeman, Scott Henderson. I took him into the office and indicated the letter. "Poor old Rem's gone now, and the mail that comes here for him is not calculated to please his family when his executors begin rounding up his effects." And I told him of Cole's request.

Scott Henderson knew something of Rem's latter-day tendencies, but unfortunately he is a lawyer.

"Willie! You can't break into a dead man's private letter-box!"

"Not so loud," I said, and drew him across the room. It was the crowded hour, and others were coming in. "Such things have been done," I told him, "and you know it."

"But the law is very clear in such matters. Besides, you have no key."

"Then I'll break the box and the law too. I owe it to my friend and the club."

"Good God!" he whispered. "Look!"

YOUNG Cranston Cole had entered the room. He was looking along the rows of mail-boxes. He stopped before the one bearing his late father's name, took out a key, opened the lock, withdrew the letter and now was gazing at the handwriting on the envelope.

"Willie, it's up to you," said Henderson, and left me flat.

I hesitated a moment, and who can blame me? Then I strode across to the youth, who seemed so deeply absorbed that he did not look up until I spoke his name. Then he hurriedly concealed the letter and made an attempt to convey it surreptitiously to his pocket, but I saw that he had not opened it.

"I want to thank you again, sir," he began, "for all you have done for us. My mother—" But he could not finish that. "Well, good night, sir." He turned to go, but I was determined that he should not leave the club with that letter.

"So glad to see you here," I remarked, joining him. "Why didn't you tell me you could use a visitor's card?"

"Uncle Alfred put me up."

"By the way, there's something I want to tell you. Could you come upstairs a moment?"

In my room I offered him a cigarette and a chair. He declined both. "Is it about my father?" he asked. There was a note in his young voice when he pronounced those last two simple words that made me extremely uncomfortable.

"Why, yes," I said. "You see, he and I were close friends. In some ways I knew him better than you did, better even than your mother, I fancy."

To cover his emotions, he crossed and looked out of the window. "I know what you mean. My mother has told me about their estrangement. She was afraid I'd hear of it from some one else."

"I see. Did that have anything to do with your coming here this afternoon?"

He nodded. "She asked me to do something for her."

"Well, I am going to ask you to do something for me. Would you mind letting me have that letter in your pocket?"

He now turned and looked utterly amazed—naturally. "Why, what do you mean, sir?"

"Well, I'll tell you: Your father was such a confidential friend of mine that he was kind enough to receive letters for me."

"Letters for you?"

"Yes. Owing to—ah—circumstances which I prefer not to explain, I did not want them to come to my box, to my name. You have one of them in your pocket. It really belongs to me, you see."



Here Florida is at its Best! Where Summer Spends the Winter



It means the fullest enjoyment for you—distinguished social atmosphere, brilliant sports, beautiful surroundings, and nearest location to the warm Gulf Stream, with comfortable bathing all winter.

Storing up sunshine, health, inspiration. Delightful acquaintances. Yachting, motor boating, fishing, hunting, Golf and tennis in great settings. Motoring on wonderful roads—scenes of endless interest.

A place for your business acumen, too, in Greater Palm Beach—Palm Beach and West Palm Beach. Solid, resourceful enterprises. Millions in new building. Great harbor nearing completion. Permanent population tripled last five years. Marvelous farming nearby.



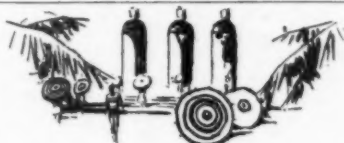
Greater PALM BEACH

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
401 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG.
WEST PALM BEACH
FLORIDA

Name _____ Address _____

Clark's Third Cruise to Norway
and Western Mediterranean; July 2; special steamer
over a 52 day fascinating itinerary including unusual
placets. \$600 to \$1300 includes shore trips.
Jan. 16, World Cruise; Jan. 25, Mediterranean
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

Write THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for School Information.
Be sure to state whether for boy or girl, age, location desired.
Address Director, Department of Education,
33 W. 42nd St., New York City.



HAWAII's brilliant diversions are at a climax at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, which fronts upon the world-renowned Waikiki Beach... offering to its guests every luxury and convenience. American plan. 20 acres of gardens, 18-hole golf links, tennis courts, land and water polo, motor-ing, horseback riding, swimming and surf-riding. 400 spacious double rooms with private baths.

For full information, rates and reservations, address the Matson Navigation Company at 215 Market St., San Francisco; 510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles; 814 Second Ave., Seattle; 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 50 E. Forty-second St., New York. Or write—

Royal Hawaiian Hotel

A. BENAGLIA, General Manager
Honolulu, Hawaii



Ramble in Raleigh's native land

It is glorious Devon—where the apple blossoms mingle with the salt tang of the ocean—the land of mighty seamen, Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher.

From Land's End to London, along the pathway of the Great Western Railway, there is a wealth of historical, literary and legendary associations set in England's fairest scenery. And many delightful resorts and over 300 golf courses.

This year land at Plymouth and visit Devon, where the language and customs are the same as yours. Start planning now and send for illustrated guide No. 33.

K. W. C. GRAND, General Agent
505 Fifth Ave., New York

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY of England



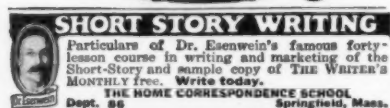
The Tower Cone

Achievement!

COMBINING high quality with low price is an achievement pre-eminently American—nowhere better exemplified than in the Tower Cone—a radio reproducer supreme in performance full 17" in diameter. See and hear it.

TOWER MFG. CORP., Boston, Mass.

\$9.50



SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 86 Springfield, Mass.



VENUS PENCILS

The Largest Selling Quality Pencil in the World

Plain ends,
per doz. \$1.00

Rubber ends,
per doz. \$1.20

Unequalled for
any writing or
drawing purpose.

Try **VENUS B**—a soft
Pencil for general use.

American Lead Pencil Co.
221 Fifth Ave., New York
Makers of **UNIQUE Thin Lead Colored**
Pencils in 12 colors — \$1.00 per dozen

"Aren't you mistaken?" He was polite, but seemed quite positive.

"Oh, I know it's addressed to your father on the outside, but there is another envelope within addressed to me."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Naturally. But just take my word for it, like a good fellow."

"I'm awfully sorry to say so, but I'm afraid I can't let you have it."

I wondered how he knew so much. I tried another tack. "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's compromise—let's burn it up." My fire of cannel coal was burning brightly.

"But I haven't read it yet." He seemed so pathetically and trustingly puzzled. He had taken the letter out of his pocket.

"Why, Cranston, my boy, you wouldn't open and read another man's mail? It isn't done."

"Mother asked me to do it."

"Your mother?"

"Certainly. You never understood their situation. No one did, but myself."

The painful subject was almost too much for him. He crossed toward the door.

"Wait a minute," I said. "If you are determined to read that letter, read it here and now."

"Why?"

"Because then I can explain it to you—far better than your mother could."

For answer he stepped briskly back to the window, opening the letter as he did so.

I confess I turned my face away, not merely to avoid seeing his, but because I knew I must now concentrate upon some good plausible story. Any man can lie like a gentleman, but I would have to lie like an artist.

I heard the crinkling sound as he turned the inside pages of the letter. It made me jump. The silence was not long, but it was rather horrible, and I was no artist. I heard him fold the letter up.

"Have you read it?" I asked.

There was a pause. I knew he was trying to control his voice. "Yes sir," he said.

"Don't misjudge your father," I said.

"My father was one of the finest men that ever lived."

"Of course he was."

"Read this page," said the boy. "He wouldn't mind." He put the letter into my hand and went back to the window.

I saw at once that it was not the vulgar illiterate scrawl that Rem had exhibited to me with such drunken delight. And I read the following amazing words:

"... So, after all, dear Rem, it really doesn't matter how many superficial things we disagree on, so long as we, his father and mother, agree on loving the boy. He adores you, Rem. Since his earliest infancy I have held you up as his model, but I'm afraid I can't claim credit for his idolizing you. You caused that yourself. He has always said that he would rather grow up to be a man like you than anyone else in the world."

I looked across at the boy. He was gazing out over the roof-tops of our big, bad, noisy town. He was biting his lip. "I'll never be able to be like him," my dead friend's son said, shaking his head. He turned and looked me steadily in the eye. "Do you think I could ever be like him, sir?"

I patted him on the back. "Oh, I'm sure you could," said I, "—that is, if you wanted to."

Well, what else could I say?

COMMUNISTIC FRANKFURTERS

(Continued from page 94)

responsibility for me, Jack. Better draw cuts to see who'll play."

Sam cut two rope-yarns, a long one and a short one. He hid them in his fat, calloused hand, with the ends barely sticking out, and held them up.

"Pull," he said; "the short yarn plays him."

Jack drew the long one.

Captain Crisp appeared on deck with a dirty deck of cards and the frankfurters. He was bareheaded, and had spectacles over his eyes that hooked around his ears.

"Divide 'em up," said Sam; "that's my way of working, Jack—fast and close, eh?"

The Captain counted out the glass jars. There were twenty-two of them; he had eaten two. Sam took fourteen—Jack's share and his own; the Captain took seven. There was one to be divided. Sam pulled the top off the jar and stuck his fingers in. As he pulled them out, the dog made a dive through arms and legs, and like a magnet gathered in the loose sausages, and swallowed them whole.

"Tie him up," ordered the Captain, "or there'll be no game here today!"

The dog howled as he was snubbed to a mooring-bitt.

The Captain and Sam, regardless of wind and wave, picked up their jars and walked to the main hatch, where the game started with wolflike viciousness.

"Jacks or better'll be the game—and a jar of sausage opens the pot," said the master. "That suits me." And he spat on his hands.

They sat down on the hatch facing each other, their legs making a wind-shield for loose cards. The Captain shuffled the cards with his tongue between his teeth. So honest was Sam that he didn't notice that many of the cards bore devices suspicious and foreign

to their nature, nor that kings and queens were strangely dog-eared and crinkled.

The deal fell to the Captain. Sam opened the pot on two queens; he moved in a jar of frankfurters.

"I'll raise you two," said the Captain. "And to show you there is no advantage in the draw, I'll deal myself three too."

Sam looked at his dealt cards. He saw he had another queen.

"Pass," he said in a conquering voice.

The *Clippsky* was careening over; like a diving gull she plunged breast-deep in the waves, and spray commenced to fly over the forward deck.

"We aint a-goin' to play here all day," said the Captain, picking up his hand; "let's make short work of it; we'll soon have to take sail off the little vessel. My hand is worth three jars of the meat."

The wind fluttered the cards in Sam's hand. He looked at the three queens. Should he call the Captain? He thought of his partner at the wheel and the stake.

"Come on," shouted the Captain. "Put up or shut up!"

Sam trembled so that the heels of his blücher boots barely maintained their hold on the hatch combings. The man at the wheel used every ounce of muscle in his body, every bit of determination in his mind to keep the struggling schooner from broaching to under her overload of canvas. The Captain, equally oblivious to anything but the game, demanded the play.

"What ye got?" Sam's voice sounded strange in his own ears.

The Captain, before showing down, glammed his jars and swept them in between his legs.

"How d'you know you win?" asked Sam.

"How in hell do I know it's blowing?"

answered the other. "Because I feel it; that's why." Then he spread three kings face up. "There they are; can you beat them?"

Sam's eyes seemed to sink into his head like those of a dead fish, and inarticulate sounds rumbled out of him. He looked at the eight jars that remained to him. Only a moment ago they had been fourteen. One hand!

"Come, come, deal them up, deal them up; this is no time to mourn!"

WITH wind blowing and sea rising, Sam's conscience refused to subside. What if the next hand should be equally disastrous? No, Jack would have to finish the game, and if he lost—well, they could go on grinding their hardtack in unison.

"I aint a-playin' you any more," he said, getting up from the hatch; "me partner'll tackle you now." Then with straddled legs and a stormy stride he walked aft to the wheel.

"I aint afeard of his game, Jack—no, not me; but I thought you'd just want to give him a twirl. There's eight jars left, and that's a pile you'd ought to be able to do something with."

"My bloody word," said Jack earnestly, "he can't bluff me. But I say, Sam, watch the schooner—she's a bit daffy. 'Old her with about three spokes of weather helm. She's kittish, she is."

Sam's grasp on the wheel instinctively brought the weather uppermost to his mind; Jack, relieved, became instantaneously immersed in the game.

"Cut for the deal, me man," said the Captain. "Honesty counts on my ship."

But suspicion dwelt in Jack's eyes as they rested on the Captain. The wind made dealing difficult, and each card was passed. His own cards the Captain tucked under his fat thigh. Then the betting started, for Jack had three kings before the draw, and he acted as though he were sitting on a hot griddle. Danger was not in his calculations, and he could almost taste the juiciness of the little red clustered frankfurters.

"Well," said Captain Crisp, "are you opening her?"

"I am that, and no mistake about it. Two jars."

"It'll cost you six more—all you've got." A devilish snicker came from the Captain.

Sam at the wheel was more disturbed by what was going on at the hatch than he was by the seething elements. He was steering more by instinct than he was by the feel of the *Clippsky*. Once, when his mind was away munching frankfurters, the schooner, like a runaway horse with a loose rein, broached to a point or more, and lifted the green over her bows. Quick action and strong muscle met her, to put her back without damage. Then the dog that was tied across from him lifted his head, boring into the windy skies, and cried pathetically, like a coyote: "Oo-o-oooo!"

A chill ran up Sam's spine.

"That aint any good sign," he said aloud.

Uncanny notes continued from the dog.

"Shut your mouth, darn ye!" shouted the sailor, and let go the wheel to release that ill-omened hound. Pete, with a final howl, broke leash and made for the hatch and the gamblers.

Jack moved all his jars into the pot, and drew two cards.

"I aint wanting any," said the Captain brazenly; "I'll play with what I have."

Jack squinted at his two cards; they were no help to his three kings.

The dog stood with his head at the Captain's shoulder, watching the game from the point of view of a ship's dog who had a taste for frankfurters.

"Yes, yes, Pete," said his master. "Wait awhile."



By Appointment to
H. R. H. The Prince of Wales

CAIRO
Shepherd's Hotel
*In the land of the Pharaohs where fashion
winters under a radiant sky.*

Yardley's

Old English
Lavender Soap


IS ESSENTIALLY FOR SMART PEOPLE
who can command the best. Yardley's Old English
Lavender Soap has been valued for more than a
century for its exquisite quality, and for the de-
lightful old world fragrance of the English laven-
der blossom, with which it is so lavishly perfumed.

Box of Three Large Tablets \$1.00, or 35c the Tablet.
Obtainable at all good stores.

NEW YORK: 15-19 Madison Sq. N. TORONTO: 145 Adelaide St. W.

YARDLEY LONDON

Do Your Teeth Ache?




DENT'S

TOOTHACHE GUM

Stops the Ache—Protects
Cavity—Retards Decay
All Druggists

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every Deaf Person Knows That
I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years,
with these Artificial Ear
Drums. I wear them day
and night. They stop head
noises and ringing ears. They
are perfectly comfortable. No
one sees them. Write me and
I will tell you a true story,
how I got deaf and how I make
you hear. Address
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
16 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER




Play Piano By Ear

Play popular songs like perfectly. Hear the
tunes, play it by ear. No teacher—
self-instruction. No tedious ding-dong
daily practice—just 20 brief, entertain-
ing lessons, easily mastered.

At Home in Your Spare Time
Send for FREE BOOK. Learn easy
styles of jazz and ragtime—trick end-
ings. If 10c coin or stamp is en-
closed, you also receive won-
derful booklet "How to Lin-
ger in a Piano"—and many
new tricks, stunts, etc.

Niagara School of Music
183 Niagara School Building
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book



High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School
Course—specially prepared for home study
by leading professors—meets all require-
ments for entrance to college, business, and
leading professions.

20 Other Courses

Over 200 noted Engineers, Busi-
ness Men, and Educators helped
prepare the special instruction
which you need for success. No matter what
your inclinations may be, you can't hope
to succeed without specialized training. Let
us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Drexel Ave. & 53rd Street
Dept. H. 281 Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

American School, Dept. H. 281 Drexel Ave. and 53rd St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and
how you will help me win success in that line.

— Architect	— Electrical Engineer
— Building Contractor	— General Education
— Automobile Engineer	— Lawyer
— Civil Engineer	— Mach. Shop Practice
— Structural Engineer	— Mechanical Engineer
— Business Manager	— Steam Engineer
— C. P. A. & Auditor	— Sanitary & Heating
— Bookkeeper	— Surveyor & Mapping
— Draftsman & Designer	— High School Graduate

Name _____
Address _____



BLANCHE MEHAFFEY

Leading Lady for Reginald Denny
in Universal's "Take it from Me."

Knows The Value of A "Magic Touch of Beauty"

The Professional woman must look her best at all times. Her appearance is her success or failure. She cannot gamble with beauty—she must be sure. That is why Blanche Mehaffey and thousands of other professional and business women depend on

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

to keep their appearance always at its best. It renders to the skin and complexion a soft, bewitching, pearly beauty that commands the admiration of all.

Far superior to dry powders, creams and lotions. The entrancing, seductive beauty it renders does not streak or show signs of perspiration. Antiseptic and astringent, giving exceptional results in cases of skin troubles, wrinkles, flabbiness, muddy complexions, redness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.,
New York

M-28-7

"Show down!" roared Jack irritably. It was do or die for his three kings.

The Captain reached under his leg, where aces had been tucked away. Somehow his clumsy hands betrayed their secret hiding-place to the keen stare of his opponent.

"Roast your glutton's soul!" screamed the tortured sailor, starting for him. Then—something happened, and the sentence was lost in a rush of foam which, in the sudden broaching-to of the *Clippsky*, filled her decks with ocean waves. Gamblers, frankfurters and dog were swept off the hatch. Sam, saving himself, realized at once what had happened. He put the wheel up to fill away on her again. Then he heard a wail from over the quarter. "Save me—save me!"

Two heads were tossing about in the backwash of the *Clippsky*—one of a frantic man, one of a despairing dog. He threw a life-buoy to the Captain and ran forward, his eyes gutting the deck. There wasn't a frankfurter in sight. Jack was there, with a death-hold on a ringbolt.

"Get out of there," called Sam. "The skipper and the dog are overboard."

Jack looked at his mate.

"Blyme, I thought we was at the bottom of the sea," he said.

"Well, ye aint. Come now, show a leg; we gotta save them!"

"Let the beggar drown, Sammy. I 'ad 'im for all the sausages before she made that dive; God's word, I did."

"We gotta save the dog. Stand by your jib sheet, Jack."

Sam ran to the wheel and jammed it hard down.

"Hard-a-lee-e-e-e!"

The schooner filled her decks again, and swung around on the opposite lead. It was some time before she worked alongside the Captain, who with a tight grasp on Pete was marking time with the buoy. Jack, piloting the rescue, stood forward in the nose of the *Clippsky*.

"Keep her up a little, Sam," he shouted; "don't cut 'em in two. Ease her off a bit now. That's it; ground 'em in under the lee; I'll stand by with a line. I may have to dive for them—heh, Sam? Shake the wind out of her sails—stop her headway, man—stop her, damn her, stop her! Come now, give me a hand with 'em!"

They both ran to the lee rail. The sails flapped like falling boards, and a rain of salt spray showered from windward.

Jack slipped a running bowline over the floating Captain.

"Eave on 'im, Sam," he cried, and they rolled him inboard with all the viciousness they would have bestowed upon a man-eating shark. Pete, limp and grateful, was tenderly handled. Then they carried the Captain aft, and dumped him, like a dead walrus, face down across the wheel-box.

"Leave him lay there a bit," said Sam, "while the ocean guggles out of him."

The dog, seeming to be no worse for his excursion in the sea, was sniffing around.

"Damned if he aint after them sausages!" said Sam.

Sputtering came from the wheel-box

"Wh-wh-what's happened, men?"

"Whisht, not a word, Sam. Let 'im slobber in 'is hignorance!"

ICEBERGS

(Continued from page 73)

such a thing as that happening to her at the Imperial.

Her companion listened gravely during her recital. When she had finished, mock alarm spread over the visible portions of his face.

"What will my duties be in this new rôle?" he asked, adding, "I assume I'll have duties, since I'm obviously disqualified to sit around and merely look beautiful."

And she told him. "You've got to talk to me, to sit with me on the porch; since you're not able to dance, we'll sit just outside the windows and let the music come out to us—we'll be wallflowers together. And I'll read to you if your eye doesn't get better, and I'll help you to walk while you're lame—your foot isn't going to be so bad, I guess. But you can't go away and leave me alone again with all that mob of strange people!"

"Come, come, it can't be as bad as all that," he said with surprising gentleness.

"Oh, it is. It is, I tell you. Of course, it's all my own fault for coming alone, but heaven knows I didn't want to come." Her tennis-racket, she told him, she had not unsheathed; she had not danced once—she almost had, she told him, and related the incident.

"A man named Twining. Hostess introduced him just as a waltz was beginning. I think he would have asked me, but a group of girls came along just then, and one called, 'Ah, there, Twiny!' so he went off with her. That same girl and her mother came the day I did, and the hostess introduced us. A Mrs. and a Miss Jardine." Cherry showed him how they had acknowledged the introduction—the one with a cool nod, the other a haughty stare. Then they had abruptly gone away. "So," finished Cherry, "I never went back to the ballroom and those are the only people I've met."

"Wont I be somewhat of a broken reed?" She shook her head. "You'll be some one to talk to," she said.

"Why have you stuck it out so long? If you went home and told your mother—"

"That's the one thing I wouldn't do," she declared firmly. "It would break her heart. She's set so much store by this vacation. Oh, no; I'd rather die than go home."

They had turned in at the driveway to the Imperial and now stopped. The expressman and Cherry helped him down, and holding one leg very stiffly, he was able to walk up the steps, assisted only by the girl, upon whom he leaned heavily. There was a slow walk to the desk, and lognettes apently were turned upon them. To Cherry's surprise, her companion was undisturbed, seemed unaware of their scrutiny.

She supported the young man to the desk, and he asked for a room.

"Not a thing left," volunteered the clerk, looking in amazement from Cherry to her companion.

"Wont you please find some sort of room he can have?" she pleaded. "He can't go around looking for another place while he is unable to walk. Please see if you can't take care of him for the rest of the week. Only five days. Wont you please try, Mr. Hoskins?"

The awful fear of having to relinquish the one thing that would make bearable the rest of her stay made Cherry eloquent. For all his pomposity, Hoskins was in a sense human, and the girl's eyes as she looked up at him held an imploring look that was flattering. "It's been so lonesome for me here," she threw in, "the Landays not coming and all."

Magical name! Hoskins gave a fairly good impersonation of a man starting a heavy intellect to work.

"There's a room," he began impressively, "away up near the servants' quarters. It is usually kept for a linen room. But once in a while when we've been very crowded, we've put a cot in there. If your friend—"

"That'll suit me fine," cut in the youth. "How do I go up, and when do I come down to eat?"

"Just a moment," commanded Hoskins. "Your baggage?"

"Haven't any. It—it evidently didn't get here yet."

Frank incredulity settled in Hoskins' eyes. Cherry's own were imploringly upon him. "Then I'll have to ask you for some—er—security. Without any baggage—"

"Certainly." The youth put his hand in his pocket, fumbled around, withdrew it. "Sorry," he explained, "I don't seem—"

Something soft and thick was pushed into his hand at the side where Cherry stood. He stopped speaking, and held out to the clerk a little wad of money.

"Will that do?" he asked.

"How much?"—from Hoskins.

"Really, I haven't the faintest idea," came the bored answer.

Hoskins bent upon him a puzzled scrutiny. Cherry threw herself into the gap. "He isn't himself," she said hastily. "Usually he's—he's lots different from this. But he's all shaken up from his fall." Then she added quickly: "But he'll be all right after tonight, after he's had a rest and something to eat."

"You haven't registered," Hoskins reminded as the porter came to assist the new guest to his room.

"That's so," replied he easily. "But perhaps Miss—er—perhaps this young lady will do it for me. She's developed an amazing knack for helping me today."

Hoskins was not a man with whom a penniless stranger could take liberties of a facetious nature. Cherry realized that.

"His hands are shaken from the fall. I don't think he could hold a pen." She took the pen, then stopped abruptly. What was his name? But Hoskins' eyes were on her. She hesitated only a second, then wrote the first name that came to her—that of the hero in the book she had just been reading.

"John Carstairs, New York."

That is how he went down on the register. He looked on over Cherry's shoulder, and something like a grin came to his distorted face. Cherry hoped he wouldn't be disposed toward facetiousness now. Hoskins wouldn't stand it. But that gentleman was already delivering himself in tones that could be heard throughout the lobby for the benefit of an imposing-looking group that had just come in:

"I'm sorry not to have a better room for your friend, Miss Mercer, but we haven't a thing left. The last suite we had was taken today, taken by,"—he paused for full effect, then rolled the name around on his tongue,—"by Mr. J. Wellington Crabtree of—of—the West."

JOHN CARSTAIRS did not come down that evening. While Cherry was eating her dinner at the little table which she shared with a lady with an expansive glittering bosom, a note was brought to her.

Dear Miss Mercer:

I got a full look in the mirror and speedily decided you'd be a lot better off if I didn't start playing the kidnaper until tomorrow. I've got a compress on my eye now; my bad leg is tenderly propped up in front of me, and food has been brought me.

Pippa passes! God's in his heaven! All's well in the linen room!

Faithfully,

"John Carstairs, New York."

P. S. When we meet tomorrow, better call me Jack. I think old Donner and Blitzen at the desk is suspicious. What's your first name? How much money was in that roll? You're a brick!

Cherry wrote back:

Glad you're comfortable. Be more respectful to Hoskins. My name is Cherry.



Does He Notice Other Women More? —as your hair grows grayer

Thoughtful women always keep themselves looking years younger than they really are!

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age.

We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance.

Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When your hair fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhance its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Com-

pound, which costs but 75 cents, and is merely the oldtime recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

Thousands of folks rely upon this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly.

You simply moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time.

By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Acting Plays For Amateurs
Monologs, Recitations, Drills, Minstrel and Vaudeville Jokes and sketches; ideas for entertainment. Send for free catalog. DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 542 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO



Safe Milk

and Food
For INFANTS,
Children, Invalids,
and for All Ages



Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN. Use as your designer or direct portraitist.

Liquid form



Solid form

Maybelline Co., CHICAGO

**Travel on "Uncle Sam's" Pay-Roll
RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS
MAIL CARRIERS**

\$1700 to \$3000 a Year

See your country on government pay

Many Government Positions open to women.

MEN—WOMEN, 17 UP MAIL COUPON IMMEDIATELY

Steady Work. No Layoffs. Paid Vacations.



FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. F-244, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge: (1) Specimen Railway Postal Clerk coaching; (2) 32-page book giving full particulars regarding U. S. government positions open to men and women.

Name.....

Address.....



You Girls who like to Draw!

Opportunity Is Knocking at Your Door

Miss Hazel Smith drew the small picture at the right before studying with us. The large drawing she made recently. Note the wonderful improvement accomplished through our training.

Miss Smith states: "I have found the Federal Course an excellent 'all around art education' of very practical value, commercially. From a selling position two years ago that paid me \$18.00 a week, I am now making \$60.00 and \$70.00 a week doing the kind of work I enjoy. In a day I often make more than I did in a week, two years ago. The Federal Course has been invaluable in placing me in this position."

Miss Smith is one of many girl students who have found our art training a quick and pleasant road to success.

Do You Like to Draw?

If you are one of the few so favored by nature, why not make the most of your talent? Follow your natural bent and take the surest road to independence—a pleasant road—earning money by doing the thing you like.

An Uncrowded, Unlimited Field

Publishers, each year, buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations for magazines, newspapers, etc. Illustrating is the highest type of art. Women are well fitted for this work and have equal opportunities with men.

Federal Training Gets Results

because experts have prepared the course, over fifty nationally famous artists having contributed exclusive lessons and drawings thereto. The Federal School is a higher class institution giving practical art instruction by mail. It is nationally known through the success of its students, many of whom do work for the best magazines and newspapers. You can learn at home during spare time. No previous training necessary.

Send Today for "A Road to Bigger Things"

A free illustrated book, which you should read before deciding on a career. It tells about illustrating as a profession, about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course and shows remarkable work by our students. If you like to draw, just write your name, age, occupation and address in the margin. Mail it to us and we will send you the book free.

Federal School of Illustrating

2177 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
SUITE T-915 GOOD HEALTH BLDG.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

There was twenty-five dollars in that roll, spending-money for my vacation. You're the first thing I've seen to spend it on.

You're awfully sarcastic and quite impatient and cross, but nobody can say you aren't game!

The two days that followed were Cherry's first light-hearted ones at the Imperial. John Carstairs was gay and droll and he made her laugh a great deal. Yet as Thursday wore on, a vague feeling of anxiety came over her. She began to be troubled by the irresponsibility of John.

Here he was, without money or baggage, falling in with her plan as though that was what he had originally started out to do. Apparently he had not a care in the world. After dinner they wandered down toward the golf-course, and Cherry's misgivings got the better of her.

"John, what do you do for a living?" "Oh, a little of everything. Jack of all trades is the classic nomenclature."

"Don't you think you ought to be serious about something. Especially about your work?"

"Why, child, my work is the only thing I am serious about."

"Yet you don't know what it is!"

"I do, too." He paused a moment and Cherry noted the pause. "I'm a mechanic, Cherry," he told her finally. "And a darned good one, too, if I do say it myself."

A mechanic! Involuntarily Cherry's thoughts flashed to her mother's plans for her. "Dear Mother, I am engaged to a mechanic." She wondered how her mother would receive a letter like that, if she would consider it an accomplishment of the purpose for which she had planned this vacation. Cherry decided she would not.

"How'd you come to be that?" she asked by way of saying something.

"Born in me, I guess. Got most of my practical training, though, in the army."

"What'd you do in the army?"

"Mechanic," he replied laconically.

Friday morning he took her for a ride. Down in the village he had seen for rent a motorcycle with a side-car. "Just because my limp won't let me walk much, is no reason why you should miss your outing," he told her, and left her on the porch while he rode down on the bus to bring up the motorcycle.

As she sat there waiting for him, she caught a conversation going on beside her. Mrs. Orr, the hostess at the hotel, was talking with a group that included the Jardines and Mr. Twining, the youth with whom Cherry had almost danced.

"Never saw a year with so few men," commented Mrs. Jardine.

"It's quality not quantity that counts," contributed Twining.

"Right," agreed Miss Jardine, and smiled at him as brightly as if he had uttered a great witticism.

"Probably wouldn't look at him back home," Cherry told herself. "But here a man's a man."

"But tomorrow ought to put a different complexion on things." The hostess was speaking. "Quantity—there'll be two or three men at least in the party; and an abundance of quality—Mr. Crabtree is reputed to be the richest young bachelor in the West."

"Oh, of course none of us can compete with Crabtree," complained Twining. Miss Jardine smiled at him again.

"We're making the big ball tomorrow night an aviation dance on his account," said Mrs. Orr. "An American ace—but everybody knows his record—not a typical rich man's son."

"As if he needed to be anything with all his money!" chimed in Mrs. Jardine, and Cherry's dislike for her mounted.

A handsome motorcar drove up and took away a laughing picnic-party. Those in the Jardine group commented upon the make and beauty of the car. Two more followed it in rapid succession, and were speedily noted and appraised as they sped down the driveway.

Immediately in their wake, and with more noise, it seemed to Cherry, than she had ever heard even a motorcycle make, came John Carstairs with his side-seat car. It wasn't a good-looking motorcycle at best, and showed signs of considerable wear. The eyes of all the porch crowd were on it as it swept up in the wake of the magnificent cars.

Cherry flushed. The contrast between John's equipage and these others was comically apparent. And as she walked primly down the porch steps, she was aware that the amused eyes of the Jardine contingent were upon her. She caught distinctly a remark ending: "—seems to have staked her claim."

"Madame, the Rolls," John announced with a low bow and an elaborate flourish.

"Thought I wouldn't be able to get it," he continued in tones perfectly audible to the highly interested watchers. "Couple of fellows wanted it, but I grabbed it and they scorned to hit a cripple." He grinned behind the court-plaster.

THAT afternoon there were show stunts by an aviator. All the hotel colony came to the field for the event. Cherry and John Carstairs walked down that way shortly after the hour when the flight was to have started. A man came hurrying out, looking worried.

"McWalters gone up yet?" asked John. "Can't go up," answered the man. "Something wrong with the plane. Got to go to the village for more help."

John Carstairs' glance quickened; his easy-going attitude dropped from him like a cloak.

"Let me have a look at it. I've had a lot of experience with such things."

"We need the most expert help we can get, and quick as we can get it," said the man doubtfully. "But go on in if you think you can help," he continued, while he himself hopped into a little car and headed for the village.

They went inside. Cherry was given a seat in the side-lines and John limped out into the field. McWalters turned, and from where she sat Cherry saw him start with surprise, and then his hand and John Carstairs' met in a hearty clasp. After that the men worked for twenty minutes, and then, amid lusty cheering, McWalters got away to a beautiful start and the afternoon was on. A vague feeling of injustice settled on Cherry, that all the applause was for the ace and none for the man who had made the flight possible.

Smudgy and greasy, John made his way back across the field.

"Let's stay and watch McWalters' stunts," he told her, while machinists from around the tool-box eyed him with respectful interest. "A fine fellow, McWalters," commented John. "I was his machinist when I first went in the service."

All the way back to the hotel John talked nothing but engines and motors. Cherry didn't understand half of it, but that didn't seem to bother John. They passed Mrs. Jardine and her daughter, the latter walking with Twining. They might not have existed, so far as John Carstairs was concerned. And as they stepped to their half of the roadway, John was saying in loud tones to Cherry:

"Didn't I tell you I was a darned good mechanic, Cherry? Didn't I?" His face was flushed and held an odd look of pride.

Miss Jardine heard, recognized the star mechanic of the day, decided he was not the

sort one knows, and passed up the walk beside the bored-appearing Twiny.

After dinner they strolled out again to their favorite bench beside the first tee. On the way down the walk they had to step aside for a small pyramid of trunks just dumped by the expressman—the same expressman who had brought John to the Imperial. The trunks were fast being carried in by the porters.

"J. Wellington Crabtree," Cherry read aloud. "What a mouthful of name!"

"Poor devil!" agreed John.

"He's the guest of honor tomorrow night." She repeated what she had heard in the morning. "He's not only a famous ace, but a famous bachelor and very, very eligible. Mrs. Orr said. That's why the big ball is to be given for him tomorrow night."

"Because he's a famous bachelor or because he's a famous ace?"

"I think, John,"—Cherry's face was solemn and she stopped short where she stood and emphasized her remarks with little nods of her head,—"it's because he's rich—awfully rich."

"There, there, don't get all heated up against Crabtree just because of those people. He's probably the Crabtree I knew in the army. Not a half-bad sort, really. Only, he was Jack Crabtree then—no J. Wellington. That's his family's doings. And speaking of riches, Cherry," he went on quickly, "that reminds me; I've wired for some money. Don't let me forget tomorrow to give you back your roll."

"You don't need to. I've got my ticket home."

HE smiled and an indescribable feeling of panic came over Cherry. His smile was a thing to rejoice over. And after tomorrow she wouldn't see it again.

"You've been awfully good to me," she faltered. "I don't know how I'd have finished this vacation without you. I—I'll remember it always."

They were walking back to the hotel now. The moonlight was entrancing, the air balmy. Couples passed up and down, arm in arm; waltz music drifted out from the hotel. An utter content fell upon Cherry. But suddenly, as they mounted the steps, romance fled from her mind and reality entered with a thump.

"You can't dance tomorrow night," she gasped. "You—you haven't any evening clothes!"

He laughed at her concern. "Don't let that trouble you," he reassured. "I'll borrow some from the waiters. Decent fellow, one of those waiters, working his way through college and all that. He'll lend me his, I know, if I ask him."

All Saturday morning they guarded his bad leg, carefully conserving it for the evening. Preparations for the dance were going on all around them. It was to be the gala night of the season. Decorations were up in the ballroom. A huge airplane of gilded cardboard hung from the chandelier. Ladies, old and young, especially the mothers of young ladies, were fluttering about, and the atmosphere was one of suppressed excitement.

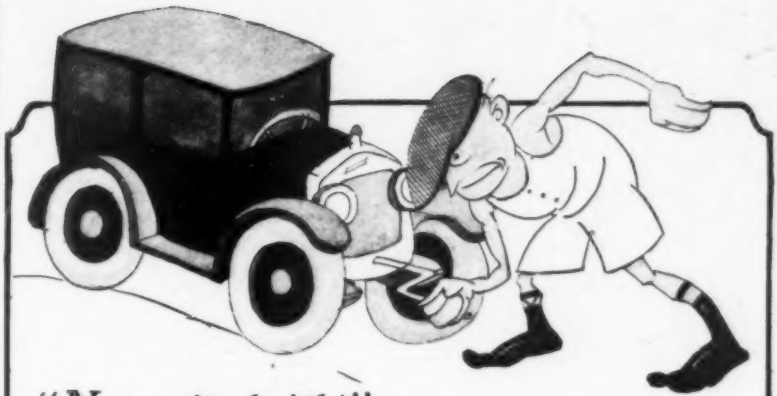
"We can thank J. Wellington Crabtree for tonight," gayly said Cherry to John as they sat on the piazza after luncheon.

"Then we'll give him a vote of thanks and call him a good old scout," declared John.

"By the way, I don't think he's arrived yet. I don't see anyone around who might be he."

"Oh, he's not so distinguished-looking," said John in tones that drew Cherry's searching glance. Could it be that John was jealous of the guest of honor? She hastened to reassure him.

"For my part, I don't care whether he ever comes or not. But I just wouldn't



"Not quite bright"— HE SCORNS PROTECTION

Clothing and exercise may keep you warm, but they can't protect your *throat*. Its delicate lining, so susceptible to cold, dust and germs, needs sure, safe protection.

Smith Brothers' cough drops

safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed. You're protected.

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS



5c S-Bs or Menthol

Play the HAWAIIAN GUITAR
Just as the Natives Do

FREE when you enroll **\$15 HAWAIIAN GUITAR and Case**

Only 4 Motions used in playing this fascinating instrument. Our native Hawaiian instructors teach you to master them quickly. Pictures show how. Everything explained clearly.

Play in Half Hour
After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge necessary.

Easy Lessons
Even if you don't know one note from another, the 52 printed lessons and the clear pictures make it easy to learn quickly. Pay as you play.

Free Guitar
and Outfit in Genuine Real Grain Fabricoid Case as soon as you enroll. Nothing to buy—everything furnished. No delay.

Write at Once
You'll never be lonesome with this beautiful Hawaiian Guitar. Write for Special Offer and copy terms. A postcard will do. ACT!

FIRST HAWAIIAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, INC.
9th Floor, Woodworth Bldg., Dept. 138 New York, N. Y.
Approved as a Correspondence School Under the Laws of the State of New York

PERSONAL Appearance

is new more than ever the key-note of success, both in social and business life. Few-legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently without the key-note of success, both in social and business life.

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book, which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1449-L, W. U. Bldg. Binghamton, N. Y.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
108 N. State Street
Chicago, Ill. 606-243
Diamond Cutters
Free! Send now for big 132-Page Book

diamonds CASH OR CREDIT
GENUINE — GUARANTEED

Quality Gifts

No. 12 \$100
No. 27 \$100
No. 6 \$1.75
No. 8 \$2.50
No. 9 \$2.50
No. 10 \$2.50
No. 11 \$2.50
No. 13 \$2.50
No. 14 \$2.50
No. 15 \$2.50
No. 16 \$2.50
No. 17 \$2.50
No. 18 \$2.50
No. 19 \$2.50
No. 20 \$2.50
No. 21 \$2.50
No. 22 \$2.50
No. 23 \$2.50
No. 24 \$2.50
No. 25 \$2.50
No. 26 \$2.50
No. 28 \$2.50
No. 29 \$2.50
No. 30 \$2.50
No. 31 \$2.50
No. 32 \$2.50
No. 33 \$2.50
No. 34 \$2.50
No. 35 \$2.50
No. 36 \$2.50
No. 37 \$2.50
No. 38 \$2.50
No. 39 \$2.50
No. 40 \$2.50
No. 41 \$2.50
No. 42 \$2.50
No. 43 \$2.50
No. 44 \$2.50
No. 45 \$2.50
No. 46 \$2.50
No. 47 \$2.50
No. 48 \$2.50
No. 49 \$2.50
No. 50 \$2.50
No. 51 \$2.50
No. 52 \$2.50
No. 53 \$2.50
No. 54 \$2.50
No. 55 \$2.50
No. 56 \$2.50
No. 57 \$2.50
No. 58 \$2.50
No. 59 \$2.50
No. 60 \$2.50
No. 61 \$2.50
No. 62 \$2.50
No. 63 \$2.50
No. 64 \$2.50
No. 65 \$2.50
No. 66 \$2.50
No. 67 \$2.50
No. 68 \$2.50
No. 69 \$2.50
No. 70 \$2.50
No. 71 \$2.50
No. 72 \$2.50
No. 73 \$2.50
No. 74 \$2.50
No. 75 \$2.50
No. 76 \$2.50
No. 77 \$2.50
No. 78 \$2.50
No. 79 \$2.50
No. 80 \$2.50
No. 81 \$2.50
No. 82 \$2.50
No. 83 \$2.50
No. 84 \$2.50
No. 85 \$2.50
No. 86 \$2.50
No. 87 \$2.50
No. 88 \$2.50
No. 89 \$2.50
No. 90 \$2.50
No. 91 \$2.50
No. 92 \$2.50
No. 93 \$2.50
No. 94 \$2.50
No. 95 \$2.50
No. 96 \$2.50
No. 97 \$2.50
No. 98 \$2.50
No. 99 \$2.50
No. 100 \$2.50

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
HAMILTON NO. 992. 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 25-Yr. Case \$55
Class. ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments, Hunt 40 hours one winding. \$55
Gold filled 20-Yr. Case \$55
ILLINOIS "BURN SPECIAL" 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 25-Yr. Case \$50
Railroad Watches sold on our regular credit terms.

10-Jewel Adjusted Waltham No. 946—14-k white gold filled—uncut pattern. \$42.50 \$42.50 down and \$1.00 a week

We carry all standard makes of watches—guaranteed to pass the price test. Credit of Cash Price.

Wrist Watch No. 16—14-k white gold. High grade 15-Jewel movement. \$14.50. \$1.45 a week down and \$1.00 a week

Cushion Strap Watch, nickel, 6 Jewels—high grade leather strap. Special \$9.95

Wedding Rings
No. 824—The "Elite" \$750
16-k white gold
Set with 3 Diamonds. \$22.90
6 Diamonds. \$32.50
7 Diamonds. \$42.90
8 Diamonds. \$52.50
9 Diamonds. \$62.90
10 Diamonds. \$72.50
11 Diamonds. \$82.90
12 Diamonds. \$92.50
All set from \$25. With 3 Diamonds. \$60; 5 Diamonds. \$70; 7 Diamonds. \$80; 9 Diamonds. \$90; 11 Diamonds. \$100; 13 Diamonds. \$110

EXIT GRAY HAIR



Notox is unique and utterly unlike so-called hair "restorers" and all present day dyes. It does not "paint over" gray hair.

NOTOX

NoTox gently replaces the exact natural shade in the inner fibres of the hair—leaving the outer surface lustrous and shining as before. NoTox cannot injure the hair, and is guaranteed permanent. It's the most widely used coloring in the world and is absolutely undetectable. Easily, safely, quickly applied at home.

FREE Write for Free Beauty Analysis Chart and sample of NoTox.

GET THE POSITIVE PROOFS BY MAILING THIS COUPON.

Inecto, Inc., 33-35 W. 46th St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: I am attaching a few newly cut strands of my hair, to enable you to send me the right shade of NOTOX. Mail me (in plain wrapper) a free sample of NOTOX and free Beauty Analysis Chart, K-22.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

In Canada—Notox, Ltd., 10 McCull Street, Toronto

Prompt Relief EARAKINE



Relieves earache, Softens the wax. A reliable, harmless product. All druggists, or by mail 50 cents. G. S. Dent & Company, Detroit

DO YOU WANT



An ORIENTAL HOROSCOPE THAT IS A FASCINATING AND MYSTERIOUS GAME. It will tell you your month, days, birth, stone, partnership, love, marriage, etc. ANYBODY can use it instantly. Send birth date and 25 cents to the CRYSTAL BALL CO. 901 Broadway, N.Y.C. Dept. 550

25c

How to make Beautiful Clothes

You can now learn easily and quickly, right in your own home, by a wonderfully simple method, how to plan and make all your clothes and save half on everything.

The Woman's Institute will teach you how to put so much style into every garment that nothing will ever appear "home-made." You will be proud to wear it because you will know it is as smart as anything in the shops.

FREE BOOKLET Mail the coupon today for Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes." It tells what the Woman's Institute has done for 230,000 other women and girls and how it can help you to have prettier clothes and earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 20-P, Scranton, Pa.

Without obligating me in any way, please send me a copy of your free booklet, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Millinery ☐ Cooking

Name..... (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



have been able to stand it here today without you, John Carstairs. Everybody so happy and busy and looking forward to tonight."

"You'd be looking forward to tonight too."

"Yes—to being a wallflower, to sitting alone and looking on, my feet aching to dance, my heart aching with loneliness."

And John smiled the smile that was the worst heartache of all.

"What're you going to do tomorrow when I go?" she asked wistfully.

"Tomorrow? Oh, tomorrow's another day. I—I hope tomorrow to have a date with my girl."

His girl! The day went black for Cherry. His girl! The death of joy, the end of dreams!

She strove to say something, but no words came. She merely sat looking at John.

"I'll tell you all about it tonight," said he, unaware of the havoc he had wrought.

"Yes, do," answered she, in her voice much of the icy quality affected by the ladies at the Imperial. Shortly afterward she excused herself, thought she'd lie down for a while. Immediately John rose.

"And I think I'll go to my linen-room," he said, "to pack."

"To pack!" Cherry cried, then laughed in spite of herself. He had nothing to pack.

As they approached the desk, a tall, good-looking young man stood registering. He was accompanied by another, apparently a valet. Several porters stood obsequiously about, laden with bags. Hoskins' face wore a rapt look; his manner had a touch of grandeur as he handed the young man the pen.

"J. Wellington Crabtree," Cherry thought, and turned to tell John Carstairs. But that gentleman had disappeared. She waited, irresolute. Not a sign of him anywhere.

THE orchestra was beginning to play just as she came down. Suppressed excitement everywhere. Even the Jardines seemed caught by it. Miss Jardine's features were—for them—lit up, and her mother wore a pleasantly preoccupied air. It seemed years since the night Cherry had been introduced to them.

Mrs. Orr, in passing, nodded to Miss Jardine. "Hope you'll have the first dance with him," she said.

A table for two was set conspicuously in the center of the dining-room. Dinner was half over, and yet it remained unoccupied. Soft eyes, and hard, feverish glances and calculating ones, were turned upon it. Then suddenly he came—the young man Cherry had seen registering.

"Yes, looks as if he could have a good time even here among the icebergs," mused Cherry.

"Crabtree's cousin. Secretary of his or something. Always travels with him." A man at a table back of Cherry was speaking.

"Where's Crabtree?" asked another.

"Got here late, I hear, and dining in his room."

Cherry could see nothing of John Carstairs—not that she was expecting to. She did hope he would get something to eat, and wondered how long it took waiters to get through their work and out of their clothes.

One window of the ballroom opened upon the most secluded corner of the piazza. It was here Cherry had promised to wait for John. She herself had suggested it. "I'll see how the clothes fit him," she thought. "I don't want him to be a laughing-stock before these people."

The orchestra was tuning up. Gay voices floated out through the windows; rich perfumes mingled with the natural fragrance of the night. Then the first strains of music. Ecstasy rose in Cherry's heart. She wished John would hurry.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. The

Morley Phone

for the

DEAF

Is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, 10 S. 10th St., Phila.

Step into a Big-Pay HOTEL JOB!

Earn \$2500 To \$10,000 A Year

in America's 4th Largest Industry. Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, are calling for trained men and women. Our system of spare-time home-training qualifies you easily-quickly. Fast experience unnecessary. Training you can teach with near home. Big pay, fascinating work, quick advancement. Write for FREE BOOK "Your Big Opportunity."

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

Room AC-198 Washington, D.C.

Women Simply Can't Resist This Fast-Selling Line

Just show women this exquisite display of dress goods, silks, wash fabrics and you can't keep them from buying. Men and women agents needed to devote full or spare time. C-d commissions. Average \$40 to \$85 a week. 1,000 samples furnished. Write quickly. The National Importing Co., Dept. 9-56, 569-573 Broadway, N.Y.C. 100 Beautiful Samples

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

MANY EARN UP TO \$250 PER MONTH, Expenses Paid

Most interesting work with many opportunities for advancement. Travel or remain near home. We Secure a Position for You starting at \$120 per month, expenses paid after 2 months' spare-time study at home. Afterwards, your money refunded. You take no risk. ACT NOW. Write for Free Booklet No. Div. 10 giving full details. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.



How to Obtain A Perfect Looking Nose

My latest improved Model 28 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trilet, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 2723, Binghamton, N. Y.

MEN DOUBLE YOUR INCOME

Cash Paid Daily

Make \$12 a day from start—part time men \$15 an hour selling famous Pioneer Tailored-to-measure, all-wool suits at \$23.50. Commissions paid in advance. Striking leather brief case containing 100 large swatch samples furnished—other equally remarkable values at \$29.50 and \$34.50. We train the best men in the country. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trilet, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 2723, Binghamton, N. Y.

SELL PIONEER \$23.50 TAILORING FULL OR PART TIME

Make \$12 a day from start—part time men \$15 an hour selling famous Pioneer Tailored-to-measure, all-wool suits at \$23.50. Commissions paid in advance. Striking leather brief case containing 100 large swatch samples furnished—other equally remarkable values at \$29.50 and \$34.50. We train the best men in the country. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trilet, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 2723, Binghamton, N. Y.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Receive a lawyer. Be independent. Earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including four-volume Law Library. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Your own legal career. Get our valuable 100-page "Law Study" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them to The Legal Extension University, Dept. 266-L, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

Your choice of the World's best typewriters—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—full size, late model, completely rebuilt and refinished, brand new. Prices smashed down to half. Act quick. \$2 and it's yours. Free Trial

Just send your name and address and we will mail you our complete FREE CATALOG, fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for free catalog. No obligation whatever. Send time if you act now.

International Typewriter Exchange
280-282 W. Lake Street. Department 257 Chicago, Ill.

And suddenly there he was! Cherry quickly made the mental notation that the waiter, whoever he was, must have been out of the ordinary, for the evening clothes were perfection. And the court-plaster was removed from John's face—the long scratches had faded into tiny lines. She had not thought he could look so handsome. That wretched other girl!

She rose, eager to go in, but John laid a detaining hand on her arm and drew her back into the shadows.

He surveyed her musingly, a peculiar look in his eyes. "Tell me, Cherry," he said finally, "have I acquitted myself well? How do you think I've played the part?"

"The part? What part?"

"Why, the kidnap, of course."

She smiled sadly.

"You've been a dear, John." Her voice choked. "Without you I'd have died."

"Then you'd do it all over again? The kidnaping and nursing and all?"

She nodded and hoped he wouldn't make her talk. He continued:

"Because if you're willing, I want to make it a permanent thing, Cherry—only on a fifty-fifty basis. Will you, dear?"

"What do you mean?"

"I to do the kidnaping and you the nursing—for always," he went on. "Do you think you could care enough?"

There was no hint of mockery now in his eyes, nothing but dead serious earnest. Still Cherry must be sure.

"You mean?"

"I love you. I want you to take care of me always. Say it isn't too big a job. Say you'll do it, dear."

His strong, firm hands reached for hers, but she quickly withdrew her own.

"What about that girl?" she asked stonily.

"Girl? What girl?" he asked, perplexed.

"The girl you were going to see tomorrow."

"O-o-h!" He smiled his winning smile. "Perhaps I was a little premature about that," he said, "but from something you said I'd begun to hope that by tomorrow I'd have a girl. Will I, Cherry?"

"Y-yes," said Cherry. "On-only I don't know your name—or—anything about you—"

"I'll tell you," began John, and tried to draw her head to his shoulder.

"No! No!" Cherry held him back. "I—I don't know who you are—and I,"—her voice swelled tremulously—"and I don't care either."

A dance was ending. Cherry, her heart beating high, stood with John at the long, open window. Dimly she was conscious of seeing Miss Jardine go by on the arm of Twiny.

"The next dance will be ours," John said, "but I'll have to leave you for a few minutes first." He placed a chair for her just beside the window, and with a backward glance was gone.

She waited—waited a little longer. Finally she began to worry. John's few minutes were such long ones. She looked in through the window.

People were crowding around some one—polite-looking, interested groups.

"Crabtree's arrived." It was a voice inside the window, the same young man who had sat at the table opposite her at dinner. He was talking to a girl. "I'll introduce him as soon as we can get near him. Everybody wants to meet him."

CHERRY couldn't help contrasting J. Wellington Crabtree's reception with the one accorded herself—or the one bestowed upon John Carstairs. Poor John, everybody had looked right through him just as they had through herself. Prominently among the crowd fluttered Mrs. Jardine and her daughter, accompanied by the blasé Twiny.



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

HELP WANTED

AGENTS: 90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumers. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Company, 9032 Menmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

Plays, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 31, Chicago.

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS, ETC.

PATENTS—TRADEMARKS—Write for free Guide Books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of invention for inspection & Instructions Free. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans Co., 686-9th, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS—Write for our guide book "How to Get Your Patent" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of invention for inspection & Instructions Free. Reasonable Terms. Randolph & Co., Dept. 38, Wash. D. C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. In business 24 years. Complete facilities. References. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 63 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, SONGS, POEMS, ETC. EARN \$25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE. PRESS SYNDICATE 1634, St. Louis, Mo.

SONGWRITERS SUBSTANTIAL ADVANCE ROYALTY payment essential to publication contract. Expert advice furnished beginners upon receiving poems requiring music and copyrighting for free examination. Send today. Walter Newcomer, 1674 Broadway, N. Y.

Now You Can Own Diamonds 60% of Market Prices

A 3/4 CENTURY HOUSE offers this 3/4 less 1/16 carat, mappy, solitaire just \$69.00. Try to match at \$115.00. A reason you rarely think of, makes possible RADICALLY LOW PRICES, even for FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS. Offers backed by thoroughly responsible guarantee. Examination Free. Send now, use blank below.

Why Pay Full Prices? World's oldest, largest diamond banking institution of 75 years, rated over \$1,000,000.00, must sell the DIAMONDS on WHICH MONEY WAS LOANED BUT NOT REPAYED. Diamonds, too, from BIG CASES EUROPEAN DEALERS. Send NOW, Lists Limited, Free—all details.—Exact descriptions.—Guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examine Diamonds free, at our risk.

Unpaid Loans—Low as \$50 a Ct.—Offers Now Ready. Send for Free List, Use Blank Below.

Name _____

Address _____

For Free List clip this ad, fill in above and mail to: Joe, DeRoy & Sons, Opp. P.O., 2543 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL - MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

THE NEW INKOGRAF SELF FILLER

IMPROVED GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

The Perfect Writing Instrument \$1.50

Writes with ink free and easy as a lead pencil, without a miss, skip or blur. Its steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your hand writing. Won't blot, scratch, leak, or soil hands.

Makes 3 or 4 Copies With Original In Ink. Anyone can write with your Inkograph, no style of writing or pressure can bend, spread, injure or distort for 14-16 gold points.

Actual Size 6 in. long

DEALERS Send for Catalog

The Writing Hemisphere

Patent Automatic 24 kt. gold feed prevents clogging. Made of best grade, highly polished, hard rubber, highest class workmanship. Pocket clip attached makes it an instrument of refinement.

You'll never use a fountain pen once you try an Inkograph. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$1.50 plus postage. Year's guarantee certificate assures absolute satisfaction. Write name and address plainly.

INKOGRAF CO., Inc. 193-11 Centre St., New York

AGENTS Sell Inkographs make bigger profits, more sales, without investment. Quicker commissions, popular prices, no collecting, no competition. Send for an Inkograph or write for special sales plan booklet.



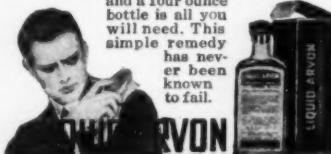
A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets

Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have relieved swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat, stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. **Anklets \$7, extra high \$9, Stockings \$12.** Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne D. R. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



This Home-Mixed Cough Syrup Is Wonderful

For quick relief of any ordinary cough, try Pinex.

Mixed at home with plain sugar syrup, a bottle of Pinex makes a whole pint—a family supply—of pure, wholesome cough syrup, the best that money could buy, for adults or children. No trouble to mix—package tells how. Makes a big difference in your drug bills.

Tastes good—children take it willingly. Nothing better for coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc. Used by millions of people for over 20 years.

Insist on genuine Pinex, 65c. at all druggists. Money promptly refunded if you are not glad you tried it.

The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

For Coughs
PINEX

"She'll drop you, Twiny, for Mr. Crabtree if she gets a chance. She's hoping for the first dance with him," said Cherry to herself and wondered why John didn't come.

Finally the orchestra struck up—even the music had been stilled that introductions might be unhampered. The crowd thinned around the edges and began to disintegrate into couples. Where was John? He had promised she should have every dance.

Just then the groups surrounding the lion fell back and the soft-eyed maidens registered a look of disappointment. Cherry wondered what had happened, and stepped in through the window. She strained for a look at Mr. Crabtree.

And as the groups opened, as the crowd separated to let him pass, she saw him—J. Wellington Crabtree, alias John Crabtree!

Cherry's heart stood still.

Straight toward her he came, out of the crowd that had gathered to meet him. In and out around the dancers, past scores of eyes that lingeringly sought to detain him, he came swiftly over to where she stood by the window and held out his arms.

At the end of the dance, his cousin came up to them.

"I want to be presented," He smiled at Cherry. And later: "Jack tells me you've been Good Samaritan to him, Miss Mercer. It was better than he deserved—running off from us, as usual, without money or clothes. All he did was send a telegram that he'd meet us Saturday—"

"My dear Stoddard," John was drawing, "if you'd ever been kidnaped, you'd realize—" He stopped as an influx of people bore down on them.

"Oh, Mr. Crabtree, to think of your being here all week and not a soul taking the slightest notice of you!"

"You're wrong there," John answered. Cherry didn't hear what else he said, for a voice was sounding in her ears.

"Miss Mercer, it was unkind of you not to tell us," Cherry turned to look into the reproachful face of Mrs. Jardine.

"Yes, indeed, we could have had some nice parties together," simpered Miss Jardine.

Happily Cherry stood by. She marveled at how very much icebergs could melt.

A compelling something drew her gaze to the door. On tiptoe, peering over the heads of the crowd, was Hoskins. His stricken face held all the puzzlement of all the ages. Cherry smiled. Again she heard his astonished "Alone!" addressed to herself. Again she saw his face freeze, his glance grow cold at John's irresponsible facetiousness; once more she heard him announcing that there wasn't a better room for John because everything had been reserved for J. Wellington Crabtree. Poor Hoskins! How funny his face looked now. How John had laughed at her fear of him!

BUT John was speaking. He was smiling at the crowd—his wonderful, ingratiating smile. "He'd get by with anybody, even if he was only a mechanic," thought Cherry quickly.

"And it's really awfully nice of you. I appreciate the honor you do me more than I can say. But I shall not be able to accept any invitations. You see, I'm going to be married—perhaps tomorrow—and—"

Softly, sweetly, tenderly, the cadences of the waltz rose and fell. John's arms reached for Cherry's waist. One by one the lights went out, leaving the room in a rosy twilight glow. The dancers dreamily glided, turned and swayed.

For the last few bars the lights went entirely out and the room was in a dusky gloom.

"Kiss me, Cherry," said J. Wellington Crabtree. And Cherry, loving, honoring—obeyed.

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief.

Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma knew.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Jars & Tubes



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

BUNIONS

FEDOTYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The bony growth vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try FEDOTYNE." Address: **KAY LABORATORIES**, Dept. A-258, 126 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois

Skin Troubles

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. **CLEAR-TONE** tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. **WRITE TODAY.** E. S. GIVENS 417 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Cough-Colds

For the relief of bronchial cough or nasal colds, Vaporized Cresolene has been recommended for nearly 20 years. Drugs are avoided. The patient rests and breathes the air permeated with the antiseptic vapor. Cresolene is widely used for bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma, etc.



Send for a free informational and descriptive booklet—21-C

Sold by druggists.
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg.,
Montreal, Canada

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Millions of people know that, but Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises are again enjoying conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums, which are Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, no batteries, no head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and Inexpensive.

Fill in and mail coupon today—

A. O. Leonard, Inc., Suite 600, 70 5th Ave., N. Y.

Please send me without obligation your FREE Illustrated Booklet about Deafness and Sworn Statement of Inventor.

Name (Print or write name plainly)

Street

City State

THE HOUSE OF THE BLACK-EYED SUSANS

(Continued from page 91)

"I reckon," he said, "Mrs. Plummer has maybe a few days more to live. Moving her would kill her straight away."

There was a terrible silence. The Captain was the first to break it. "Settle it between you," he said. "I've got my ship to see to, and them six Sullivan Island boys. I'll stand by, this night, and sail tomorrow morning, if there is a morning for any of us. I can't say fairer."

"I owe a duty to my future wife," was Blackett's contribution. "I couldn't in reason be expected—" He kept smiling nervously as he spoke. "Needless to say, I'd rather stay than go, but—"

Ireland had taken no part in the talk. He was standing with his hands in his pockets, a sandy, ordinary youngster, apparently unmoved by the tremendous issues of the situation—not even perceiving them, it seemed. "I'm staying," he remarked casually, and dusted a wad of drifting ashes from his trousers.

"I'll leave you a boat," said the Captain. "I can't leave you a crew; they'd only do what Plummer's boys did."

"If it was a question of saving life, no one would be reader—but in this case—a few days only—why, it stands to reason," repeated Blackett. "Three whites and six natives, who might live forty or fifty years each—against a woman who hasn't a week to live anyhow. But of course," he went on hastily, "it's very praiseworthy of you, Ireland—not having any ties, it's—"

"I'm married two years," said Ireland. "If I went home to my wife and told her, she'd spit in my face." Without noticing Blackett further, he went into the house. The Captain caught him back as he crossed the threshold. "Sunup tomorrow," he said. "Can't give you more. Come if you're coming, by then."

"Don't reckon on it," answered Ireland. "Look after your ship."

"Blast the ship! If it wasn't—"

"I know. There's no use waiting, Cap. So long."

They did not look at one another as they parted. Cantrell was blowing his nose furiously, as he went down the path. Blackett followed him, humming, to show his complete detachment from the whole foolish affair. Within the house, Ireland smiled, a trifle grimly, and shook his fingers. Cantrell had gripped his hand so hard that the blood was almost driven out.

"YOU don't mean to say you're stopping?" demanded Suzanne, lifting her dark, Spanish-coiffed head from the pillow.

"Why not?" answered Ireland, the sandy, the unromantic, the skinny—the not at all like any sort of hero. He took a chair, and pulled out his pipe. "Mind smoking?" he asked.

"You've no call to stop!"

Ireland wasn't arguing the point. He pressed the tobacco down into his pipe bowl, and asked her: "Been here long?"

"Year and a half," she said dreamily. "A bit after the field broke out, we came here. I and Plummer. My third, you know."

"Do well out of it?"

"Yes. We had a pretty fair clean-up. It got away to the bank all right. Lucky—would have been melted here." She laughed a somewhat drugged laugh.

Ireland watched her. She seemed sleepy. He got up and walked quietly here and there, arranging a bed in an adjoining room, making himself at home. He was deft in his ways, clearly a handy man about a house.

"You're married," she said suddenly from her couch.

Ireland found some difficulty in answer-

ing her. Clarie, his wife! Clarie, who certainly would not have spat upon him, as he too graphically had declared, no matter whom he had deserted, or why. Clarie, who would watch the steamers coming through Sydney Heads in vain!

"You're a great little guesser," was his delayed reply.

Her next words showed her to be something more.

"I can tell you," she said, "it's a bad thing for a pretty girl to be left a widow young. . . ."

"I was," she added presently. The history of Black-eyed Susan was Australian property.

"You'd better not stay," was her next word.

"Oh, yes, I think I will, Mrs. Plummer."

"You can't stop her playing up."

"No, that's true."

"Well, God bless my soul and body, man," (to paraphrase the stronger expletives of Suzanne), "what do you think you're going to do?"

"Going to stick to you, Mrs. Plummer," said Ireland, with a long draw at the finally lighted pipe.

Being Australians both, they uttered no more of all that was in their minds. But both understood.

The old black woman, Mahina, dropped her fan, laid her head down, and in spite of the sinister vibrations that kept her thin body shaking on the floor, slept, with a sigh of almost pitiful relief.

"Well," said Suzanne later, "I can't stop you, so I'll take it. And God knows, it's no way to die, without a soul near you only a nigger. But—you ought to go back to her."

On that, she relaxed, and like Mahina, sank to sleep.

IRELAND had no thought of sleeping. Even if the heart-shaking shots from the cone would have allowed it. The air was heavy with sulphur; the trembling of earth below seemed on the increase. Once, a horrible bellow came from above, so loud as to strike Suzanne from her heavy, drugged slumber. She lifted her head. The night was come; Ireland had lit a lamp, but its faint shine was scarcely noticeable in the red glare that stole through the opened shutters.

"Black-eyed Susan, they always called me," she said.

He saw that she was wandering a little, and humored her. "Yes," he said encouragingly.

"But my name was Suzanne, always. It was my mother's name. She was French."

"My wife's grandmother was Suzanne, too. I suppose there are plenty," he answered her, for the want of something to say.

She lay and looked at him for a moment under those deep eyelids of hers—the eyelids of a passionate woman.

"What was her mother's name?" she asked.

Ireland flushed, and moved uneasily. "I—I don't know," he answered reluctantly.

"She was an adopted child—adopted by an old lady in Brisbane, Mrs. Clara Waters."

"An old devil," said Suzanne, suddenly and surprisingly.

"Delirious," thought Ireland. "Yes, yes," he agreed.

"How old is she? Twenty?"

"Nineteen. Shall I get you a drink of water?"

"Not yet," said Suzanne. "I want to think." She covered her eyes with her hands, and lay still.

An hour passed. Ireland was awakened



Clear Up Bloodshot Eyes this Safe Way

When your eyes become bloodshot from over-use, lack of sleep or exposure to sun, wind, dust or tobacco smoke, apply a few drops of harmless MURINE. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as fine as they look.

Millions of men and women now use this long-trusted lotion each night and morning to keep their eyes *always* clean, clear and bright. It is delightfully cooling and refreshing when eyes feel hot and tired. Use MURINE regularly throughout the winter to relieve eye-strain caused by the glare of the sun on snow. MURINE contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Free

Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 29, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for free book on how to add new beauty to your eyes.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



\$100 a week
Selling Shirts

Fred Frankel, Ill., writes: "I earned \$100 first week selling Carlton Shirts direct to consumer." You can, too. No capital or experience required. We pay 25 per cent. cash commission daily and big extra bonuses.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES
CARLTON MILLS, INC.
114 FIFTH Ave., Dept. 72-M, New York



Beauty
Of Hair and Skin
Preserved By
Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal

I Want 700 Agents at \$90 a Week

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make \$2.00 to \$5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to \$15 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our New Plans. Simply introduce and take orders for famous World's Star Knitwear, Underwear and Rayon Linenette sold direct from Mill to Home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders. No investment needed. Complete selling equipment furnished free. No C.O.D. deposit. Write Quick!

It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Exclusive territory. Extra Service Awards. Cash Bonus. Promotion. No experience needed. Write today for all particulars. **WORLD'S STAR KNITTING COMPANY**
Established 30 Years. 627 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

Earn \$100 a Week Profits in Advance

I pay men \$100.00 a week and up by my plan which I want to send you at once. Be your own boss, work where and when you like. You can do fine even without previous experience. **Biggest values—positively sell on sight.**

Profits in Advance

ALL PURE WOOL
\$31.50
ALL ONE PRICE

My plan pays biggest commissions in advance, and liberal extra bonus to active salesmen. We deliver and collect.

Sell Fine TAILORING

Astonishing values get orders easy when you show samples of our tailored to order, all wool, suits and overcoats—one price \$31.50. Our advertising helps you take orders quick.



FREE!

This big, fine sample outfit furnished free, contains 100 big all wool samples, all one price, \$31.50, fine colored fashions, stationery, supplies, tape, etc. All in classy, fine carrying case. Also complete sales manual. We place you in the Big Money Class.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., CHICAGO

Dept. B-529, 161 W. Harrison Street
Without obligating me in any way, please send me complete information regarding your new plan to earn \$100 weekly.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



SHORT-STORY WRITING

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Rex Keeney, Editor of The Writer's Monthly.

150 page catalog free. Please address:
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Keeney

Dept. 52

Erase Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, and Wrinkles



All Facial Blemishes Removed with ELASO or it costs you nothing.

One because they are off.

ELASO is a new, harmless, and efficient lotion that quickly takes off tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, etc., etc.,—all in the privacy of your home. No matter what you have used before, try ELASO at our expense.

Our free booklet "A Heavily Secret of Stage and Screen" tells the whole story. Send for it now.

Address—Jean Adair's Beauty Centre P. O. Box 1263, Hollywood, California



Gray Hair

IF hair is getting gray—stop it now. The best way is Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Sold more than any other—over 10,000,000 bottles sold (at all drug stores) because of merit. No risk. Test it on one lock of hair, free. I even pay postage. No matter what you use, test Mary T. Goldman's—it's amazing—you will see. Mail coupon.

Test Free-----

Mary T. Goldman, 1317B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn (dark red)...light brown...light auburn (light red)...blonde...

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Please print your name and address-----

from an uneasy doze into which he had fallen, by a sudden, brassy clang. The heavy clock had fallen, apparently of its own volition, from a stand, and lay broken on the floor. Suzanne's glass jug, at the same moment, slid from the table into her lap. Something broke loudly in the kitchen; and Ireland, rising to his feet, became conscious that the room was not steady. He staggered, and caught at the dining-table. It slid to meet him, pinning him against the wall.

He looked at the suspended lamp; it was swinging like a pendulum, and the glass prisms on it jangled fiercely.

"Earthquake," he thought, and fought with a fierce, instinctive desire to rush out of the house—anywhere, away from those threatening walls.

The lamp swung slowly now; its prisms were ceasing to ring upon each other. In the mind of Ireland some wild impulse, too, was slowing down, some jangling thought was silenced. Perhaps the earthquake had shaken his soul, as it shook the little house. If so, the shock was past. In his mind two words were sounding now, slowly, like church-bells, two words, over and over:

"Clarie, good-by!"

SUZANNE was staring at him with wide eyes. He thought he had never seen eyes so large and dark, unless in his own baby—oddly, it had missed its mother's russet hair and blue eyes, and his own pervading sandiness; it was a dusky, pretty thing, with the tiniest hands and feet. He'd never see those feet learn to run across the floor, now. . . . Stop! Don't think!

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked the woman.

"Yes," said Suzanne. "Give me my bottle of drops."

"What for?"

"They quiet you," she said, watching him closely.

Ireland had not spent that year in the medical schools for nothing.

"I'll measure it," he told her, picking up the bottle, and tilting it over a glass. It was a preparation of opium and other drugs, scarce strong enough to be dangerous, but he did not intend to run any chances.

He took the glass from Suzanne; she had scarcely touched it, but he saw her close her eyes and lie still, the little hands, with their freight of rings, resting quietly on the lace of her gown. Then he went over to the bookcase and began looking for something to read. Reading might be absurd under the circumstances, but anything was allowable that kept one from thought.

There were a few popular novels; he had read them all. There were some technical handbooks, mostly about gold-mining; he didn't want to read those. What else? Scott's last voyage of discovery. He knew it, but it would serve.

Under the lamp, that had not yet quite settled down from its violent swinging, he sat, and leafed over the pages. He had always admired Scott and grumbled, bitterly, Amundsen's snatched victory. He read and read on. It was good stuff. Better than Suzanne's drops of forgetfulness. . . . By the way, what had she been up to?

He lifted his eyes from the book, and saw her watching him.

"Are you in pain?" he asked.

She shook her head. "That's fine," she offered surprisingly. He had not thought her to be of the reading kind.

"It is—very fine. Are you fond of that sort of thing?" he asked, his finger at the death of Oates.

"Who, me?" she asked. "I'm not much of a one for reading, never was. But I read that. My second husband, he was with Scott on one of his trips; that was his book; he's mentioned in it. I used to

read it, and pick out the places. I thought a lot of my second, for a while. I never was one to stick to anyone overlong."

There was silence again for a while—silence broken only by the growing rumble and rumor of the mountain overhead.

"It's gettin' louder," she said. Ireland knew that, had known it for some time. "I wish," she said, "I wish it would have let one go quiet. I was going quiet. I'd have had another week or two—just the trees and the flowers outside, and the bit of sky, and the sea sounding pleasant down below; and Mahina there to do for me, and lay me out decently. I didn't think, times when I was down in Sydney and on the Tanami and when these other fields broke out—I didn't think I'd have that quiet end. Things were bad sometimes; men cruel, the best of them; and there was trouble, and divorcing; and I've broke my heart, as often as they broke theirs. And you can lose your looks, and die poor, or you can have an accident. . . . I was always afraid of—things—things happening to me. But none of them did."

"Didn't somebody once say, 'I've had lots of trouble, in my life, but most of it never happened?' " asked Ireland, idly making conversation.

She took no notice. "I'd have liked to go quiet," she said heavily, and flung her arms about. The unkind forties had treated Black-eyed Susan not so unkindly; her wrists, where the lace fell away, were white, round, like the wrists of a girl. There was vitality in her yet, life, burning strong, not readily to be extinguished.

"You may very well have your wish," said Ireland; "you're taking too black a view. There's no use minding matters; you can't get well, but you may last a week or two, and for all you or I can say, the volcano up there may hold off for longer than that. I hope it does."

It was plain speech, but here, on the hip of the burning mountain, alone with Suzanne, the sleeping native, and Death, smooth sayings seemed to have no place.

"Don't I know that?" she answered him sharply, almost fiercely. "Don't I know I could hold on—I could have the sun, the smells and looks of things, maybe a bit longer." She fell silent. Ireland looked at her, somewhat puzzled.

She had been lying with her head turned toward the shadows. Presently she moved a little; he could see her eyes. There was an indefinable change in them; since she last looked at him, something had gone out of Black-eyed Susan or was it that something had come to her?

"I'll put it straight," she said. "Are you going, or staying?"

"Staying. We arranged that already, and you agreed."

"You want to go and leave me?"

"You know I won't," he answered, uncertain as to her meaning but sure of his own.

"I told you," she warned him, "that it's a bad world for young widows."

He winced at that, but answered patiently: "She has her child, if anything happens to me."

"I had mine—until the lawyers took her, and gave her to an old devil to bring up away from her mother. Well, don't you mind me; have your sleep."

"I can't sleep."

"I can; I'm going to. You go on reading, read me wherever you are; it'll help me to go off."

HE took the book again, and read of the death of Oates, the "very gallant gentleman;" of how he went forth, silent, into the snow, and laid down his life to save those who could not be saved; of how Scott and his other gallant gentlemen died also; of the records found long after. . . .

It was getting very late. Ireland laid down the book. Was she asleep? She had been moving restlessly for some time, dragging at her red chain as if it oppressed her—the mascot that she had carried through so many stormy years, that had surely brought her, in the end, no great luck. For some time, however, she had been quiet. He looked at her. She was certainly asleep, now.

He yawned; an immense fatigue had seized him. Above, Compass grumbled unavailingly; the fire-pot underfoot boiled unheeded, as he dropped on the sofa, and sank to sleep.

HE woke to a raw glare of daylight, and Mahina wailing like a wolf beside him. "O-hoo, o-hoo!" she cried, beating her head upon the mats. "Why Mahina sleep? Why Mahina not look out? She die, she die!"

"Lord God!" said Ireland to himself. He was on his feet in an instant. Suzanne was not lying as he had left her; her body was twisted oddly, and her face set in a mask of agony. Her eyes told him that Mahina had spoken the truth.

"What's happened?" he asked, dazed by the sudden shock.

Mahina, still crying, thrust her fingers between Suzanne's rouged lips, and pulled forth the end of a broken necklace. From the corners of the mouth, like drops of blood, there fell two Black-eyed Susan seeds.

"He poison," she sobbed. "He very bad

poison. Everyone know that but the white man; all the white man fool. Yesterday I think she want to drink too much medicine; I take him away. Den she want to take this, I think, so I try to steal him, but she not letting me. Ohoo! Ohoo!"

What was left of the "mascot" that Suzanne had carried through her stormy days, that had enabled her to keep constantly, at her fingers' ends, the keys of life and death, dropped rattling on the floor.

About it, before she went where the gallant gentleman Oates had gone, she had twisted a scrap of paper. Ireland unfolded the scrap and read:

"She's my daughter. Go back and take better care of her than they ever took of me." . . .

Ireland and Clarie his wife are "station people" now, than which there is no prouder position in Australia. Mahina they have made a princess among her own island folk. For the will of Suzanne, found among the papers that Ireland hurriedly collected and carried away, left to her stranger daughter all she owned, and that included Plummer's "shammy" of gold, besides his properties of various sorts scattered over half the Sullivan Islands.

In North Queensland the grass that carries the beautiful deadly seeds of the Black-eyed Susan is common; but not a leaf is ever seen about the Irelands' homestead. The master has it constantly rooted out; he says it is dangerous.

On Compass Island, the house that was Susan's home and grave is sealed with lava.

THE TERROR OF THE ROAD

(Continued from page 81)

That crowd like river suck my wife right into train, an' door he close! I push an' punch—I pretty mad! Get close to door, an' through the glass I see my little old woman's face, so white as death! Then she is gone!

I pretty scared. What will she do? She speak no English; she get crazy! How I find her? I don't know. I look for guard, big busy man who stand an' push more crowds of people into trains. I grab his arm an' pull him down an' shout in ear about my wife. He say that I must ask police. But where police? I grab my bags an' pull an' fight away from crowd. I find some stairs that say, "To Street." An' I run up. My God, how cold! Fine air for me, like Ioway! My head get clear. I look an' look till see police man—nice one, young one. When he see how scared I am, he hold my hand, make whole street wait till he can hear my trouble. Then he say to me to go in station an' find woman who helps all lost people there. I take my bags an' run like hell. I go an' go, an' ask an' ask, until I find her. She take me in little room an' hear my story. She kind woman. She say:

"We will find your wife, but we can't do it right away. You must be quiet. Now sit down." She make me tell about my wife—how small she is, an' how she look, what clothes she wear. An' then she telephone police. "An', now," she say, "police will watch at every station for your wife. They find her sure. So you must wait." I wait an' wait in that small room, an' try to think where is my wife. I can do nothing, nothing! Damn! In Ioway it not so bad. Storm come in winter—plenty snow—wind blow like hell—all night I work to save our cattle. Not so bad. Here I can do nothing, nothing! I get crazy. I can't stay. She say: "Now you shall come with me to our main office. There we hear when she is found."

We go. She ask me have some supper. I can't eat. We come to office. I bring out my money-bag an' wish send money to po-

lice. She smile at me an' say, no good. I wait an' wait, hear telephone, jump up, but it is not my wife. Some lost peoples come in room—first, two children, girl an' boy—then one old woman—not my wife. I ask an' beg them telephone. They do so; they try many things. I go an' look out doors. Damn! cold! Maybe she be freezing now! I come back an' try be quiet. Night get—later—later. Then I jump up quick again, for I hear telephone once more.

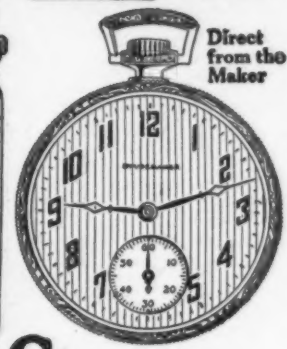
They think they find her now, they say, but my old woman is so cold they take her to hospital. So I go. I come into that hospital, very big—they take me up to big long room with many beds. They point to one. I see my wife, an' now I am so glad I run. I think how happy she will be. I come to bed. She lie quite still, my little old woman. Only eyes, they very wild—keep moving. They move now to me—but don't be happy—only crazy! She don't know me! I sit down. I cry like baby—wait an' wait. A doctor come an' say to me my wife wont die, be better soon. Yes, but maybe she be crazy! Pretty soon she shut her eyes. That doctor take me for some supper. I come back an' sit by bed. My little old woman is asleep, an' maybe I am sleeping, too.

BUT then I awake again, quite quickly. Some one grab my arm. My wife is lying crazy there an' talking now about that night. She think she is in subway still. I listen an' I make some pictures, how she go. I know my wife, just how she is—she don't holler when she scared; she keep quiet like one mouse. An' so in subway no one see her. Soon train stop an' crowd come pushing, push her out into some station. She is pushed an' pushed along, an' now so scared she is most crazy. She is running—she is looking for some train to take her back. She speak no English; she can't ask—so she is pushed in other train, an' noise like devils comes again. She can't hear nothing but that noise; it fill her head an' make her wild. An' now she don't know where she go! She like

21 Jewel ~ Extra thin STUDEBAKER The Insured Watch



New Model Extra Thin



Direct from the Maker

SENT FOR \$1.00 DOWN!

Only \$1.00! The balance in easy monthly payments. You get the famous Studebaker 21 Jewel Watch—insured for a lifetime; a choice of 60 new Art Beauty Cases; 8 adjustments, including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions—direct from the maker at lowest prices ever named on equal quality. Write today for FREE BOOK of Advance Watch Styles.

Watch Chain FREE!

For a limited time we are offering a beautiful Watch Chain FREE. Write now while offer lasts.

Mail Coupon for FREE Book

Send at once and get a copy of this book—FREE! See the newest, beautiful, advance styles in Studebaker Art Beauty Cases and Dials. Read how you can buy a 21 Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money—and pay for it on easy monthly payments.

Write! for our free book. It will post you on watch styles and watch values. Send coupon at once. Get Free Chain offer today while it lasts.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. H-704 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. H-704 South Bend, Indiana

Please send me your Free Book of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your \$1.00 down offer.

Name

Address

City

PREPARE FOR AN ART CAREER

—thru the only school operated as a department of a large art organization. Commercial Artists trained the "Meyer Both Way" earn as high as \$10,000 per year. We today have hundreds of students who had previously studied in other art schools. Why? Because your instruction is based upon our everyday experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. (Dept. 10) Chicago, Ill.



Is your hair always in place, well-kept?

You can subdue unruly hair

This modern hair dressing has pleased more people than any other

Once you combed your hair every morning only to have it get hopelessly out of place an hour or so later. But today! . . .

A mere touch of Stacomb and the most unruly hair lies down, looks just the way you want it to, all day long.

No wonder more people rely on Stacomb than on any other hair dressing!

Your hair never looks sticky with Stacomb. Nor dry and "dead," as wetting with water makes it. Stacomb keeps it in condition—alive. Helps counteract dandruff.

Stacomb now comes not only in cream form—in jars and tubes—but in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

FREE
OFFER

Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. P-38, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Agents: \$2 an Hour

I want men and women to act as agents for Zanol Pure Food Products. Toilet Preparations, Flavors, Soaps, Perfumes. Over 350 fast sellers. Orders in every home. Dignified, pleasant work. No experience or capital required.

\$40 in 24 Hours

That's Collander's record. Myron made \$13 his first afternoon. Pearl made \$750 in one month. I will take all of your time only spare time if you prefer. Your profits will start immediately. Write now for details of this wonderful proposition.

Albert Mills 7120 American
Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.



GROW TALLER

Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy and look up to the big fellows. No need to have the disadvantages of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today!

L. GLOVER,
Room 80, 79 Bulkley Ave.,
Sausalito, Calif.
Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

old hen who run around—she can't get out—that noise wont stop! She scared she go so deep in ground she never will come up again! I guess she go in subways all around under New York. An' never holler—always quiet. She is getting sick an' cold.

Now she is in nice, warm bed, but she is shaking still with cold, an' she talk crazy, an' I know she think she down in subway still. How we wake her up again? She may be crazy all her life, in subways running round an' round! How we fix her so she know? In morning doctor come again, an' he tell me my little old woman must lie still for many days. So I must wait. But I can't wait. This boat, he going pretty soon. What shall I do? While I try think, to hospital comes that smart woman who is helping all lost people—an' she help us once again. She go see doctor on this boat an' find nice little hospital here. She ask him, will he take my wife? Old woman only scared, she says, an' in few days all right again. So doctor come an' look at her, an' say: "Yes, bring her to the boat."

So she is here. Much better now (her husband ended quietly).

AS though ashamed of the feeling he'd shown, with slow deliberation he struck a match and lit his pipe. "In hospital the doctor here give medicine to make her quiet, an' last night in good, long sleep her mind come out of subway now. She wake up in nice warm bed an' see me, an' she grab my arm an' ask me tell her what has happen. But I don't tell her very much. An' here on boat she have good rest. She pretty scared of traveling still, but soon she know she will be home."

We went into the ship's hospital then, and in that small quiet place we found his little old woman. She was lying very still; and though the marks of that great fear, with which she had been so stricken, were still to be seen on her brown wrinkled face, most of the terror was gone from her eyes. Only, as the little man came to the bed and took her hand, and spoke to her in their mother tongue, a gleam of reminiscence came—a flash and a quiver. Then it was gone, and she asked him something.

"You see?" he said, looking up with a smile. "She ask how soon she will be home."

THE MORAL REVOLT

(Continued from page 45)

passed, the American people became obsessed with the thought and subject of drink, became grossly incontinent with respect to drink, and could for a long time think and talk of nothing else—with the sole difference that they talked of and sought drink openly, whereas they seek an outlet to sex obsessions secretly and in fear. It is the same reason that causes hundreds of Americans, when they land in Europe, where they can have all the drink they want, to make swine of themselves, in an orgy of release which satisfies something within them that many believe should never have been denied in the first place by anything save their own individual sense of decency, moderation and restraint, voluntarily functioning.

Such prohibitions and restraints work best when they come from within, as the fruit of education and culture. When imposed from without, whether in drink or sex, the ratio of safety to repression is about what you get when you plug the spout of a boiling tea-kettle, or hang a block of New England granite on the safety valve of a functioning steam-engine. This is not to say that steam should not be controlled, or that it should be allowed to go aimlessly to waste. It should be controlled, and used, and made serviceable and safe. But we fail to make it so.

AN attitude toward Prohibition is based on whether one believes human beings can be educated to decency and to voluntary restraint in the indulgence of an appetite, or that they must be restrained by force and law. An attitude toward the traditional sex taboos is based on precisely the same choice.

Many good people honestly believe that we are adopting the wrong way to make ourselves temperate and decent. Drinking is not intrinsically a sin, but with a stupid want of discrimination and judgment, we have pronounced it so, and in our minds have made it so—and a terrible social corruption has resulted, they think, far worse than what we had before.

By the same token sex is not a sin; the desire of a man for a woman, and of a woman for a man, is not a sin; but we have hedged the thing about with restrictions based primarily on the notion that women are property. We give the notion a liberal coating of alleged religion; and we call it "sex morality." And we have kept this up so long that we have largely lost

our ability to think in terms of a genuine sex morality. In fact, we would call a genuine sex morality "immorality" if anyone had the fortitude to practice it openly today.

The most monstrous feature of this tragedy is that the groping, bewildered, seething mass of people who are trying in their own way to come at a moral substitute for this false morality are unable to think their way through. The best that most of them are able to do in breaking away from the old system is to achieve a spurious morality themselves, just as Americans abroad, by rushing to the "American bar" in Paris or London, only to make beasts of themselves, achieve a spurious "freedom."

SOME persons credit me with advocating some such thing as that in sex. Nothing could be further from my thought. I simply record the facts. In sex conduct we are today going through the spurious freedom phase; in the first childish exhilaration of revolt, we are grossly misbehaving. But I think we shall some day achieve something in sex very far removed from all this—something governed by authentic tastes, and free but educated preferences—a genuine culture, in short. Neither in our past superstitious restraint, nor in our present ill-considered license, have we ever had such a thing; but of the two conditions, the first seems to me to have been the more deadly, the more hopeless, the more morally vitiating of the two. The inability of our "moral" fanatics to do any straight thinking about this matter amply indicates how people atrophy in a country that takes full charge of the personal morals of its citizens.

I related a certain recent case to a minister of my acquaintance. "It is perfectly obvious," said the reverend gentleman, "what the remedy is. Our young people should be chaperoned!" That was all he could contribute. The notion that the presence of a chaperon would not have changed the mental and moral condition of those children did not seem to occur to him.

His prescription was worthless. He overlooked the deeper fact that the children of whom I spoke were obsessed with sex, and that that obsession was patently the fruit of the conditions in which they had always lived. They must satisfy the starved something, the warped and crippled something, the twisted something, that had taken possession of them. For this they were not re-

Success is sure with Kunderd Gladioli



Those who purchase Kunderd Gladioli are sure of getting the newest varieties, the largest blooms and the most exquisite colors. Write for the new Kunderd catalog now and place your order early. The book contains full cultural instructions and interesting garden lore. Illustrated in colors. Mailed post-paid on request. Address

A. E. KUNDERD
354 Lincoln Way West
Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

The originator of the Ruffled and the Lacinated Gladioli

Kunderd Gladioli
Stand Supreme

LEARN RADIO AT HOME

Opportunity abounds in radio. Learn at home. World's oldest radio school. Write for booklet.

RADIO INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
328 1/2 Broadway New York City



**RELIEF FOR COUGHS
HOARSENESS,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA**

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

As a Mouth Wash

SAFEGUARD your health by keeping mouth and throat clean! This is just as necessary as bathing the skin. Use solutions of this agreeable and beneficial hygienic powder MU-COL. It dissolves rapidly in warm water. Make as needed any strength desired. Wash mouth and gargle throat thoroughly mornings, nights and after meals.



Use MU-COL
Non-poisonous hygienic powder.
ECONOMICAL—SAFE
At Drugists, 35c, 60c, \$1.20 or
The MU-COL Company
162 East Tupper, Buffalo, N. Y.
Send for Free Sample

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE

**For More Than
50 Years the Same**

Quality—Formula—Virtue
Never Has Been Changed

Be fair with yourself. **KNOW** the facts and face them fairly. Write for Free booklet, "How to Have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp."

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. G-66 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Play JAZZ
3 LESSONS FREE
on a **BUESCHER** Saxophone

ALWAYS A HIT
Be the King of Jazz—
Have all the fun. Make
everyone like you—and
your Buescher.

EASY TO PLAY
Can you whistle a tune?
Then you can learn to
play a Buescher. Learn
at home. Teach your-
self. Quickly, Quietly.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
1877 Buescher Block

3 LESSONS GIVEN
on request with each new
Buescher Sax. They
start you. One hour each
evening—only a few
weeks.

EASY TO PLAY
Six days' trial at home.
Easy terms. Send postal
Today for beautiful free
book. Mention favorite
instrument. Send Today.



sponsible. Whatever it was, society created it.

How society has created it I have told with some detail in "The Revolt of Modern Youth." I here content myself with suggesting this thought: We have a social order which, in deferring marriage till the twenties or later, takes no count of the fact that sexual maturity arrives in the teens. It can be sublimated under a proper system of education, in athletics, in music, in dancing, in study and intellectual growth, and it need not seek a specifically sexual outlet. Our educational system should proceed as much on this idea as possible. I know the principal of an excellent coeducational private school, a boarding school, who never has any trouble with the sex problem among his students. He turns the trick, not by making rules to be broken, but simply by running the school under a system of student self-government, and by so allotting the work of the school that every individual student is kept normally busy and occupied in healthful pursuits every hour of the day.

We have, however, to remember that in spite of such safeguards and such sublimation of the developing sex life of the young, the tendency to seek a sex outlet is often very marked, and neither in our educational system nor in our moral code do we intelligently cope with this fact. We fall back on easy and established social prohibitions of the sort many of the younger generation defy so frankly.

I have been receiving a good many letters of late asking me how I reconcile some of the views I am expressing in these articles with the Bible. I have one short and conclusive answer to that question. I don't reconcile them with the Bible. Moreover I don't see why I should. Those of my views which are in accord with Holy Writ speak for themselves. Those which are not have to be classed with evolution, the roundness of the earth, and other matters which were not factors in the speculative thought of the ancient Jews. To say that modern sociology must deal with modern facts is in no sense to flout or discount the Bible. It is, rather, to interpret that Book in the corrective light of changing conditions.

One reviewer pronounces me a dangerous cross between a bolshevist and a follower of Nietzsche—who, this chaste and indignant lady points out, "denied the existence of lasting moral principle, or right, in the conduct of life."

Well, I don't agree with that. To me here is a vast distinction between human custom and the moral law. The moral law is the important thing. Human custom is valid only so long as it conforms to this higher principle. That is why I so often find that there is small room for human customs that interfere with moral law. A custom must produce in terms that are practicable and measurably good, or I am done with it, and so, in the end, is everybody else.

MY creed is a simple one. I think it is up to the human race to behave in a way that will intelligently make for the happiness and welfare of the greatest number of persons; that we are to use our common sense as individuals, in judging what conduct, in any specific situation, will do that. I think the best morality is based on happy, expansive and generous living which reckons duly on the happiness of others, and takes pleasure in that happiness. I think such a way of living needs to be rational and not custom-bound or superstitious; and that it must be based on honest, courageous, independent thought rather than on second-hand maxims and prohibitions accepted uncritically because they are old or are alleged to be "in accord with the experience of the race." Some are, and some are not.

AMAZING DEVICE



Stops Foot Pains in 10 minutes

Burning, aching feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains, flattening and spreading of the feet, sagging arches—all can now be quickly ended.

SLIP a new and amazing band on the most painful feet. Within 10 minutes every trace of pain has vanished. This band acts to strengthen and support the vital muscles whose weakened condition causes 94% of all foot troubles, medical authorities say. Wear stylish shoes again, walk and dance without a twinge. No stiff props to further weaken the foot. This is a strong, superelastic yet amazingly thin, light band. It's called the Jung Arch Brace and acts through correct tension and scientific design to strengthen muscles naturally. Soon you do without it—feet are well.

Test it 10 days. If not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to drugist, shoe store or chiropractist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. Send for free book on foot and leg troubles.

JUNG'S
The Original
ARCH BRACES

—FREE if it fails—

Jung Arch Brace Co.,
322 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send 1 pair ☐ Wonder Style, \$1 and postage,
☐ Miracle Style (extra wide for severe cases), \$1.50 and postage. ☐ Send free book.

Shoe size..... Last.....

Name.....

Address.....

P. O..... State.....

Canada: Kirkham & Roberts, Pacific Bldg., Toronto.
Canadian prices: Wonder, \$1.50; Miracle, \$1.75.

FIVE TUBE RADIO



\$25.00

**AGENTS
WANTED
BIG
COMMISSION**

Demonstrating agent wanted; every county. Exclusive to right man. Sell what public wants—five tube, long distance, loud speaker radio with single dial control. Price within reach of all. \$25.00 retail; liberal discount to agents. Sell in spare time—evenings. No selling or radio experience necessary. Territory going fast. 100 page Radio Book FREE. Write today—don't delay. F. Z. FISCHER, 122 W. Austin Ave., Chicago

Test Your Art Ability FREE

If you like to draw, test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing, and how much training you will need. You will be frankly told what your score is. Many Federal students are making \$3,500, \$4,000, \$5,000 and \$6,000 yearly. The Federal Course is recognized everywhere by art employers and buyers of commercial art. Learn at home in spare time, without previous training. Personal, individual criticisms on your work. Get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
700, Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.





Silky, Lustrous Beauty for your hair —with Lemon Rinse

IT isn't a hard effect to get. It's just the simple, effective use of lemon juice in rinse water—the beauty of an absolute cleanliness that plain water can't give.

Try it next time you shampoo. After you have washed your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—rinse it well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water—about four quarts—and rinse with this, following it with rinse in plain water.

Note the lustrous, silky lights. Feel its softness, its delightful cleanliness.

That's because your hair is really clean. The lemon juice does what plain water can never do. Its mild, harmless fruit-acid dissolves the sticky curd formed by the soap and cleanses each separate hair. All its natural beauty and gloss becomes apparent, and it has a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Purchase a dozen California lemons and try the lemon rinse next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 128, Box 550, Sta. "C"
Los Angeles, California

Please send me free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring the nails, and in beautifying the hair.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

A moral man is concerned, not with an abstract and arbitrary "moral law" that cares nothing for consequences and is therefore not moral, but rather with a concrete moral law which is measured by the results of his actions. If a conventionally moral act produces unhappiness he will consider whether it be truly moral and good or not; and he will be concerned not merely with the immediate consequences of such an act, but with its ultimate consequences. An act which brings immediate pleasure but may bring ultimate misery, is bad; while one which brings immediate pain but final pleasure is usually good.

THE moral man will use his best judgment to determine such probable consequences. What is harmful is sinful; what is harmless is right or at least permissible, and what works in the long run for good, and for a greater intensity of life—that is virtue. The only reasonable standard of value in conduct is the consequences for us and for others that lie implicit in our acts and in our thoughts. Whatever works evil is evil. Whatever produces good is good. And God requires of us, I believe, both thoughts of good will and acts of good results—as good, at least, as we can compass. Cut-to-pattern convention, you see, has small chance in company with such principles as these.

A truly moral man will place the emphasis in conduct on something other than the usual "thou shalt not." He will regard cruelty and unkindness and jealousy and malice and other similar forms of conduct and thought which are socially permissible as abominations in the sight of God, and will be inclined to be lenient with persons who sin because they love. It is not clear that some of the things we forbid are injurious or wrong. It is very clear, on the other hand, that many of the things we permit and applaud as right and good are really injurious and wrong to the last and lowest degree in the Seventh Circle of Hell. Our laws of social conduct are too often not concerned with right and wrong; and this is especially true with respect to sex. Marital jealousy, one of our pet social virtues, is an example of what I mean.

What many other persons would call the "moral law" I regard as not moral at all. In fact I think it often cruel, unjust, savage and ignoble. Take, for instance, the value we place on chastity in women. This is part of our "moral" law. It masquerades under all sorts of esthetic names. It is identified by poets with the "purity" of the lily. It implies that sex relations sully that purity. And then by a special magic it excepts married women from the general rule. They have had sex relations, but they are chaste and pure—even in a loveless marriage—all by virtue of a bit of magic called a wedding ceremony. On the other hand, some sinning sister, unmarried, who has committed the same act, in an ecstasy of love, is impure, polluted, tainted and what not. What all this means is simply that women are property, and that society scorns any woman who gives of the ultimate of her love irregularly, by branding her with a mark of shame and making her taboo. The "moral law!" Where under heaven is there a name to fit this thing?

What the ancient Jews really meant by the seventh commandment was: "Thou shalt not steal." And they referred to a particular kind of property—women. Why not say so, and admit that possessive jealousy and property rights are back of our traditional attitude in this matter?

When I say this I am by no means making myself an advocate of adultery. I am merely saying that our conception of what should be the relations of the sexes, particularly in marriage, will have to be revised and put upon a genuinely ethical basis

before we can have a right to call the thing moral. As it stands, I think our code of sex morality is Immorality with a big "I." It is a lie more immoral than all the infidelity ever committed, because it does more harm than all the infidelity ever committed.

When we call a woman "virtuous," do we mean that she is really virtuous? Not at all. We mean that she is presumably "chaste," by virtue of a marriage ceremony. We call her virtuous though she may be a liar, a gossip, a virago and a terror at home, without a virtue of mind or heart to commend her. I know many such. They are not to be compared in virtue with some wantons, and still less with hundreds of girls and women I know who are sweet and dear and good, though they have loved outside of wedlock.

I have a letter from one reader saying: "If you had denounced these evils you tell of, and even quoted now and then from the Bible to show how wrong it all was, it would have been all right."

Don't I know it? Why, if I should denounce and bewail through all the pages of this magazine and demand in despairing tones what the world is coming to, and mention "our modern Sodom and Gomorrah" often enough, the things I have related from some of my cases wouldn't raise a ripple of denunciation from the godly. They would eat it up and call for more.

This is a trick resorted to regularly by some of the clergy in this country. They announce sermons on lurid topics, in which sex will figure largely; and they give their conventional congregations a bigger kick than they could get out of the hottest plays on the New York stage. Sometimes they try the "men only" and "women only" hokum, and pack the sanctuary. They do this right in church and get away with it. How? Simply by denouncing hard enough and long enough. This saves the face of the proprieties. With that attended to, the sky is the limit.

The trouble with such brethren is that they do not possess the facts. But I do! And the trouble with me is that I don't present them behind a smoke-screen of sham denunciation.

One critic writes me that the Seventh Commandment is a full and complete answer to everything I have written. In my judgment it is nothing of the sort. These "sinners" who rebel and then get caught in the conventional toils have plenty to say for themselves when once you get under their skins. And I don't see why they should not have the floor and their day in court just as soon as the good people of this country—who are of course quite without sin, and who make the laws—get through doing all the talking. What the good people demand is that their side of the matter be presented *in toto* and *ad nauseam*, and that everything on the other side be suppressed or else smothered in a feather bed of Scriptural quotations.

IF we could bring ourselves to think honestly about these matters we could make marriage a much more genuinely monogamous institution than it is. I don't call marriages in which the parties are restive and don't love each other, or in which they desire infidelities they don't commit, *monogamous*. Monogamy is in the heart if it is anywhere. I have even known it to exist in marriages that were physically polygamous. Monogamy is in the psychology of a marriage if it is anywhere. A merely technical monogamy reduces neither the number of divorce-courts nor the sum of domestic misery.

I scrutinize and question the authority of any custom to persist without frequently giving an account of itself, and submitting to revision when revision is necessary. Any

other plan is destructive to the very morality it professes to uphold. It is the "moral" people of this country who are undermining morality by their efforts to suppress every fact that they think might weaken their position. And I believe their day is short.

What I am for is a genuine morality which will maintain a proper balance between the rights and just claims of individuals on the one hand, and the rights and just claims of society on the other. At present, especially in our sex conventions, we have nothing of the sort. Society claims everything; and there is no limit to its superstitious greed, avarice and fear.

I know a man who has a savage dog. If that animal broke loose, he would be a menace to the community. He would kill anyone he could get at. He lunges at his steel chain and leather collar when a group of school-children pass within sight of his kennel. This dog is savage merely because he is kept chained. It is the same with sex. I don't advocate turning this savage, long-confined force suddenly loose on the country, any more than I would advocate the sudden unleashing of that savage dog when a group of boys and girls were passing. Rather I advocate a system that will make such liberty gradually possible under reasonable and kind control. It can be done. Sex is a great spiritual force. But would you know it when you see the thing glowering at you there in chains? I should think that anybody with a mind above moron capacity could see this distinction.

I am not for license, nor for an irresponsible promiscuity; but neither am I for the type of marriage that would bind people together without love and make a steel trap of wedlock. I am for decency, restraint, culture, real religion, and conduct based on the Golden Rule.

(Another of Judge Lindsey's remarkable articles will appear in the next, the March, issue.)

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN PARIS

(Continued from page 79)

French are the most civilized, the most cultivated, and the life in Paris is the flower of their civilization. No one knows better than they the value of money, for example; but no other people know as well how to keep money in its place, as a means and not an end in life. They are realists about money, where the Americans by contrast seem romantic. They are realists equally about sex, about religion, about art and literature and sport and politics—about the basic facts of life and its civilized adornments. They seem to be able to be intelligent about these things even when they are most enthusiastic. They are intelligent because they are truly educated, in the sense that their education has taught them how to think. And best of all, to my mind, it has taught them to express themselves.

I shall always remember with delight my own surprise and pleasure when I first escaped from the stupid amusements of the fashionable racing set in Paris to the dinner-table conversation of a Parisian woman who had the most interesting *salon* of her day. I was prepared to be awed and frightened by the guests whom I was to meet—great artists and writers and scientists whose fame overwhelmed me. I do not wish to give their names; it makes one sound like a tuft-hunter. I expected them to be as solemn as a debate in Congress, and I feared that I should be as out of place as if I were going to a meeting of the British cabinet under Gladstone.

They were all, without exception, charming. You could scarcely tell from their conversation which was the witty feuilletonist



The Best Stories of The Adventurous West

There's an eternal glamour about frontier life; and the fiction which reflects it has therefore an unequalled allure. The Blue Book Magazine has long been noted for its authentic, colorful and swift-moving stories of this type; but in the current February issue it offers a collection deserving special attention. Roy Norton's "His Last Trail," the story of an old sheriff, the Indian chief-tain who was his partner, and their gallant battle against odds; William Hamby's short novel of the old and new West in conflict, "Red Ghosts;" and several other striking tales of range and trail are a delight indeed.

Thrilling Exploits

The Free Lances in Diplomacy, the daring detective of "The Trail of Death" series, the astute and gallant first mate about whom the "Tales of the Merchant Marine" center—these men are portrayed in their most thrilling exploits. George Gibbs, Lemuel De Bra and many other able writers contribute stories in special fields which lend the spice of variety. And five of our readers are represented by prize-winning stories of Real Experience which show that truth is at least as strange as fiction.

All in the current February issue of
THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

Now on Sale

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation,
Publisher, 36 South State Street, Chicago.

Electro-magnetic Discovery



Gaylord Wilshire

Inventor of the I-ON-A-CO, founder of the famous Wilshire Boulevard of Los Angeles

THE recent invention by Gaylord Wilshire of an electro-magnet for accelerating the oxidation of the tissues, is revolutionizing the treatment of disease. If clinical results mean anything, if the unsolicited testimonials of thousands of sufferers can be believed, mankind is standing on the very brink of an era that will be free from many diseases which have afflicted it from the beginning of time.

The I-ON-A-CO Reveals New Pathway

RESULTS which seem miraculous are being daily obtained through the use of the I-ON-A-CO, as this new electro-magnet is called. The I-ON-A-CO is based upon the recent discovery of Dr. Otto Warburg, the great German biologist, that the iron in the system acts as a catalyzer or transfer agent uniting the oxygen we inhale with our tissue cells. Dr. Warburg demonstrated this theory in his recent lecture before the Rockefeller Institute. The I-ON-A-CO magnetizes the iron thus giving it greater catalytic value and enables it to deliver an increased supply of oxygen to the system.

We all know that oxygen is essential to life, that it burns up cells, destroys the wastage of

The accomplishments of I-ON-A-CO in the treatment of disease are substantiated by authenticated letters and statements from the patients themselves. These unsolicited letters keep pouring into our offices, telling of new found life and happiness. Such demonstrated results confound the most stubborn skeptics.



"I want to let the world know what Wilshire's Ionaco has done for my neuritis. I could not raise my arm for three months and my wife had to put my shirt and coat on me every morning. With one Ionaco treatment for ten minutes, I was able to raise my arm above my head without any pains, same as I always had done.

You may use this letter for publication as the Ionaco certainly did me a wonderful lot of good."

H. H. LAPINS
239 Eddy St.
San Francisco

our living cells and constructs new cells, but until Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO there was no means known to medical science of increasing oxidation. Even were we to breathe pure oxygen, still the amount we would use would not increase because the use depends entirely upon the catalytic value of the iron. Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO is the first device ever discovered which improves this catalytic value.

In hundreds of instances during the past year Gaylord Wilshire's new invention has given new life to those on the brink of the grave. So-called incurable cases have responded to this delightful treatment. The treatment cannot possibly cause harm and the proven achievements offer such amazing promises of new life they should not be ignored.

Brings HEALTH to Thousands



"I have been troubled for some time with a very severe pain in my back and right arm. With the very first treatment of your Ionaco, the pain in my back disappeared. I have now taken four treatments and am feeling like a new man."
A. D. HIMMELMANN
San Francisco, Calif.
With W. & J. Sloane

"After hearing a radio lecture I called at the office to be treated for high blood pressure, which was at that time around 184 and 195. A blood pressure test, after taking twenty minute treatment, reduced this pressure something like twenty millimeter points, and after taking treatments for a period of three weeks it was running about 132 to 138. It made it possible for me to sleep more normally than I have for the past seven months."

MRS. A. L. SPEETZEN
425 N. Arden
Los Angeles



MEDICAL science has neglected magnetism and concentrated on the study of electricity. Yet it begins to appear that magnetism is by far the more important of the two forces and charged with immensely greater possibilities for giving man command over health.

Sunlight itself is but a form of electro-magnetism. Burbank has explained to us how every living thing owes its continued existence to the mysterious little laboratory in the green leaf of the plant. Here, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus and iron are transmuted by the electro-magnetic power of the sunlight into protoplasm. Here is the origin of the food of the world; the basis of life itself.

Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO

Wilshire's Ionaco is distributed by district offices
and by mail throughout the country

New York Chicago San Francisco Los Angeles

Gaylord Wilshire's invention has now had enough real cures to its credit to justify anyone who is ill, especially one whom the doctors have given up, to give it a trial. No dieting, no exercising, no drugs, pills, powders, purgatives, or any of the other unpleasant and sometimes dangerous remedies are attached to the I-ON-A-CO treatment. Not even faith is required.

You merely place Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO around the waist over the ordinary clothing, press the button and immediately its magnetic force begins permeating your system. You feel no sensation other than pleasant relaxation. But its results are so positive that often one treatment of a short 10 minutes will give complete relief from the most excruciating pain—the worst case of nervousness, insomnia, etc.

If you are ill, run down, or suffering from any ailment whatsoever, you owe it to yourself to find out more about this new electro-magnetic discovery.

A beautiful booklet has been prepared telling the marvelous story of the I-ON-A-CO in detail, explaining its scientific principles, giving testimonials of many who have found health and happiness through its use. This booklet has opened to thousands of people a new short, delightful road to health. It may do the same for you.

Sometimes the simplest little act, seemingly of no importance, will change the entire current of one's life. The signing of this coupon may be such an act. Read of the many sufferers who turned to I-ON-A-CO with little faith in its power to help them—who came to scoff and remained to praise.

Since the booklet costs you nothing and obligates you in no way, surely the information it contains is at least worth sending for.

**Fill in the Coupon
and Mail it NOW.**

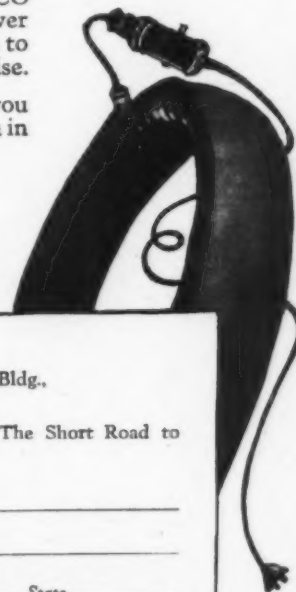
THE IONA CO.
830 Commercial Exchange Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California

Send me your book "The Short Road to Health."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____





Letters in our
files from

44,562 Doctors endorse GLYCO- THYMOLINE

for mouth wash
nasal spray
or gargle

Remember this when your head feels "stuffed up," when you start sneezing, when your eyes and nose start running, when your throat is dry and ticklish. Glyco-Thymoline is sold by all druggists. Three sizes—small, medium and the big pound bottle, shown below.

Try size bottle mailed promptly if you send 10c

Address Kress & Owen Co.,
361 Pearl St., New York



and which the man of science. They all expressed themselves with equal felicity, with that grace of diction which is like a tradition of good manners among the French, and with the ability always to utter a profound thought lightly. I felt as if I heard conversation for the first time. I was as excited as if for the first time I drank wine. "So this," I thought, "is what a dinner can be! Life can be like this!"

As I got to know these men better, I found them almost all as simple and wise as they were charming. Among them was Metchnikoff, for instance. He was then the head of the Pasteur Institute, a great scientist and a true philosopher, as you know if you have read his "Nature of Man." He lived, with dignity, on a salary that would not dress a New York shopgirl. He took me as a patient, later, and he would walk through the streets to visit me, carrying under his arm a bottle of his Bulgarian bacillus wrapped in a newspaper; and the newspaper was the issue of the day, and he brought it to me, with true French thrift, so that I might have the news to read in my sickbed. Imagine the most famous and distinguished doctor in New York saving his morning newspaper for a patient, wrapping it around a bottle of milk, and walking up Fifth Avenue to deliver it. No. That sort of thing is only possible in Paris.

Only in Paris can such a man enjoy the respect and appreciation of rich and poor, of servants and tradesmen, of the millionaire and the aristocrat. "He is a true intellectual," they will say of him with pride. His poverty and his simplicity are accepted as natural to man of his superior unworldliness, and they are almost as proud of his achievements as a New York boy is of Babe Ruth's home runs.

It is the same way with their artists.

Let a peasant boy, like Millet, show some gift as a draftsman, and his parents and his neighbors and the priest and the public officials all conspire to assist and educate him, often at the expense of the community. They all have some appreciation of art, and they are all proud to have a boy from their district enrolled among the great men who have added to the artistic glories of France. He dedicates himself to his career like a young priest to his church, and when you meet him, as a famous painter in Paris, you find him devoted to his art like a medieval saint to his religion. He may be a peasant no longer. He may be the most witty and amusing dinner guest and talk as intellectually as Anatole France, but when he takes up his brushes, he is as absorbed and painstaking a workman as Anatole France with his pen, and he is likely to show the same wise simplicity in his life as Anatole France feeding his hens.

It is this sense of sacred workmanship that makes the French the great artists of the modern world, whether they write books or paint pictures or design clothes or cook dinners. The clarity of their thinking is of a piece with the deftness of their technique, and the beauty of Paris is a designed and conscious beauty, as much a product of intelligence as the traditional wisdom with which they order their lives. There seems to me to be a sort of madness in the Anglo-Saxon that takes him to such a city, to dissipate and destroy himself among such people; and the American woman who is destroyed, perishes like a stupid barbarian coming to Rome in the Augustan age and choosing only the vices of a civilization that had everything to offer him.

(Another illuminating article by Mrs. Lydig will appear in the next, the March, issue.)

WE LIVE BUT ONCE

(Continued from page 87)

At the top of her prolonged cadenza she suddenly broke, hurled herself on her bed and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

Her husband's hands for all their memory could not be sure just what to do. They went out to her, drew back, clenched, leaped up in the air, smote one another, clenched his head to keep it from blowing open. He began to pace the floor in a rough burlesque of her delicate frenzy. After all, he had as many women in his ancestry as she in hers. But he could not fight her with her weapons, and she did not know how to use his.

Out of sheer bafflement he stumbled upon the one sure defence against her. He fell into a chair and lighted a cigar for companionship.

When she peered through her tear-blobbed lashes at him, she mistook his ineptitude for stolid obstinacy. As an infant bullies its parents with convulsions of noise, she let off another flurry of sobs. They made Fleming miserable, but inspired him to no action.

Poor Amy with her crude, repetitious, melodramatic assault on his sympathies and his common sense, grew less and less admirable every moment. She simply revealed the shallowness and selfishness of her soul. Not once in all her mouthings had she even prated of anything unselfish. She had lashed him with old proverbs about duty and decency, but they were all of his duty to her—his selfishness, his faults, his evil desires. Never a word of any dereliction on her part. She celebrated herself, chanted her perfections, her sacrifices, put on the crown of thorns as a becoming hat and admired herself in it.

He grew grim as a surgeon sharpening his knives. Whatever the future might bring, this amputation was necessary. There was no living with her any longer. It would be

ruinous to both of them. For Amy's sake he must separate his existence from hers.

His hand kept going to his watch. It fell away. It was not the discreetest thing to do in an hour of tragedy. He knew how she hated that watch and that familiar husbandly habit of hunting for a timepiece, as an excuse for saying good-by! Almost frantic with the waste of time, he said:

"Amy, I've got to go to my office. I'd like to settle this matter now. Will you give me my freedom and take your own?"

"No!"

"I beg you."

"No!"

"Let's be reasonable and act like grown-up people of the Twentieth Century."

"No, I tell you. No, no, no, NO!"

"You want divorce me?"

"I certainly will not!"

"You know I can divorce you."

"Just try to."

"Are you really going to play dog in the manger?"

"And now he calls me a dog! I could divorce him for that. But I won't! I won't! I won't!!!"

He sighed profoundly, "All right!" lifted himself to his feet and walked out.

AMY waited for him to come back. But he did not come. She heard the front door close and ran barefoot to the window. She saw him whirl out of the driveway in his car.

Amy knew her husband well enough to smile at his exit. Like looped curtains suddenly released, her muscles relaxed from their tension and fell limp. Only her eyes were alert. She watched the door as a patient cat keeps vigil over the crevice where a mouse is sure to reappear. His return was inevitable, and she could wait. What else

had she to do? She spent her life waiting for people to come and amuse her, or take her out or invite her out where amusement would be provided.

She thought she had done rather well today. Her audience had walked out on her as usual, but it always came back for more. So she basked in anticipation, her eyes lazy feline slits economizing their flames.

And Blair, never realizing what an automaton he was,—thinking, indeed that he was a philosopher and a cavalier,—was tormented by his own remembered ferocity. He was not proud of his victory over that helpless little woman—or was it a victory? She kept the field, and he had run away.

Poor Amy! She did the best she could. Why blame a tallow dip for not being a lighthouse by the sea? Why blame a hickory-nut heart for not having the vast expansiveness of a Florence Nightingale heart? She was only a doll, and her tragedy only a doll's, but she was suffering all she could; and a giantess could not suffer more than that. His feet had already halted while he meditated return. He was already on the way back upstairs before his mind had resolved on the climb.

HEARING his footsteps, Amy smiled a moment, then pulled the drawstring that tightened her features, and assumed the mask of a martyr. She was a pitifully pretty spectacle as Blair's remorseful eyes rested on her lying there in anguish, deserted, forlorn and wan. He went near her and said haltingly:

"Amy, I'm sorry if I was brutal."

She did not answer. She could be silent. He went on wretchedly:

"I'd do anything on earth to make you happy. But you're not happy with me. Why should you be? I'm not your kind. We're not getting anywhere—or we've got as far as we can go. You don't love me any more—if ever you did."

She made an effort to remain mute, but she had to say the all-too-easy:

"You mean you don't love me."

To her surprise, he did not protest that he did. He tossed his duty aside as a matter of no importance.

"All right! Have it your own way. If ever I loved you, I don't now. I don't mind taking the blame. I get it everywhere I go. I live on it. But let's agree that, on account of my unloving disposition, our life is a failure. Whatever the reason may be, we haven't had any real life together for—for God knows how long. We've just been roommates—and not even that—just fellow-lodgers in the same boarding-house. It isn't honest. Why can't we part as good friends without bitterness?"

"I am to give you up so that you can go to Valerie Dangerfield, eh?"

"Have that your own way, too. I'd let you go in a minute if you came to me and said: 'Give me my freedom! I don't love you any more. I want to go to—to—well, Jimmy St. John, for instance.'"

With no suspicion at all, he had simply taken the name of the last man he had seen her with. If he had been watching her as he watched a witness, he would have seen how the random shot struck home.

He saw neither the shock of it nor her quick recovery. But it was a most unfortunate hit, for it reminded her that Jimmy St. John had walked out of her life the night before. And now her husband was walking out. And nobody else was walking in. That was the intolerable situation. She simply could not let everybody go; for she was one of those women to whom existence without some man to fasten on was inconceivable. The bare thought of a husbandless, loverless future drove her frantic. She flung off lassitude and flashed into a coil, her very fangs bared as she panted:

"You dare mention me in connection with such an affair, and I'll—it shows how low



Eight doctors out of ten advised Nujol type of treatment

DOCTORS from coast to coast were recently asked whether they advised the Nujol type of constipation treatment to their patients. 80.7% of all these doctors answered "Yes".

64% condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics. One doctor said, "An almost incalculable amount of injury is done by these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the cost of permanent injury. Laxatives bring on the laxative habit."

Doctors advise Nujol

Doctors who said they were advising the Nujol type of treatment told us they were advising it in place of laxatives for these reasons: 1. Nujol is not habit-forming; 2. A more natural method; 3. A lubricant is better than a laxative; 4. Does not gripe; 5. Is not irritating; and 6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Unlike laxatives

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. They cause the bowels to frantically expel the contents of the intestines and thus rid the system of the drugs that pills and potions contain.

Nujol acts entirely differently. It

contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the bowels can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nature-given remedy

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation, whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Accept This TRIAL Offer

Nujol Laboratories, Room 825E, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page illustrated booklet, "Overwriting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



©1927 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

America's Leading Authorities Endorse
The Kindergarten Children's Hour



Edited by LUCY WHEELOCK

Head of The Wheelock School for Kindergartners, Boston

The Kindergarten Children's Hour offers a rich library of the most carefully selected material to help mothers in guiding and instructing their children.

A New Idea in Helps for Mothers

In one volume you will find 135 matchless stories especially adapted for very little children—and such stories are the hardest of all stories to find. Another volume is crammed full of just the right suggestions for games and occupations to answer adequately the cry of "What can we do, now, mother?" A third volume tells you how to explain, in a way intensely interesting to your children, the everyday things of life that every child wants to know. Still another volume contains wonderfully inspiring and helpful advice by one of the world's leading experts upon child training, telling how best to handle children of every temperament on all occasions. And lastly a volume of 155 songs that children love, together with singing games.

This gives you but a faint idea of the wealth of material in these five volumes.

Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. The postman brings the five volumes to your door. We want you to inspect these books for a week at your leisure, free.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Private Library Dept.,
 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Send This Coupon NOW!

Please send me the five volumes of *The Kindergarten Children's Hour*. If they are not just what I want, I will return the books within seven days after receiving them, without obligation, or, if satisfactory, I will pay \$1 within seven days after receipt of the books and \$2 a month thereafter for seven months, or \$14.25 within seven days after receipt of the books, in full payment.

NAME..... STREET.....
 CITY..... STATE..... R.B.-2

you've fallen! You suspect everybody! You accuse me of being a—a—thing like your Dangerfield woman!"

"I haven't accused you of anything. I haven't suspected you of anything."

And that was not so much of a compliment that it should assuage her ferocity of terror. She raged on:

"You think that all women are as evil as she is. You think it's a small matter to break up my life, toss me into the discard and run off with your—mistress!"

"Stop—right there! Don't slander one who—"

"Oh, I mustn't mention her name! A faithful wife can't even refer to the sacred white lily who has torn her husband away from her! Oh, no, no! She's so dainty, so pure, so—well, I'll tell you one thing, Blair Fleming, and you'd better mark my word! Valerie Dangerfield won't get you, and you won't get her! I'll ruin her. I'll hound her out of decent society. I'll—I'll throw acid in her pretty face and then see how you like her—the nasty, vile, shameless beast trying to ruin my home!"

While she ransacked her scant vocabulary for something fearful enough to express her rage, the husband's own wrath was coming up through all his being, with the rush of a scalding geyser. He held it back as best he could, but he was trembling with its power as he said:

"Amy, I'll do a little warning of my own. I didn't want to hurt you. I suffered horribly at the thought of wounding you, for I thought of you as a tender little thing, selfish as a kitten, but no more vicious. You might have held me as a poor little kitten. I'd have let my heart break and my life go to pieces before I'd have fought you. But when you begin to revile Miss Dangerfield and to threaten me—when you say you're going to hold me in spite of all I've told you, when you turn into a rattlesnake and spit poison—why, I'd feel no more compunction about crushing you than I would any other rattlesnake that stood in my path. And now I tell you for the last time, I see you as you are. I've seen just how much heart you've got inside you, and I despise you! I'm through with you. If Valerie died today—if I'd never met her, I'd leave you just the same. I've left you now. You can have all I've got and all I can get. But you can't have me!"

She cowered so meekly under this blast that he softened abruptly to plead:

"Once more I ask you to release me peaceably and decently. Will you?"

She did not answer.

"Please! I beg you! For your own sake!"

She did not answer.

"Then I shall take what steps are necessary."

PAUL HOVEY

There's a name you've never seen in the pages of this magazine, but you will see it soon. It will be at the beginning of one of the best stories you've ever read in your life, entitled:

"BLACK CHARLEY CLAY COMES HOME"

"Try it!" she laughed harshly, "and see what happens."

He stood a moment, paralyzed by the immemorial cowardice of a well-meaning man before a stubborn woman whose chief strength is her perfect weakness. Then he groaned: "Good-by, then!"

He went out again. She would have felt sure that he would be back again, if he had not closed the door with such a dreadful softness. It showed that he held himself in perfect control.

She was frightened. She felt very sorry for herself in a manless world. She began to weep softly, sincerely. If Blair had seen her then, he would have been drawn back to her most powerfully by her powerlessness.

Amy waited in an anxiety unknown in all their quarrels. She heard the front door closed—softly. She ran barefoot to the window. She heard him swing back the doors of the garage. She heard the snort and sputter of the car. She saw it whirl out of the driveway. He did not look back.

Her tears pattered on her breast in a tender rain. Suddenly she felt that he was not going now to his office, as always before when it was his only refuge. He would be going to Valerie Dangerfield. Her tears stopped. Her soft eyes turned to agates.

She thought of her husband now with contempt as a duped fool, but she thought of Valerie Dangerfield with a certain respect as a she-devil whom it was her sacred duty to destroy by any method she might devise.

Chapter Twenty-one

THE farther and the faster Fleming drove, the less he liked himself in his new character, the less magnificent his denunciation of Amy seemed. At every corner he had to fight an urge to turn his car and race back to her with apologies for bullying so little a thing. How could she help being what she was? What a cad he was to fight the law in defense of some criminal weakling, and crush the sinless weakling in his own home!

He would have to see Valerie and tell her that their dream was vain. Then the thought of wounding Valerie's love gave him another wrench. His muscles now yearned to swing the car toward Fremont Place and Valerie.

The result of the contradictory tugs at his heart was a straight line for his office. There he found his secretary—another nice, helpless woman, and perfectly unmanageable. Clients were in his outer office with their own destinies awaiting his intervention.

He could save everybody, but himself he could not save. He nodded here and there and distributed curt good mornings. He ran the gantlet to his private office and sat down to wring his hands as helplessly as any of the women who were driving him mad.

Miss Whitham came in with her notebook and her sharpened pencils. He hated those pencils. They were always pricking him to action and decision in his most befuddled moments. He was so frenzied that he rose to a superhuman heroism. He amazed himself by daring to make a simple request of an employee:

"Miss Whitham, I should like a few moments alone for a private telephone conference."

He had not quite attained the sublimity of honestly saying "conversation." He added, to save Miss Whitham's feelings:

"Don't let any of my clients in till I ring, please."

Miss Whitham turned red, turned white, and fairly swooned out of the office. He could see that he had almost slain the sensitive creature. But what of it? He was in the business of slaughtering women this morning.

With a mounting audacity that dazed him,

he took up his telephone and called the home of Mrs. Pashley. When her suave butler answered with a "Hello!" of incredible deference, Fleming demanded:

"Is Miss Dangerfield in?"

"I'll inquire, sir. What name shall I say, please?"

"Mr. Blair Fleming."

He was so autocratic that he almost added a "by God!" to clinch it. The butler asked for just a moment, and the next thing Blair knew, Valerie's voice was pouring into his ear a "Hello!" of such music that it was not the same word, not the same language, the butler had used.

"Hello!" he answered, all his valor departing in a gush of delight.

"How are you this morning?" Did she murmur "darling," or was it only his longing that was audible?

"I'm fine—er—that is, I'm a little the worse for wear. I had a terrific battle with—with you know."

"Good! And when is the funeral?"

"I don't know. But it's mine, whenever it is."

Instead of being horrified, she laughed:

"You poor darling! You didn't stand a chance with her."

"I was very brutal—really!"

She laughed again:

"I can see you! You big men are simply ridiculous when those little women pick on you. What did you tell her?"

"I told her I wanted my freedom. I begged her to let me go."

"And she laughed at you."

"No, she cried. At first she cried; then she stormed."

"And the crocodile tears won the day."

"Well, the tears, maybe; but when she stormed, I told her she had to let me go."

"And she refused, of course."

"With the greatest enthusiasm."

"Just wait till I talk to her."

"You? I wouldn't let you go near her for worlds. She dragged you into it the first thing. She says we're in love with each other. She threatens the most terrible things. She'll poison you—throw acid in your face—spread scandal—stop at nothing."

Valerie ridiculed the menace:

"She can bully you, but I'm not a great, strong, noble, generous man. I'm another woman and just as mean as she is. I'm not afraid of her."

"Oh, in heaven's name—in God's name—keep away from her. She's vicious. She'll stop at nothing. Promise me you'll steer clear of her and let me fight it out. Promise me!"

"All right, I promise."

"You solemnly promise you'll keep out of her sight and not do anything till I give you the word?"

"I solemnly promise to love, honor and obey my lord and master."

THAT got him to laughing as she loved to hear him, and she felt his laughter well worth the broken pledge. For, of course, she had no intention of keeping a promise wrung from her by her lover's devotion to her and his terror lest harm befall her. That was what he would have called a promise "under duress." It was the most oppressive form of duress, too, in a woman's eyes.

And so, after an exchange of as many foolish nothings as he dared mumble and she dared return, they made a telephone parting and hung up their long-distance hard-rubber lips and ears.

Valerie hurried to her room to put on her armor for a joust with Amy. She made haste lest Amy escape from the house before she could join battle.

She made such haste that she was at Amy's front door soon after the unsuspecting Amy had finished a slow and meditative bath, and a breakfast, where she munched on



Do you know what the Half Moons really are? And that some women never have them at all?

Northam Warren, authority on the care of the nails, answers an important question on the manicure

What can I do to have perfect Half Moons?"

WHAT woman does not look with envy at the lovely almond-shaped nails of her more *soignée* sister? Sigh once more for those rounded Half Moons and snowy tips?

Perfectly shaped Half Moons make the nails appear longer and give them the desired almond shape. Their size and shape vary in every individual and in each finger. Some women actually do not have them at all.

"Usually," Northam Warren says, "when

the Half Moons do not show in their oval beauty, it is because the dead cuticle has not been properly removed and the nail rim rightly shaped. If you cut it away it grows back unevenly—and just softening and pushing back the cuticle doesn't remove this old skin either."

Northam Warren experimented until he found a way of removing the old tissue and softening the cuticle so it is easy to shape it into perfect ovals and allow the Half Moons to show.

That way is with the safe antiseptic liquid you know as Cutex Cuticle Remover.

With orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex you remove the dead cuticle—gently shaping the nail rims. Then rub in Cutex Cuticle Cream. It keeps the cuticle soft and pliant. Even if you do not happen to have Half Moons yourself, you will be delighted with the lovely oval shape this care gives your nails.

Cutex Sets are 60c to \$5.00. Separate preparations 35c. Or see the offer below. If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada.



MARTHE REGNIER,
talented and unusually gifted French actress and a modiste of artistic ability as well, says: "Half Moons are the distinguishing mark of beauty in well kept nails. Since I discovered Cutex it's no trouble at all to shape cuticle, revealing the Half Moons."

Send 10c—Enough for 6 Manicures!

I enclose 10c in stamps or coins for Introductory Set, containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton and helpful booklet.

NORTHAM WARREN, DEPT. R-3
114 West 17th Street, New York City

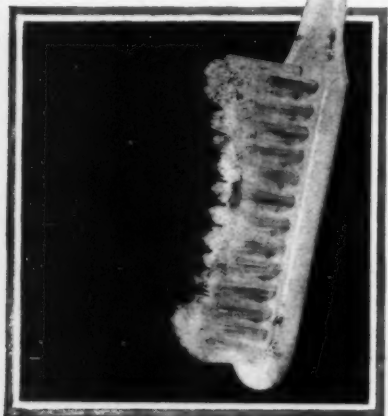




Safeguard all your teeth with the Pro-phy-lac-tic

Three unique features distinguish this brush from any brush you have ever used. First, the curved bristle surface. Second, the large end tuft. Third, the curved handle. The result is thorough cleansing of every tooth surface every time you use the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

© 1927, P. B. Co.



plots and plans as brittle and unsatisfactory as the toast that grew cold as she wondered just what to do. Amy had no more than decided to call on Mrs. Dorr and Claudine and tell them what a harpy Valerie Dangerfield had turned out to be, and had barely smoothed the last fold of her most plaintive dress, when the Filipino tapped softly and giggled:

"Missy Daisyfiel."

Amy's heart knocked at her breast as if it were a door. She distrusted what her ears had heard through the imitation oak.

"Who?" she called.

"Miss Daisyfiel downstairs see you."

"Oh!"

SHE stood as idle as Lot's wife turned to salt. She could not even think. The inconceivable had happened. The fiend that she was going to smoke out was right at hand. The woman she was going to destroy for decoying her husband away from home, had taken possession of the home.

There was a small back-stairway for the servant, but it led into the kitchen and out at the back door. To flee from her own house and leave her enemy in it, was beyond even Amy's pusillanimity.

The impatient Filipino was patting on the door for instructions—and was doubtless perfectly audible to the invader as he persisted:

"Wat you wiss I tell Missy Daisyfiel? You gone out? Wen you come back?"

Amy snapped at him:

"Tell her I'll be right down."

She hated Valerie more than ever, but she was whipped already, besieged, outnumbered, outwitted, driven into what would have been called an ambush if the trap had not been spread so plainly before her.

All she could do was to keep Valerie waiting as long as possible and make herself look as pretty as possible. She took off the dress that was appropriate to the rôle of a deserted wife to be played before two such unimportant friends as Claudine and Mrs. Dorr. But she could not decide just what was suitable to the rôle she must play before Valerie. She could not even decide on the rôle. Her one comfort was the feeling that she was infuriating Valerie by her delay.

She was really encouraging Valerie, for every moment of tardiness was an evidence of panic. And Valerie had need of encouragement. She had rushed to the fray with fine élan. Her car had crossed the intervening miles with the swoop of a charger. She had come striding across the lawn to the door, pushed by the Filipino and sent her name upstairs as a challenge.

If Amy had met her in the drawing-room, Valerie would have charged straight over her. But Amy was upstairs, and Valerie's audacity ebbed. It was not so noble to be here in the home of a poor woman with the intention of wrecking both it and her. Amy's delay baffled her.

Here under Amy's roof the sanctity of the home was more than a stupid superstition. The obligations to the guest were very real. Amy had not only sacred rights, but dangerous powers as well. She must be handled with care. Her very folly and her selfishness made her an ugly enemy. The nicest handling of her was necessary or the result would be disaster. And so much hung on the duel. All her happiness and Blair's could easily be ruined forever by one false move.

Valerie would have been glad to escape, if she had not given her name. She was in for it. She had mocked at Blair's cowardice; she must not imitate it. Still Amy delayed and delayed, and Valerie's courage began to return. She bolstered her contempt for Amy by making fun of Amy's possessions. She had time to revel anew in the decorations and ridicule them to her heart's content. She wandered about, finding in

each elaborate futility, each cheap expensiveness, some new justification of her scheme to rescue Fleming from this tinsel junkshop. Her conscience cleared. She convinced herself that this Philistine female had no rights.

Amy's final appearance confirmed her opinion, for Amy came in wearing her most gorgeous confection. It was in utter contrast with the irreducible minimum of Valerie's costume: a hat that was only a skullcap, a gown that was so simple a sheath as only the most exalted tailor could have fitted. Amy knew that she was in the wrongest of all her wrong gowns.

This is a devastating feeling to any woman. Amy was simply shot to pieces. Valerie felt just right, and a woman is thrice-armed who hath her costume just. Valerie was in her most amiable humor. She greeted Amy with the one of all the imaginable beginnings that Amy had not prepared for upstairs. Valerie came forward as if she were the hostess and Amy the visitor, put out her hand, seized Amy's and wrung it heartily. With a false bravado that Amy was too disconcerted to realize, she began:

"Prizefighters always shake hands before they square off; and it's a good idea. It was awfully kind of you to consent to fight with me at all, and I appreciate it. I love a good sport above all things."

"Men are foolish things, as you and I know. Your husband is probably the most foolish man on earth. That's why I love him and want to take him off your hands. He has told me all about you, your life together, and your quarrel this morning. You were clever enough to guess at once that he and I are desperately in love with each other. I knew you would be. I never dreamed that we could conceal anything from your keen eyes, and I've always wanted to come straight to you, as woman to woman, and settle things sensibly."

"But Blair, being a stupid man, can't imagine women being sensible about anything, and he went right ahead and started a fight with you. He lost it, of course, and made a ghastly mess of everything. You and I must straighten it out."

"When I told him that I was coming to see you, he was frightened to death. He made me solemnly promise I wouldn't. That's why I'm here."

UNDER this steady downpour Amy had sunk gradually to a chair. Every plan that she had collected had been knocked out of her head before it was due.

She had resolved to receive Miss Dangerfield standing and not invite her to be seated. Already Amy was in one chair and Valerie in another. And Valerie was doing all the talking.

It was uncanny to watch her saying appalling things with incredible bluntness. She was juggling ghastly scandals about Amy and herself and this home and its husband as if she were bandying tea-table slander about their best friends. She was discussing the approaching disruption of her hostess' family as if she exposed some guest who had just left.

Amy wondered that the very roof did not fall in on the woman. Amy had been brought up properly and had trained herself in the venerable convention that the naked truth must always be hidden under as many blankets as possible—that the things everybody knows and does are the things that nobody must ever admit knowing or doing, except in the vaguest way with the longest words.

Valerie's indiscretion had gone too far to be considered a breach of etiquette or even of morals. It was simply unearthly. Amy always discussed the solemnities of life with a Sabbath timidity. She might break the laws and steal past the altars, but always with a reverent sneakiness.

At length Valerie perceived that she was accomplishing nothing but the petrification of her opponent. Amy was not modern enough to endure the test of absolute candor. She shifted her attack at once:

"Of course, in the good old days, I should have been considered an evil-tongued wanton; and you, as a good old-fashioned wife, would have ordered me out of the house.

"But you're a modern of moderns. You wouldn't wear an idea that was *démodé* any more than a last year's gown. So I've been frank with you as I shouldn't have dared to be with a less intelligent woman—or a less attractive woman.

"At that, even the most modern wife might object to giving up her husband if he were the only man on earth, or the only man in her train. But you—you—well, you wouldn't be a widow long, whatever happened to Blair—to your husband."

AMY looked at her with so blank a face that Valerie dared to let her have what she was thinking:

"Mr. Jimmy St. John, for instance. I imagine he'd be only too glad to step into Blair's shoes—or better yet, his slippers."

Valerie was puzzled to see how genuinely puzzled Amy was. She decided that Amy was only pretending innocence. She resented the ruse and broke through it:

"That day when we were all in the mountains—at Arrowhead Lake, you know."

Amy's stare was unchanged. Valerie went on: "Blair and I arrived before anyone was awake. We went down to the lake to wait. Blair fell asleep, but I didn't. We were in a kind of trellis or bower or something, when you and Mr. St. John strolled down along the water's edge and—"

The blood began to stir in Amy's chalky face. Valerie whipped the color higher:

"I saw you two playing hide-and-seek. I heard him beg for a kiss and take a dozen for every one you granted."

Amy was scarlet, Valerie triumphant:

"If I hadn't seen that, I should probably never have dared to let myself love Blair as I do. I wasn't stealing your lover away, for you had already taken another. I'm not blaming you. I'm putting all my cards on the table and telling you what's in your hand. You own Mr. St. John, and if I take Blair off your hands, you can marry him and live happily ever after. I'm really doing you as great a favor as I'm asking you to do me. Isn't that true?"

Then Valerie's assurance died instantly. For the color all ran out of Amy's face. Instead of the wrath, the amazement, the stupor, the guilt, the defiance that had appeared one after another in her features, there came a sudden dejection, a white pallor of humiliation and loneliness. She had reminded Amy of her complete poverty. She had lost both husband and lover.

Valerie's surprise was so swift that she had no time to check the cruelty of her own dismay:

"You don't mean to tell me that you've lost Jimmy St. John off the hook? He hasn't deserted you too, has he?"

Amy was at bay. If she said no, she confessed her guilt. If she said yes, she confessed her defeat. The guilt was the lesser shame of the two. She tossed her heavy head and answered with a desperate effort:

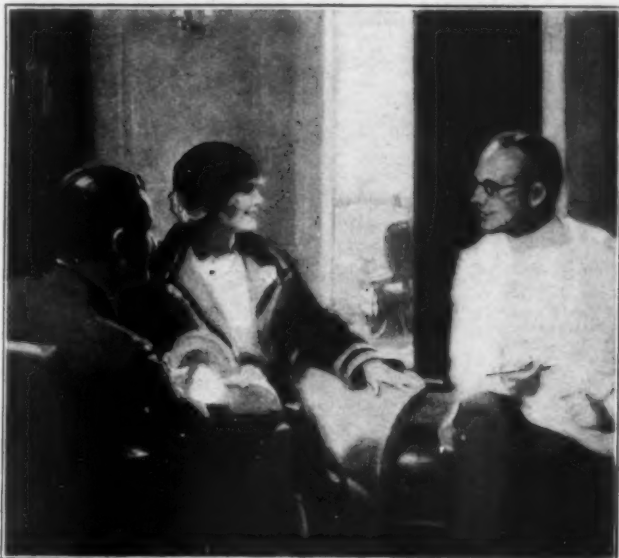
"Mr. St. John's affairs and mine are none of yours."

"But does he—does he still love you—pursue you—or whatever you call it?"

Amy shook out a sickly laugh:

"If you had seen him last night, you—how dare you question me?"

VALERIE turned as pale as Amy. She was as much afraid, for she understood now that Amy without Blair would be alone in the world. That would make her cling



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

To Make Smiles Really Count

Keep the Teeth Free of Film

Send coupon for 10-day tube

MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

New an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

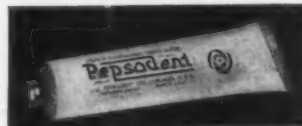
For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats

the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1030, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada 2344

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



St. Louis has 28 Railroads "To Everywhere"

PLANTS in St. Louis have the advantage of a short haul, minimum freight costs and most direct service to their customers by rail or river. They *Ship from the Center—Not the Rim.*

They are closer to their markets and the sources of raw materials than their eastern competitors. They save time in assembling materials and in making deliveries.

St. Louis has 28 railroads to markets in all directions. It is not cut off on any side by lakes, oceans, mountains or other natural barriers to economical distribution. At its door is a U. S. barge line down the Mississippi to the Gulf for export shipments.

Your factory in St. Louis would have a distinct advantage over competitors not so favorably situated.

Write for our new booklet, "Why St. Louis Grows." It tells the full story.

Address Dept. 13



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

to him with all her might. And Blair could never be persuaded to tear her loose if she clung to him. No more prepared for this shock, than Amy had been for Valerie's abrupt incursion, it was Valerie's turn to be helpless.

She gulped a feeble "Migod!" and collapsed.

Amy could hardly believe her eyes. She saw the terrible Miss Dangerfield staring at her stupidly, inert, with all her intelligence immobilized. The cowardice Amy felt before an attack always turned to effrontery before retreat, and her faculties rallied instantly. She took the upper hand with an insolence as high as Valerie's, if not as honest. Everything she said was false in spirit, but that was her way:

"I've listened to you, Miss Dangerfield—and patiently—because you were a guest in my house. I hadn't invited you to call, but—well, I always say, a guest has some rights.

"You come from a different kind of people than I do. I was brought up in the old-fashioned ways you make fun of. Where you come from, people don't think anything of trading husbands and wives and breaking the commandments. But I don't belong with those kind of people.

"Neither does Mr. Fleming. He may have been kind of dazzled by having you throw yourself at his head, but I guess you flatter yourself when you think he's in love with you.

"He said something about feeling under some obligation to you, and of course, I don't know how far you've gone, but—well, a man has his own standards. And a good wife has to overlook a lot and forgive a lot.

"You mustn't think, though, that all women are like yourself. Just because Mr. St. John and I are good friends, you naturally suppose we're—well, more than that. You would be, I suppose. But Mr. St. John is a gentleman, and he knows that I'm a lady.

"You say you saw him—kiss me. But you must have been dreaming, for such a thing never happened. And never will. You don't even pretend to have any witnesses, so your story isn't worth anything, anyway. It wouldn't go for a minute in a court. I'm the wife of a lawyer and I know something about courts. And I know that I could ruin you in any court in a minute.

"Seeing that you're brazen enough to come into my home right after breakfast and tell a faithful wife that you want her husband and he wants you, I think I could get all the evidence I need if I decided to divorce Mr. Fleming.

"Not that I'm going to decide to. Not that I'm going to let you walk in and walk out with my husband. You won't find me as easy as all that. You can't wreck the home I've built up, without a fight.

"I'm not saying what I'm going to do. But I want to warn you that if there is a divorce, it won't be any of these funny California divorces with a fake excuse. None of those imitation desertions or cruelty jokes for me! If I divorce my husband, I'll name you as co-respondent."

Amy had talked herself far off the course

she had planned. But she rather liked the grandeur of that climax. It was the magnificent flinging of a gauntlet.

To her amazement, Valerie picked it up at once and slapped her across the face with it. "All right," she said, "I'll take that as a promise. And since you've shown yourself to be such a lying little hypocrite and such a consummate rotter, let me promise you, Mrs. Fleming, that if you name anybody else as co-respondent, I'll kill you."

And with that she walked out.

She did not even close the door. She left it open as if for Amy to walk out too.

Chapter Twenty-two

THERE was something so eloquent in the symbol of that ghastly open door that Amy rushed to it in a sudden terror and closed it, locked it—not so much to keep other invaders from coming in as to keep herself from being swept out.

She felt caught in the outward tide that was carrying so many wives away from their homes. There was an absolute mania for divorces. The divorces were almost outnumbering the marriages. The ridiculously impossible was happening. If the craze were not checked, people would be getting divorced before they got married. There wouldn't be any marriages—only remarriages.

Standing alone in her little castle, Amy felt that the world was too much for her. The flood of new ideas was climbing up about her. It would sweep her away. Her head was aswirl already. Her heart was wildly alarmed.

There was only one person to turn to. She ran to the telephone and with trembling forefinger dialed Blair's number. Miss Whitham answered. Amy commanded:

"My husband! I want my husband!"

What a reassuring word! What a glorious thing to have! No wonder that loose Dangerfield woman wanted one.

Blair's voice answered—his strong anxious voice: "Hello! This is Blair."

She yammered at him in a childish panic: "Blair, you must come home at once! Please! Right away!"

"But I'm busy! I'm in a conference!"

"I don't care what you're in. You come home, I tell you. You'd better, or you'll be sorry."

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

"You come home! I tell you! I beg you! This minute! Oh—oh—oh!"

She was sobbing as she blindly poked the receiver at the hook. The click of it choked off her wail and threw him into a panic greater than her own.

He left his client with a vague excuse, dashed across his office to his hat, and bolted.

Reaching his own curb, he ran to the house. Amy opened the door for him and closed it on him. He was astounded to find her alive—a trifle angered that she was not ill or murdered.

"What on earth's the matter?" he demanded.

To his final bewilderment, she threw her arms about him, lifted herself a-tiptoe, and dragged his head down, smothered him with kisses and babbled: "I love you! Don't leave me! I'm afraid! Love me again! And always! Oh, I'm so scared!"

If she had been a child or a stranger, he would have found it impossible to rebuff such desperation. But somehow his arms could not encircle Amy. They hung inert. His lips could not return her kisses, nor find words. His brain could not even think. He understood what it must mean to be smitten with a paralytic stroke.

(The next installment of Mr. Hughes' memorable novel is of special interest. Be sure to read it, in the forthcoming March issue.)

Wallace Irwin

Has written for an early issue as lively a story as this magazine has ever published, or you have ever read. It's about a man and a maid, of course, but their adventure was really unique. Remember the title:

"A Week from Tuesday"

"I THINK I'LL GET MARRIED"

(Continued from page 69)

It would simply break my mother's heart if I wrote and told her I did not have a big Thanksgiving dinner and I always believe we only have our mother once and should do all in my power to make them happy. Anyway the studios will not be working until after Christmas I guess.

Nov. 10: If that Pete does not stop asking me for a date I am going to report him to the manager. It is too bad if a girl cannot earn an honest living without having to be bothered by such as him. The cashier is very nice. He has acted in several Tom Mix pictures and is taking riding lessons Sunday mornings so as he can get to be a regular cowboy on the "lots." The girl in the rolls looks exactly like Laura LaPlante, which she says is the reason she could never get along in the "profession" as a girl which looks like another which is a star never has a chance. It is so interesting to meet professionals and not people like what are around the studios who are waiting to be let act. Everyone down at the cafeteria is really an actor or actress except that Pete who you can see has no temperament.

Nov. 13: Another unlucky 13, and how true the old saying is that 13 is unlucky! Twice I have been deceived on the thirteenth of the month by a man. I mean by two different men, for I am not the kind of a girl which could be deceived by the same man twice. This morning in the paper there was a picture of that Pete only it was not Pete but Ben Ryan, one of the biggest box office attractions in the business. And the story said how he had been working in a cafeteria to get local color for his next film which will be "The Bus Boy and the Princess." It was very exciting down at the cafeteria with all the customers wanting to know why we did not recognize Ben Ryan. Well it is perfectly easy to understand why we did not recognize him and unless he is a man about it all I will tell everyone why. If the next time I telephone him he will not come but send a message by his snippy valley he can not be disturbed, I will simply tell the world why we did not recognize him. There is nothing so furious as a woman scorned, like the saying is. I am getting good and tired of being mens mere plaything and being deceived all the time. If Ben Ryan were a man he would only respect me all the more for refusing his attentions when he was in the pines and being true to Avery.

But if he goes on not being disturbed I will tell everyone why he was not recognized which is purely and merely because he did not wear his toopay! That lovely marceled hair of his is not his naturally and when a man will not keep "faith with his public" any better than that and besides deceives young girls, the world should know. Just to think that I missed getting ahead with my career or becoming the wife and pal of a man star purely because of a toopay!

Ben Hecht

The brilliant author of "The Lifer," which appears in this issue, has written another characteristically pungent story which is scheduled for early publication. Be sure to read—"The Little Blue Man"

TRADE **YALE** MARK

To you
the
name

Yale
says *Safety*
but to intruders
it says *Stay Out!*

There is only one
maker of Yale Locks
and Keys. The mark
Yale means the
name of the maker.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE





"All That I Am I Owe to Her"

"Two years ago I was so blue and discouraged that I didn't know which way to turn.

"Everything seemed to be going wrong. Bills were piling up and my small salary scarcely lasted from week to week. Worst of all, there was no prospect of my getting more money.

"Then one night I sat down in the parlor after supper and tried to find a way out. But I seemed to be up against a blank wall. 'It's no use,' I said to myself, 'I'm a failure now and I guess I'll always be a failure.'

"Mary saw what I was thinking and she put her hand on my shoulder in that quiet, inspiring way of hers.

"'Don't give up, Bob,' she said. 'You're just as smart as other men, but you haven't mastered some one line of work the way they have. That's the whole trouble . . . you're not trained. Why don't you take up the same kind of a course that Tom Barnett did? You know how it helped him!'

"I saw that Mary was right, so I enrolled for a course with the International Correspondence Schools and studied in spare time. I thought it would be hard, but it wasn't. The lessons fascinated me, because I could see how they were helping me in my work.

"In four months I got my first raise in salary, and I've been going up ever since. We wouldn't have this house and the car and the money in the bank if Mary hadn't urged me to enroll with the I. C. S. just when she did."

Every mail brings letters from students and graduates of the International Correspondence Schools telling of promotions and increases in salary due directly to spare-time study.

For years and years this list has been growing until today there is hardly an office or industrial plant in this country which does not number amongst its executives at least one man who received his first real start toward Success through these Scranton schools.

Following are just a few I. C. S. men who have won outstanding success:

JESSE G. VINCENT, Vice-president Packard Motor Car Company; COLONEL L. A. WATRES, Lawyer and Millionaire, President of the Scranton Chamber of Commerce and also President of the Scranton Trust Company and County Savings Bank; WALTER C. ALLEN, President Yale & Towne Lock Company; J. R. HALL, Vice-president Chandler Motor Car Company; GEORGE A. GRIEBLE, formerly Superintendent of General Construction for the State of Ohio, and

now a prominent architect and engineer of Cleveland; E. V. ("Eddie") RICKENBACKER, Vice-president and Director of Sales, Rickenbacker Motor Company; WALTER H. DAMON, Consulting Engineer for the United Electric Light Company, and former President of the N. A. S. E.; WALTER P. CHRYSLER, President Chrysler Corporation; FRANK E. FEHLMAN, Vice-president of the Dorland Advertising Agency and former President of the New York Advertising Club, and JOSEPH J. WALSH, Chief of the Bureau of Mines of the State of Pennsylvania.

The record of these men is a reflection of their own ability and a tribute to the instruction they received from the International Correspondence Schools.

We offer you today the same sincere service and the same specialized training that have meant so much to so many other men in the last thirty-five years.

Just mark and mail this coupon, and full particulars telling how you can prepare for success in the work of your choice will come to you by return mail.

Mail this Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 3436-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....Street Address.....
City.....State.....Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

